

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

SEPTEMBER 11, 1964

TIME

BASEBALL: The Year They Made a Game of It

Bozo Chalifoux



BALTIMORE
MANAGER
BAUER

VOL. 84 NO. 11
1964 25¢ 1964 25¢



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On the way up and entertaining more? Then...now's the time for Drexel!

Perhaps you're members of the club . . . entertaining important people . . . enjoying more friends who like to share new ideas, new pleasures.

But maybe you're a little uncomfortable, almost apologetic when you entertain at home, because your furniture leaves something to be desired.

In subtle ways it can speak volumes about you and your taste . . . reflect who you are and where you are going.

If you've outgrown your present furniture . . . if it no longer suits your mode of living, your plans for the

future . . . then now's the time for Drexel!

Whether you prefer Traditional, Early American, Provincial, Contemporary or Mediterranean, you are assured of consistent high quality. For example, the deep-down clarity of many Drexel finishes is the result of 25 separate hand operations!

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There's just one problem.
They won't want to go home!

This is *Triune*[®], a classic blending of three centuries of fine design enhanced by the beauty of our quality veneered construction. One of America's most popular collections, *Triune* is priced with modest budgets in mind. The credenza, for example, is approximately \$267. See your nearest Drexel dealer—sure to be one of the better stores in town.



Drexel[®]

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For Drexel's booklet collection of famous furniture styles, send 50¢ to Drexel Furniture Co., 251 Huffman Road, Drexel, N. C.



Optician Robert Dinero at work in his shop in Buffalo, N.Y.

"Health insurance? There's an expense I don't need!"

"But a MONY man's plan would help keep my family from disaster...if I couldn't work in my optician's shop."



Robert Dinero talks it over with Norm Berns

"As an optician, I was interested in health . . . but not health insurance. I told MONY man Norm Berns I didn't figure it was worth it.

"Norm showed me what his plan could do, if I got hit with big medical expenses. And how another policy would give us an income, if some sudden disability kept me off the job.

"I assumed this would cost plenty. When I found it didn't . . . not by a long shot . . . I started that program.

"Norm's attitude was the clincher. He advised us about an old policy of my wife's. Then I asked him to work out a plan of MONY life insurance for us . . . we've started on that, too.

"Any company with a guy like Norm Berns is tops in my book!"

MONY MEN CARE FOR PEOPLE. They'll be glad to discuss how health and life insurance can help you . . . and how you can start a substantial plan, or fill out your present plan, with savings from the new tax cut.

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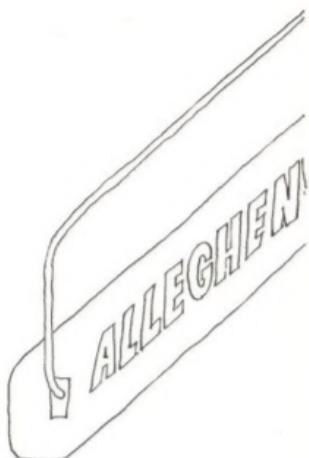
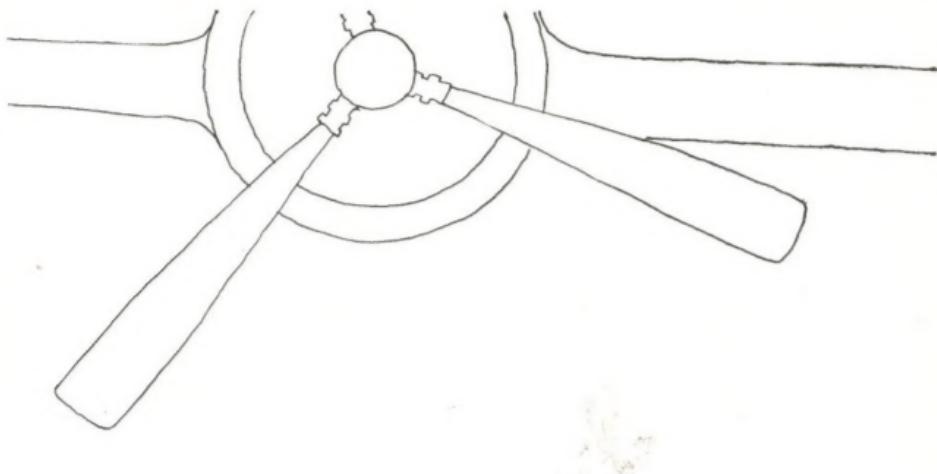
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Birth Date _____ Occupation _____



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Spelled three different ways, Allegheny is a mountain range, a huge corporation, a county. Spelled as above, it's an airline... bounded by Boston and Washington, the Atlantic Ocean and Lake Erie. The word's original Indian meaning is unknown. But we've made it mean fast, convenient transportation, at 38 airports in 12 busy states. Between pairs of cities, our flights are sometimes the most frequent... sometimes the earliest... sometimes the only. Our family, group, and weekend air fares are often the lowest. Our passengers are mostly commuters-in-hurry. May their tribe increase.



commuter-in-hurry

Please send me your current system timetable and future Allegheny schedules as they appear.

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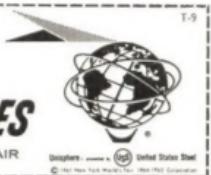
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T-9

NY2



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The racy-looking car in the picture would have trouble beating a Volkswagen.

Because it's a Volkswagen. Inside.

Outside it's a Karmann Ghia.

A Karmann Ghia isn't really a racing car. Though it is custom-built like one.

Its lines are too sculptured for mass production.

The front fender, for instance, has to be formed in three sections.

Each section is welded together. Then ground down, filed and sanded. All by hand.

But beneath that wanton exterior beats a heart of Volkswagen.

Same engine, same chassis, same transmission. Which means same reliability, same

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We know a Ghia can't do much at the Sebring road races.

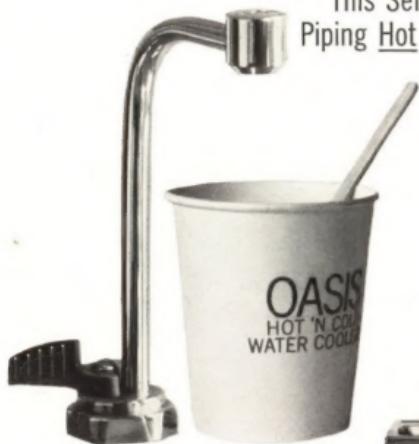
But it can cruise at 72, corner like a sports car, and hold the road like one.

And it might comfort you to know, you'd be driving the best-made loser on the track.



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One OASIS
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One unit. Hot or cold. Now the OASIS Hot 'n Cold Water Cooler puts a complete refreshment center where the work is. Use the piping hot water tap for coffee, tea, chocolate or soups. Use the cold water tap for perfect drinking water or a variety of delicious fruit-flavored drinks. ■ Either way this trim and attractive OASIS will keep your people happily refreshed without travel time, wait time, wasted time. And their time is your money. That's why now is the best time to use the coupon.

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Sold or rented everywhere. Products of **EBCO** See the Yellow Pages. Also: OASIS Humidifiers and Dehumidifiers.

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a gallon jug on her dressing table?

It surprises everyone but a Ten-O-Six® user (she's quite practical about her approach to a clear, natural complexion). That's why an ungainly gallon on the dressing table isn't unnatural at all. Devotees know that Ten-O-Six will cleanse skin immaculately, deeply... reduce oiliness... soothe with emollients... promote healthy pore action... and help clear externally caused blemishes.

No wonder over 7,000 practical women have Bonne Bell's

128-ounce economy size on their dressing tables already this year! Who else offers complexion care proved so effective that confident customers buy by the gallon?

From \$30 the gallon to \$1.75 for 4 ounces, at better cosmetic counters. If you have not tried Ten-O-Six, buy it first in the 8 oz. size (fits better on the shelf)... only \$3.00.

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Reach the world's highest-flying market at the lowest cost per thousand.



Want your advertising to reach the international businessman? Put it in *Clipper*.*

Clipper is a bi-monthly magazine that pops up all over the world.

There's a copy of it in every seat pocket of every Pan Am Jet—just a few inches from hundreds of thousands of men you want to reach.

Our average international circulation per issue is 600,000. That's more international circulation than any other magazine published in the U.S.A.

And most men who read *Clipper* are Americans who get paid to call the shots in international business.

(Name a few blue-chip firms. Their top executives have to fly on international business—and they're in our audience.)

Does *Clipper* make good reading? Most of our readers can't put it down, so they take it with them when they leave the plane.

Two more points worth your consideration: no overseas edition of any other U.S. magazine can reach *Clipper's* high-flying market; and no domestic magazine can reach it as efficiently.

Let us prove it. We have all the figures, plus a comprehensive survey of our international airline passengers.

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THE NEW YORK FAIR

With the children headed back to school, the fair becomes an adult festival. Fair buffs have learned to travel to Flushing Meadow in comfortable shoes and with a survival kit of essential items: sunglasses, sweater, tissues, folding raincoat—and folding money. For newcomers, the most essential items are forethought and a daily itinerary. Those who have time to explore it section by section will find the fair's 646 acres worth the effort. Some forethoughts:

VIEWS

THE SWISS SKY RIDE charges a big 75¢ for a four-minute cable-car trip but sends the traveler soaring 115 ft. above Samoan fire dancers, Burundi drummers, Guatemalan marimba bands and Swiss yodelers.

NEW YORK STATE. For 50¢ the fairgoer is whisked 226 ft. up into the pavilion tower for a panoramic view of Mosenland surrounded by acres and acres of cars.

PONT AUTHORITY HELIPORT offers a \$6.50, four-minute whirlybird's-eye squint. The flight is best taken at night when the fair becomes a fairyland of colored lights and fireworks.

THE MONORAIL ride around the comparatively uncrowded Lake Amusement Area offers a suspended seven-minute fair survey for 80¢.

PAVILIONS

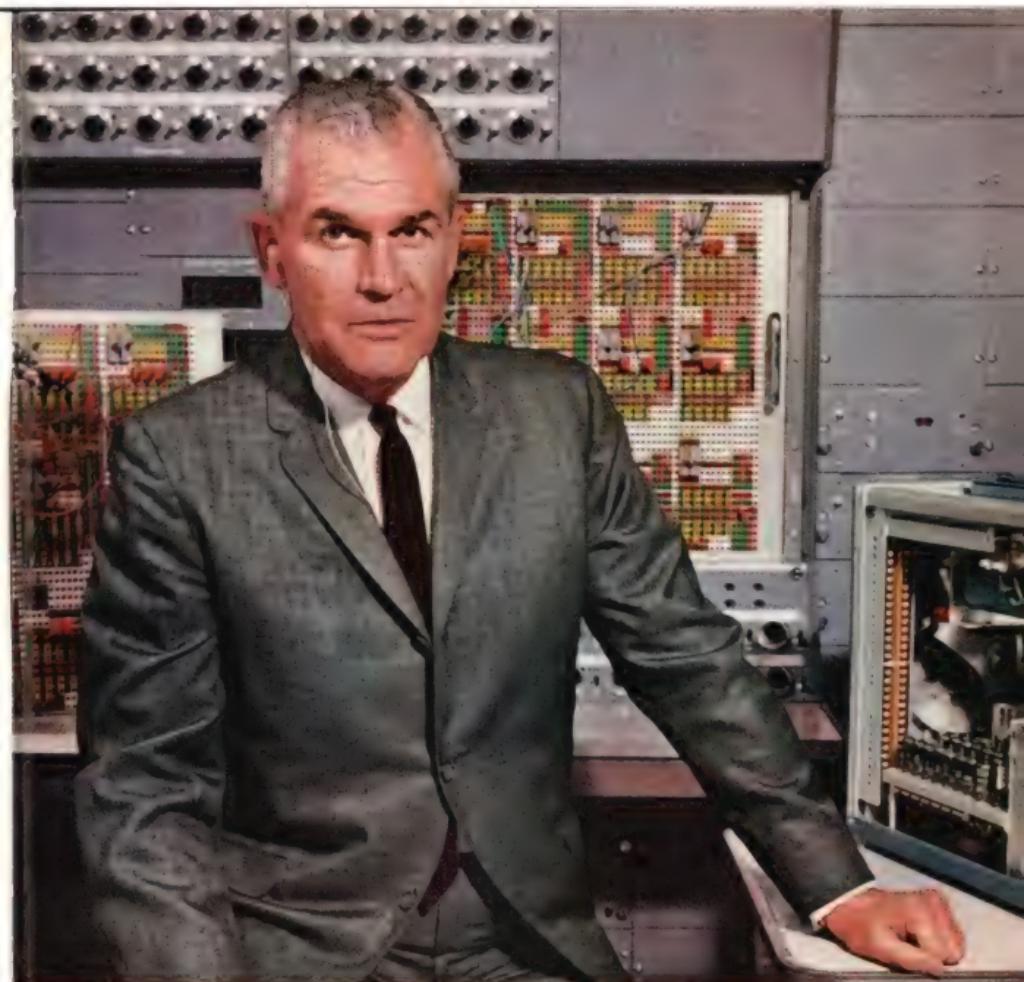
SPAIN has the most satisfying pavilion of all: a well-wrought building where cool, shadowy interiors lead to bright, fountained courtyards, an art gallery where Goya and Velázquez hang cheek by jowl with Miró and Picasso. With a stageful of vibrant flamenco gypsies and a choice of fine restaurants touting "eels from the River Tagus" and "mushrooms from the caves of Segovia," Spain outclasses most other foreign and state pavilions, many of which offer nothing more remarkable than displays of consumer goods and models of jute mills.

VATICAN. The Pietà, bathed in blue light, is a major attraction, though somewhat diminished by the cold setting and a crowd-hustling moving sidewalk. Cognoscenti who have seen Michelangelo's masterpiece glowing like old ivy in the natural light of St. Peter's might be wise to remember it that way.

JOHNSON'S WAX is polishing its image with a short, noncommercial film, *To Be Alive!*, which has drawn extravagant praise from cinema buffs and deserves every bit of it.

GENERAL ELECTRIC has built itself an enormous drum. The outer rim houses six theaters that revolve around a series of stages showing American home life (appliance division) at 20-year intervals from the turn of the century to the present day. Moving, talking, life-size Disney dummies inhabit the sets, which unintentionally plug nonprogress by going from a scene that recalls the cozy charms of the icebox, coal stove, gaslight era to one that spells out only the cool convenience of a modern electric home.

IBM, on the other hand, makes you glad that you live in 1964. Its wondrously stout building is nothing more than a monstrous egg perched atop a modern steel structure. The ingenious People Wall lifts



A MAN WORKS HARD TO GET \$650,000

He wants the bank that works hardest to keep it in the family.

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His estate grew large through hard work and calculated risks. He didn't want needless taxes and costs to siphon it away from his family. So, to review the will he was considering, he and his attorney chose us.

Our Estate Plan: Together, we evolved the new will and a carefully tailored "Living Trust." Hard work, but worth while. It will realize a \$95,000 tax saving for his family when his estate is settled, plus a

substantial saving during his lifetime.

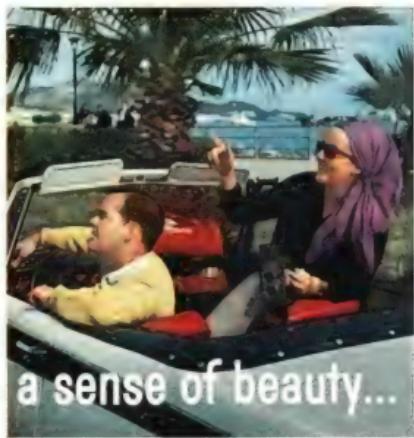
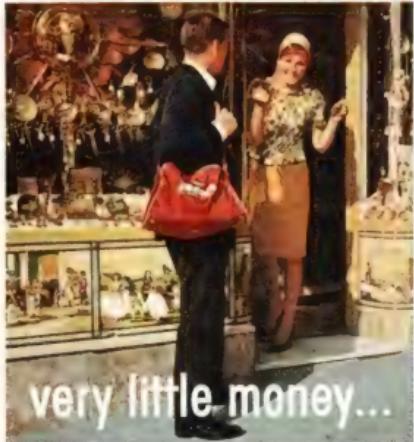
Thoroughness, knowledge, experience. Our senior officers—the men serving you—average over 20 years as specialists working with attorneys. Many even have law degrees themselves.

The cost: For the special care you and your family receive, the charge is *unusually modest*—and is not due until *after* your estate is settled. Then, for example, the Annual Trustee Fee on an estate of \$650,000 is only \$1,675.

Wouldn't you like to discuss soon what our hard work and skill can accomplish for you? Phone: 770-1234. Personal Trust Department, Chemical Bank New York Trust Company, New York 15.

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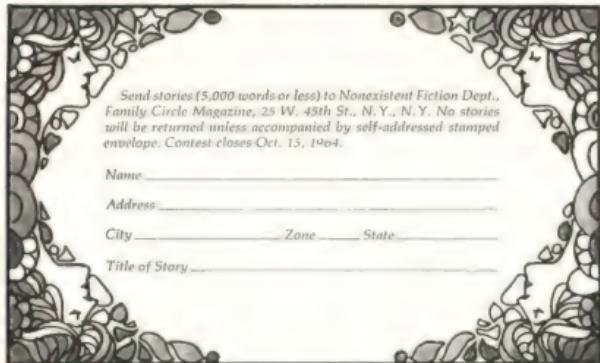
IBERIA
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Family Circle Magazine Announces A Short Story Contest

\$1,000 Cash Prize!

**The winning story will be submitted to
McCall's, Ladies' Home Journal or Good Housekeeping**

Family Circle readers love good fiction. Everywhere in fact, but in Family Circle. Fiction they read for fun. Family Circle for service. So to encourage good fiction we run this contest. And to serve our readers, we promise not to print a word of it. Is this good business? It's great when you're selling homemakers.



Send stories (5,000 words or less) to Nonexistent Fiction Dept., Family Circle Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., N.Y., N.Y. No stories will be returned unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope. Contest closes Oct. 15, 1964.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Title of Story _____

Family Circle. A magazine only a homemaker could love.

A short story on circulation: McCall's 8,250,000; Family Circle 7,500,000; Ladies' Home Journal 6,500,000; Good Housekeeping 5,000,000.

Belafonte sings what every man feels

In his latest album, "Ballads, Blues and Boasters," Belafonte brings to mind the words of an old spiritual: "... sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down...". With a wide variety of songs, he expresses the moods that every man (and woman) experiences at one time or another. Boasters like "Tone the Bell Easy" and "Back of the Bus," find Belafonte in a satisfied and expansive mood while blues such as "Blue Willow Moan" are for everyone who has ever known trouble. And, of course, ballads like "Four Strong Winds" find Harry right at home in his musical element. A dynamic performance in Dynagroove sound!

Belafonte Ballads, Blues and Boasters



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The most trusted name in sound.



you hydraulically to the egg's underbelly, where huge bomb-bay doors open and let you in.

COCA-COLA has a walk-through exhibition that lets you wander down a street in Hong Kong, past the Taj Mahal, up into the Alps, through a Cambodian rain forest, and onto the deck of a cruise ship off Rio.

PEPSI-COLA'S UNICEF exhibit features an indoor boat ride through a wonderland of Disney dolls, representing children of every country and culture singing and dancing, winking and blinking to a mad little tune called *It's a Small World*. This particular ride is a must for all children, but attendance records suggest that grown-ups are willing to pay 95¢ to see it too.

PROTESTANT AND ORTHODOX CENTER has the controversial film *Parable*, which shows the crucifixion of a clown in white-face. The controversy seems to be between those who feel the film is art and those who think it's sacrilege. Most people probably know already which side they're likely to be on. If not, there's one way to find out.

GENERAL MOTORS' Futurama suffers in comparison with its famed 1939 exhibit. The reason perhaps is that the future has come upon us so hard and so fast that the once-incredible magic of what's next now seems all too believable.

FORD re-creates the past with immense prehistoric monsters (bodys by Disney) that clash in battle and sound like dueling trailer trucks. Presumably, Ford mechanics sneak in at night to hammer out the dents on the dinosaurs. There is also a colony of cartoon-caricatured cavemen, all looking like early ancestors of the boy on the cover of *Mad Magazine*.

PARKER PEN has mechanized the pen-pal business. An IBM machine, stuffed with 65,000 names gathered the world over, matches ages and hobbies in minutes. Those interested can correspond with French spelunkers, Australian farmers or Arabian schoolboys.

ILLINOIS has built a handsome native-brick structure to house a Lincoln library and a display of Lincoln manuscripts, both excellent. The stark simplicity of the building was probably dictated less by taste than by the vast cost of its star border, a steel-boned, electronic-nerved mechanical Lincoln that stands up, adjusts its coattails, clears its throat and delivers six excerpts from Abe's speeches on liberty with a nasal Midwestern twang.

NEW YORK STATE'S gaudy Tent of Tomorrow, big as a football field, offers continuous amateur entertainment that makes the girders ring with the sounds of drum and bugle corps and square-dance calls.

NEW YORK CITY won't let you walk on it, but you can ride around in a simulated helicopter trip and look at a complete scale model of the five boroughs (the Empire State Building is 15 m. tall). The model will be used by city planners after the fair, meanwhile the modelmakers frantically try to keep up with the real-life builders, tearing out tiny rows of brownstones to slap in new office blocks.

THE BELGIAN VILLAGE gets an A for architecture—a delightful replica of a Flemish town—but bad marks for allowing pizza parlors and egg-roll stands to compete with colorful shops selling crepes suzette, Belgian cookies, lace and crystal.

JAPAN displays its ancient arts and modern crafts, consumer products and heavy industrial machines in an intricate maze



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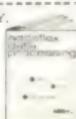
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Uncompromisingly dry.
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Not a word about the posh rooms. Good fattening food. Learned bartenders. Pagan type swimming pools.

Don't let him know how easy it is to do business. Car rentals. Message service. Banquet facilities. Above all, don't let him know how easily you can confirm your reservation and your rate, too.

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Braintree, Rte. 128

of buildings. Its best attraction is an outdoor demonstration of samurai dueling, Kabuki players and jude experts, as well as the tea-ceremony performance, where the ancient disciplines are enacted by pretty Japanese hostesses in gorgeous, drip-dry kimonos.

Many of these pavilions have long waiting lines during the day, and an hour standing in the sun is not the best way to enjoy the fair. Try G.M., G.E., Ford, IBM, or Johnson's Wax in the evening hours; even if the lines are no shorter, at least the wait is cooler.

Meanwhile West Virginia puts on a demonstration of glass blowing: Montana has a trainload of Western collector's items, including an invitation to a hanging, Calamity Jane's thundermug and Buffalo Bill's silver-handled toothbrush. Alaska has brought in Chilkat Indians to custom-carve totem poles (at \$100 a running foot). General Cigar offers a magic show. Indonesia demonstrates shadow puppets. Oregon runs a lumberjack carnival. Polynesia sells chunks of fresh sugar cane. Sinclair Oil has a forest of dinosaurs, and the Scott pavilion boasts the best rest rooms of all, with a diaper-changing room for harried mothers.

RESTAURANTS

The fair does handsomely by those with fat pocketbooks and fickle palates. Herring lovers will drool at the wide selection offered on Denmark's \$5.50 cold board. The Spanish pavilion's Toledo and Granada restaurants dish up a numbing array of French and regional dishes *por mucho dinero*. Africans in native robes serve groundnut soup and couscous (\$4.50) in Africa's Tree House, while the diner finds himself eyeball-to-eyeball with an inquisitive giraffe. Indonesia's seven-course, \$7.75 dinner is spiced by whirling Balinese dancers. There are also many good, inexpensive restaurants. Cafe Hilton atop the Better Living Center offers cafeteria-styled choices of regional dishes from five gaily decorated international kitchens with entrees priced from \$1.25 to \$3.25. The Maryland pavilion brings the tang of salt water with its Chesapeake Bay crab and oyster recipes (\$3.50). Greece's taverna has stuffed vine leaves and *mousaka* starting at \$2.50.

For those on a hamburger budget, most foreign pavilions have food stands selling specialties of their country at hamburger prices. The United Arab Republic serves *falafel* (\$0.62), a bean feast that tastes like a spicy meat sandwich. Morocco serves mint tea and pastry (\$1) in carpeted tents. Try the Belgian Village's crepe-suzette shop where a Grand Marnier pancake costs 75¢, or India's chicken *pakora* and clay-oven-baked bread (45¢) served on the lawn by a turbaned chef. International Plaza, a noisy cluster of small shops and food stands, offers a culinary Cook's Tour that takes only a few steps. Colombian tacos (75¢) can be washed down with Philippine beer (70¢). Ecuadorian banana dogs (50¢) with Brazilian coffee (15¢), Tunisian nougatine (45¢) with Indian tea (free), North African *bricka* (65¢) with Norwegian logberry punch (40¢). Although the Vatican has yet to provide a snack bar serving fish on Fridays, the American-Israel pavilion caters to Jewish dietary laws with kosher frankfurters and kosher Kola (55¢).



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rush hours). Even armed surveillance for valuable packages, if you wish.

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Air Express outdelivers them all...anywhere in the U.S.A.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

After interminable months of reruns, the networks in the next weeks will show what they've been up to all summer. Sunday night, NBC premieres a new suspense series, *The Rogues*, which follows the adventures of two families of well-mannered international con men and stars David Niven, Gig Young and Charles Boyer. On the same night, as a sort of house ad for its new season's stars, ABC stages an hour-long special. Then, using the buckshot approach, ABC will screen four of its new shows in the same week. They are: *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, an adventure series detailing the missions of an atomic-powered submarine in the year 1975; *No Time for Sergeants*, based on the 1955 Broadway hit about a bungling Army recruit; *The Tycoon*, a comic look at the trials of a corporation chairman and his difficult president; and *Peyton Place*, a family-laundered version of the late Grace Metalious' bestselling dirty-linen list. CBS will be heard from in late September.

Wednesday, September 9

AT HOME WITH MRS. GOLDWATER (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). The wife of the G.O.P. candidate conducts a tour of the family home outside Phoenix, chats about her life and children—and Barry.

Thursday, September 10

LETTERS FROM VIET NAM (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Fifty combat missions and 20 days in the life of a young American helicopter pilot in South Viet Nam.

A CONVERSATION WITH MRS. GOLDWATER (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Another face-to-face in Phoenix.

Friday, September 11

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10:05-11 p.m.). Guests include Author Mary McCarthy, Pianist Liberace, Fighter Cassius Clay. Color.

Saturday, September 12

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 8:30-11:30 p.m.). *The Diary of Anne Frank*, 20th Century-Fox's poignant 1959 film starring Millie Perkins, Shelley Winters and Joseph Schildkraut.

MISS AMERICA PAGEANT (CBS, 10-12 p.m.). The annual rite of autumn from Atlantic City will surely look better—at least—than the recent Democratic gabfest.

Sunday, September 13

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE TELECAST (CBS, approx. 1:05-conclusion). First games of the season, televised regionally feature Baltimore at Minnesota, Chicago at Green Bay, Cleveland at Washington, Detroit at San Francisco, Los Angeles at Pittsburgh, New York at Philadelphia.

NATIONAL SINGLES TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS (NBC, 2-4:30 p.m.). Men's finals telecast live from the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, N.Y.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Bing Crosby plays host to Carolyn Jones, Jackie Coogan, Anthony Franciosa and George Burns.

THE ROGUES (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). David Niven and Robert Coote attempt to balk a wealthy shipowner, Walter Matthau, Dina Merrill and Alfred Ryder guest-star.

• All times E.D.T.



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NY11

Monday, September 14
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Richard Basehart and David Hedison take their ship on an important mission to the North Pole.

NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Recruit Will Stockdale tries to improve the Army's food.

Tuesday, September 15
THE TYCOON (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Corporation President Wilson clashes with Board Chairman Andrews (Walter Brennan) and other directors over a deal to acquire property.

PEYTON PLACE (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A New York doctor moves to a small New England town and lays siege to Dorothy Malone, a widowed bookstore owner.

RECORDS

Spoken

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: THE GLASS MENAGERIE (2 LPs: Caedmon). First of a new series that aims to record "the masterpieces of all the great playwrights" from Aeschylus to Ionesco. Though it is a rather fragile choice, the play's apartment setting and small cast both lend themselves easily to recording. Montgomery Clift is the warehouse "Shakespeare," and Julie Harris plays the gentle keeper of the glass menagerie. Jessica Tandy does creditably as the genteel chatterbox mother, but the role created by Laurette Taylor seems to have shrunk. And David Wayne sounds too grandfatherly as the Gentleman Caller. Nonetheless, their overall performances recapture the poignancy of the 19-year-old play that was Williams' first success.

MARTIN DUBERMAN: IN WHITE AMERICA (Columbia). A sharply etched historical sketch of the U.S. Negro from slave days, drawn from letters, speeches and reminiscences. Narrated by six actors, it has been running off Broadway for nearly a year, and it makes compelling if painful listening. Thomas Jefferson describes the differences between blacks and whites as he sees them. During the Civil War, a South Carolina white woman nervously describes her slaves "going about in their black masks," sensing freedom in the air. John Brown, Hooker T. Washington, W. E. B. DuBois, Father Divine, Walter White are all heard from, but the most moving lines of all are those of a teen-ager, Elizabeth Eckford, recalling the day she went to Central High School in Little Rock.

VINCENT VAN GOGH: A SELF-PORTRAIT (Caedmon). Credit for this vivid auto-analysis must go first to Van Gogh for writing such searching, searing letters to his brother Theo, second to Lou Hazam for an artful job of editing, third to Lee J. Cobb for reading life into the result.

AN ALBUM OF MODERN POETRY (3 LPs: Gryphon). Anthologist Oscar Williams has selected 76 short works by 45 British and American poets, a revised and re-engineered version of their original readings for the Library of Congress. The album's theme, Williams explains, is suffering and social involvement—"the passion of modern poetry"—rather than personal love. The selection is personal, sometimes questionable, but stellar nonetheless. It includes T. S. Eliot, Robert Lowell, W. H. Auden, Conrad Aiken, Robert Graves and Archibald MacLeish, plus many others whose voices will not be heard again, notably William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, Theodore Roethke, E. E. Cummings.



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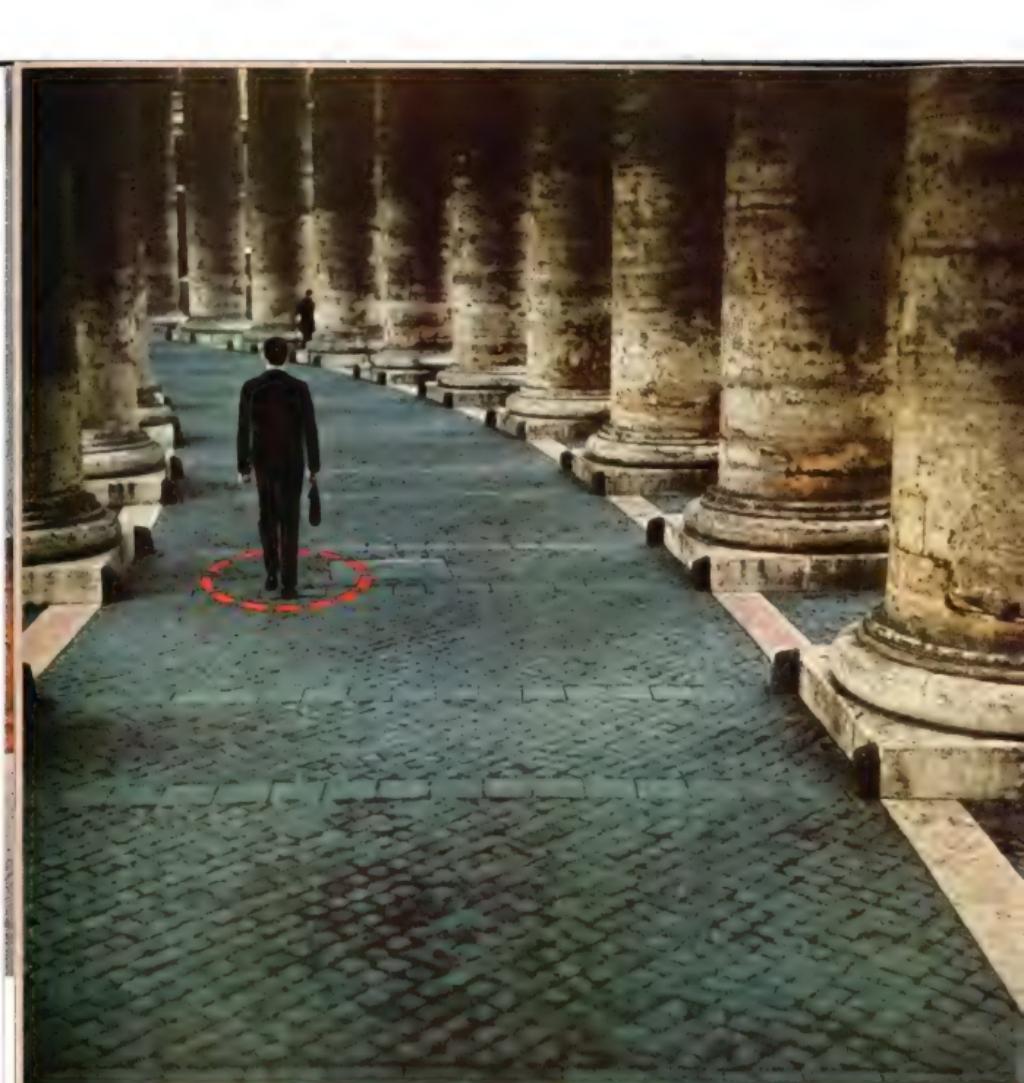
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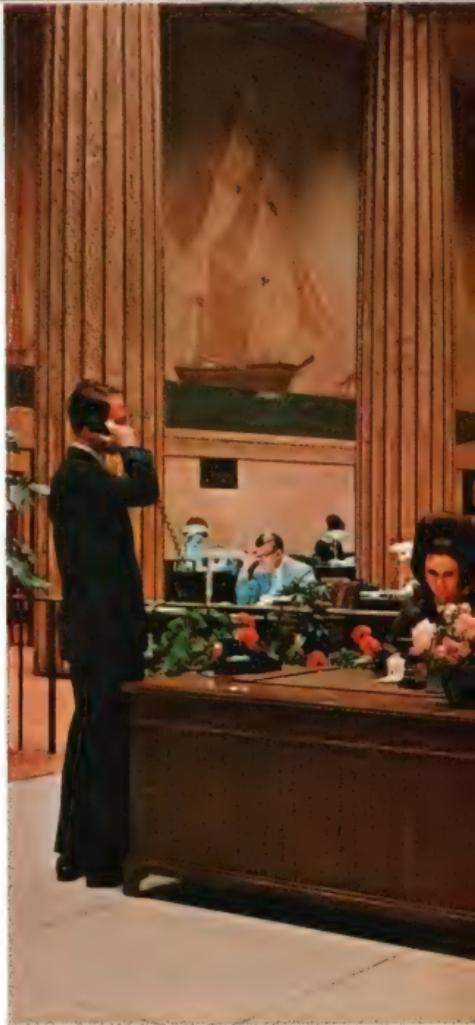
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*It's a sitting-pretty, windy-city kind of a place.
It's a dine-au-Chateau, lake-shore-below.
Kind of a place.
It's the Loop and the Mart, a great city's heart:
It's a quiet-and-gentle, elegant, Continental
Kind of a place.
It's a sprawl-in, sit-tall-in kind of a place.*

It's a quiet lair, a want-to-be-there, a welcome face

Kind of a place.

It's a tall-one-all-tinkly, a smile-all-wrinkly.

It's a wonderful food, wonderful mood,

Kind of a place.

It's excitement and fun, adventure begun, a

Candlelight and spotlight

Kind of a place.

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| CHICAGO | Continental |
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| HONOLULU | Concord Surf |
| JUNEAU | Baranof |
| LOS ANGELES | Century Plaza (1965) |
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| NEW YORK SPRINGS | Oasis |
| PHOENIX | Caravan Inn |
| POCATELLO | Bannock Motor Inn |
| PORTLAND | Bonham Motor Inn |
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| SPokane | Franklin, Edmond Meany |

CANADA

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| CALGARY | Calgary Inn |
| VANCOUVER | Bayshore Inn, Georgia |
| VICTORIA | Imperial Inn |

MEXICO

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| ACAPULCO | Caleta, El Mirador |
| CIUDAD JUAREZ | Camino Real (Spring 1965) |
| CULIACAN | Los Tres Rios Motor Hotel |
| MEXICO CITY | Alameda Motor Hotel |
| MORELIA | Majestic Ritz |
| SALITLA | Virrey de Mendoza |
| TAMPICO | Camino Real de Saltillo |
| | Camino Real |

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nings. Robert Frost sounds as homey as a neighbor chatting in the kitchen: Robinson Jeffers, proclaiming that violence is "the bloody sire of all the world's values," has a voice as deep as doom.

CINEMA

ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS. Science fiction and scientific fact plausibly mingle in this stimulating attempt to imagine the problems of an astronaut who is spaceship-wrecked on Mars.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. Rita Tushingham is a young English actress with charm and talent to burn, and in this story of a shopgirl's passion for a middle-aged author (Peter Finch) they give a lovely light.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. The Beatles are here, they're really much more intelligent than they look, and this is the tramp-proof way to see them.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. Director John Huston, with his customary competence, has turned Tennessee Williams' morbidly amusing play into a morbidly amusing picture, Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner perform with skill, Richard Burton plays with style.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. A wild and wacky travesty of the average film thriller, directed with way-out wit by Philippe (*The Five-Day Lover*) de Broca, from France, starring Jean-Paul Belmondo.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. Sellers of the Sûreté sets a new style in sleuthing: let the murderer get away, but try to make the audience die laughing.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Director Pietro Germi, who made *Divorce—Italian Style* the most ferociously funny film of the decade, tells another story of life in Sicily. But this time there is less fun and more ferocity.

ZULU. A bloody good show based on a historical incident that occurred in 1879: the siege of a British outpost by 4,000 African tribesmen.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A lower-crust clerk (Alan Bates) hires an upper-crust crumb to teach him the niceties of Establishment snobbery in this stylish, often superlative British satire.

BECKET. The tragedy of St. Thomas of Canterbury, one of the great dramatic themes of the Middle Ages, is cleverly treated in this cinema adaptation of the play by Jean Anouilh. Richard Burton as the Archbishop at times seems uncertain how to seem uncertain as he struggles with his conscience, but Peter O'Toole is often fascinating as the king. If the film lacks style, it certainly has manner, the grand manner that makes a merely vivid picture seem in sections a remarkable one.

BOOKS

Best Reading

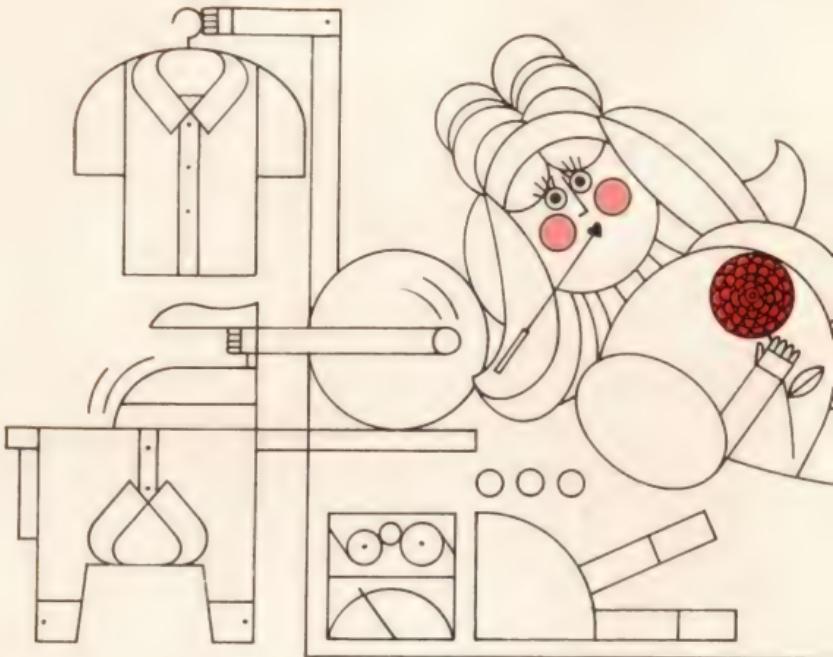
GERMANS AGAINST HITLER, by Terence Prittie. Historians have been curiously reticent about the Germans who fought Hitler from the pulpit, in pamphlets and by direct action—mostly at the cost of their lives. Prittie's book does belated justice to those who battled Nazi totalitarianism.

A COFFIN FOR KING CHARLES, by C. V. Wedgwood. This cool, precise account of the infamous trial and execution of England's Charles I does not take sides between the King and Oliver Cromwell, but history has already decided the case: Charles is noble and brave, and Cromwell

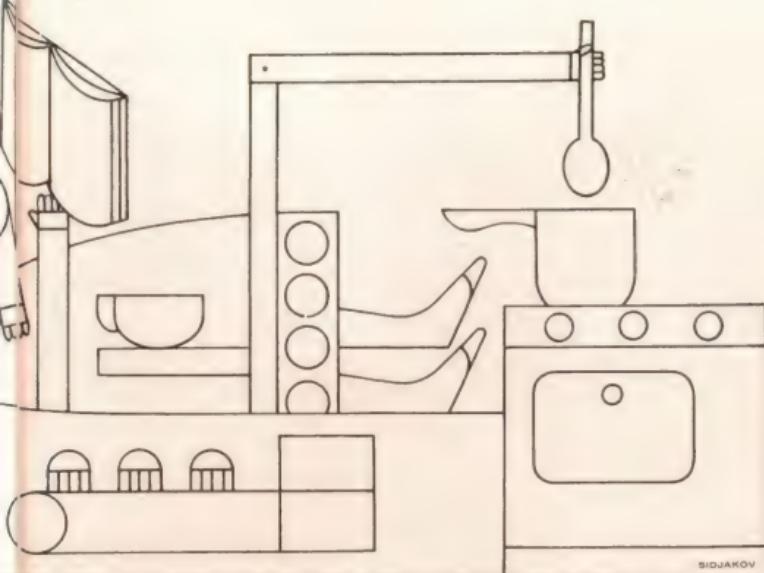


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remains the ambitious, dour man who made revolution and regicide popular.

MOZART THE DRAMATIST, by Brigid Brophy. A brilliant interpretation of Mozart's operas, written so gracefully as to disarm criticism of its heavily Freudian outlook.

A MOTHER'S KISSES, by Bruce Jay Friedman. The author of the widely praised *Stern* faced even worse problems than most second novelists in confronting his cult. But *Kisses* is as funny as its predecessor on the same subject: a man dominated by a driving mother.

THE COMPLETE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE (1940-1946). A moving chronicle of one man's fighting faith in France in his blackest hour. De Gaulle was grimly aware of the price of total commitment, and far more accurately than Roosevelt and Churchill, he gauged the realities of the postwar world.

THE VALLEY OF BONES, by Anthony Powell. Though it is the seventh of a twelve-volume series, this novel about England between the wars is not so labyrinthine as it sounds. Readers who awakened late to Powell's powerful work can still follow the characters. The earlier books made Marienbad of time: from now on they will follow it.

THE GAY PLACE, by William Brammer. Those who wonder if the energies of our ear-pulling President have been exaggerated in the press should turn to this *Brammer à clef* about Johnson. Ex-Aide Brammer has caught the voice, the idiom, the excesses, but most of all the Protean vigor of the President.

THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER, by Eleanor Clark. The history of oyster culture from Roman times to the present day is told with accuracy and dedication by Miss Clark. But her word portraits of Bretons who do this arduous work practically steal the show from the mollusk.

CORNELIUS SHIELDS ON SAILING. With the 1964 America's Cup races near the starting line, the armchair skipper as well as the sailor can bone up on the intricacies of the sport. Shields, a great yachtsman, writes plainly but never writes "down."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Condé*, Southern and Hoffenberg (2 last week)
2. *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, Le Carré (1)
3. *Armageddon*, Uris (3)
4. *Julian*, Vidal (4)
5. *The Rector of Justin*, Auchincloss (5)
6. *Convention*, Knebel and Baile (6)
7. *This Rough Magic*, Stewart (7)
8. *The 480*, Burdick (8)
9. *The Spire*, Golding (9)
10. *You Only Live Twice*, Fleming (10)

NONFICTION

1. *Horlow*, Shulman (2)
2. *The Invisible Government*, Wise and Ross (3)
3. *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway (1)
4. *A Tribute to John F. Kennedy*, Salinger and Vancouver (4)
5. *Mississippi: The Closed Society*, Silver (5)
6. *Four Days*, U.P.I. and American Heritage (6)
7. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (7)
8. *The Kennedy Wit*, Adler (8)
9. *Herbert Hoover*, Lyons
10. *Crisis in Black and White*, Silberman (9)



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material for laminates is versatile urethane foam, now being used in many industries: to insulate roofs and refrigerators, cushion delicate rocket instruments, even immobilize broken bones. ■ Today, you can walk, ride, or float on foam and other products made from urethanes. Allied Chemical produces the *chemicals* for urethanes. Our research produces *ideas* geared to industry's needs. *Your* needs, for instance. We welcome your problems. Write: Allied Chemical Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.





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AMERICAN-STANDARD

LETTERS

Lyndon's Convention

Sir: God help my country, my children and me if Lyndon Johnson is elected President. He is the biggest threat to come along since Franklin Roosevelt.

JOAN NAYLOR

Oklahoma City

Sir: After watching the oldtimers at the conventions, I've decided to wait until Bobby Kennedy is available in 1972.

EUGENE MCDONALD

New York City

Sir: The sight of Mississippi delegates withdrawing from the Democratic Convention is worthy of a salute to the Democratic Party from a lifelong white American Republican like myself. Now if we could entice Mississippi to secede from the Union . . .

MARY C. SUNDBLOM

Kansas City, Mo.

Sir: Imagine the vitriolic attacks upon the Republican Party by "sensation-seeking columnists and commentators" had the Republicans refused to seat the New York delegation without a signed pledge from Senators Keating and Javits to support the national ticket. Perhaps the actions of the Democrats in Atlantic City will show conclusively which party seeks a monolithic structure and which party offers diversity of opinion.

DAVID L. RICHARDSON

Burlington, Iowa

Sir: It would appear prophetic, though not surprising, that the party so dominated by the so-called "liberal elements" of this nation (the most vociferous and militant proponents of condemning and abolishing all loyalty oaths to local school boards, city, state and federal authority) should demand a loyalty oath from fellow Democrats to the party.

JOSEPH A. CHESANEK

Rockville, Md.

Sir: Now we know why President Johnson walks with his hands folded behind him. He has his fingers crossed. And for a good reason. Even though the Democrats' platform promises everything but green stamps, the memorials drew the most applause at the convention.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON

Miami

Sir: As one who came of age four years ago in an atmosphere of some political hope and sensibility, I am appalled at the recent proceedings of both conventions. No thinking person can take the Republicans seriously after the San Francisco debacle, and in Atlantic City the Democrats responded by fighting regression with regression.

JANICE SCHRAMM

Northridge, Calif.

You're Welcome

Sir: You referred to the reception for Governor Connally "at Atlantic City's aging Haddon Hall" [Sept. 4]. Having stayed at this fine hotel, I merely wish to say that although it may have come of age, it has certainly done so gracefully. I have not been in a hotel in recent years with employees as well-mannered or with as efficient service as at Haddon Hall.

J. W. FULBRIGHT

U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Thanks so much for your dignified article on Atlantic City. Your glorification of the hot-dog and salt-water-taffy aspect of our resort was dear to the hearts of our residents who are spending millions for new hotels, motels, and new shops. Perhaps your staff and some of the convention delegates were so busy with the honky-tonk that you neglected to partake of the other sports we offer our other vacationers, such as fishing, boating, surfing, horse racing, golfing or trapshooting. Thank you so much.

MURRAY RAPHEL

President
Atlantic City Retail Merchants
Association
Atlantic City

The Peddler's Episcopal Grandson

Sir: You quote Barry Goldwater as saying that regular church attendance is not necessary [Aug. 28]. Yet he disagrees with the Supreme Court's decision on prayers in public schools. This is the advocate of individual as opposed to governmental action?

LINDEN M. MALKI

Highland, Calif.

Sir: As for Goldwater's religion, I feel that the Jewish people made a good trade. We lost Barry Goldwater, but we gained Elizabeth Taylor.

LARRY GARDEN

Brooklyn

Sir: Please refer Mr. and Mrs. Barry Goldwater to the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer. Properly instructed, they vowed to "worship God every Sunday in His Church." And, from what I read in the press, Lady Bird, Lynda Bird and Lucy Baines might also take note of the same instruction.

W. BENNETT PHILLEY

Skokie, Ill.

Barry's Boys

Sir: I may be only a delinquent kid who is not worth a darn, but I'd like to enter a protest anyway against G.O.P. National Chairman Dean Burch's thoughtless slander against us kids [Aug. 28]. It seems a great shame that all kids are berated for the misdeeds of a few.

CHRISTI RAY

Los Gatos, Calif.

Sir: If the Republican Party cannot have faith in "kids," where are the young Republicans coming from? And since when did the problem of delinquency become ei-

ther a Republican or Democratic problem? It is a problem of the home.

JUANITA P. GANTZER

Warrenville, Ill.

Lady Bird Watchers

Sir: For the likes of me, to whom Jackie Kennedy worship is just one more instance of mass subliminal brainwashing, your Aug. 28th cover story on the down-to-earth charms of Lady Bird Johnson was like a freshening wind through Texas lollipole pine. I can think of no happier new casts for the much-abused American-woman image here and abroad than the zest, common sense and candor of this new First Lady.

(MRS.) CATHLEEN BURNS ELMER

Boston

Sir: Oh, if only I could be a "flawless mediocrity" like Lady Bird! To make all the money she's made, to look the way she does at 51, to do the kind of job she's doing, to be so adored by her husband and family—that would be enough.

JUNE B. VENDEL

Minneapolis

Sir: Your customary cleverness, truthfulness, yet shave inoffensiveness were certainly qualities not evident in your article concerning Lady Bird Johnson. The subtle but savage criticism (especially the criticism of her physical appearance) was totally lacking in good judgment and respect. Although I greatly prefer the Kennedy style to the Johnson style, one must admit that, in her own way, Lady Bird has done a rather remarkable job.

JANE HADLEY

Kansas City, Mo.

Sir: Get your scalpel out for Mrs. Goldwater next time.

JULIA WHITE

Saginaw, Mich.

Sir: I did not know Bird until she was an upperclassman at the University of Texas. But she is one of the very, very few people I know who has never said an unkind, "catty" remark about anyone. She has no claws. She is a wonderful person, a constant friend, a most considerate and generous casual friend to many. Your article about her offended me deeply, as I am sure it will many of her friends when they read it.

(MRS.) JANET WOFFORD INGRAM

Gilmer, Texas

Sir: I have known Lady Bird since she was a baby. I was bookkeeper for her father for 20 years. He had from 125 to 150 tenants on his farms, both white and col-

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SHULTON

ored. I have never known him to evict anyone and never known him to refuse to furnish them with groceries, clothing and doctors when needed. I have known him to help people when he knew that he would never be paid. The ridiculous statements made about Mr. Taylor in your magazine could not have come from anyone who knew this charitable man.

JACK MOORE

Karnack, Texas

► *They did, indeed, TIME correspondents interviewed more than 20 friends of Mrs. Johnson. Among them were several whose memories of Lady Bird and her parents cover more than half a century.* —Ed.

Sir: Our President is to be congratulated on his choice of a lady and your editors for a story that proves that the entire adult female population of the U.S. is not made up of movie queens and self-centered women.

ALMA A. JORDAN

Richmond

Sir: The fine photograph you printed of my mother in your last number can scarcely compensate for the ridiculous rubbish contributed by your commentator on the subject of her attending Cabinet meetings. Within two months of my father's inauguration, my mother suffered a brain hemorrhage which rendered her unconscious for four or five days and from the effects of which she never fully recovered. For the next two years she had, most unwillingly, to accept the role of invalid. During the whole period of my father's presidency I doubt whether she visited the executive offices half a dozen times.

I think she would like best to be remembered as the person who selected the site for the planting of the Japanese cherry trees in Washington.

HILLEN TAFT MANNING

Pointe au Pic, Que.

► *The "ridiculous rubbish" about Helen Taft came from the official program of the Democratic National Convention.* —Ed.

Priestly Celibacy

Sir: I have been a Catholic priest for 16 years, and feel that Pierre Hermann's argument that celibacy dehumanizes and cuts priests off from the world they are supposed to serve [Aug. 28] is simply not true of all of us. The more intense our priestly life, the more human we become, since our whole life is dedicated to the service of mankind. At no time have I felt separated from the human race. On the contrary, I long to get away for a few days from the doorbell, phone, sick calls, meetings etc.—and if I had been allowed to marry, I would doubtlessly crave moments away from a sweet, adorable wife and crazy mixed-up kids.

(THE REV.) WILLIAM MITCHELL
Phoenix

The Big Bridges

Sir: Your article about bridges [Aug. 28] expresses my own feelings for them. They are more awe-inspiring than rockets to the moon. I have an almost reverent regard for the minds that conceive those beautiful, unbelievable bridges.

(MRS.) AGNES HODGES
Lexington, Mass.

Sir: Your "Golden Age of Bridges" omitted that milestone, the Mackinac Bridge. "Mighty Mac" is the outstanding contribution to bridge history in the period between the Golden Gate Bridge and the

Who needs rear wheels?



The *front* wheels on the MG Sports Sedan do all the work. They pull. They steer. They cling to the road like cleats. They serve up fast, safe, disc-brake stops.

The *front* wheels are where the power is. MG's front wheel drive takes the Sports Sedan straight as a string to where you direct it. The *front* wheels are where the weight is. MG's competition-proven engine is up forward where it ought to be... and where its poundage delivers extra traction, even

on tricky surfaces.

True, the rear wheels help support the car. But it is the *front* wheels that tell them what to do—as part of MG's rugged Hydroelastic® (liquid) Suspension System. They actually telegraph news of road conditions to the rear wheels, so you stay on the level, no matter what. What does it add up to? Simply this: *no car is more roadworthy than the Sports Sedan*. It holds steady and true, in spite of slick, snow, breeze and bumps. Most re-

assuring, whether you drive for the sport or for the family (of five).

Incidentally, the modest price includes all five wheels.





Secret thoughts of a cabinet minister

"...ten dowagers to go. Hope they'll reward me with a White Horse Scotch* when I get through the line."

**People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five ever reaches America. A sobering thought.*



yet to be completed Verrazano-Narrows structure. Completed in 1957, Mackinac far exceeds the Golden Gate in its lean across the Straits of Mackinac. Its total superstructure length is more than 33 miles. Its suspension section between cable anchors stretches 8,614 ft., more than 1,000 ft. longer than the comparable dimension of the Verrazano Bridge. Only Mackinac's 3,800-ft. main span is shorter than those of Golden Gate and Verrazano.

PAUL D. SMITH

Cleveland

R. T. GORE



THE MACKINAC BRIDGE

Sir: I wish that those superengineers who weave those fabulous cables to support tremendous bridges would design a simple three-wire clothes line that will not sag.

MRS. V. O. FRITEZ

San Antonio, Texas

Unsporty Entertainment?

Sir: All of us concerned with the integrity of sports are disturbed over the CBS purchase of the Yankees precisely because of the kind of thinking revealed by that TV executive who said, "I can't see the difference between Mickey Mantle and Jackie Gleason. They're both entertainers" [Aug. 21]. If Mantle's new owners ever persuade him that he is being paid just to entertain, baseball can settle gently into its coffin. It is worth noting that some of these same executives a few years ago were unable to distinguish the difference between a Gleason show and a TV quiz contest.

RICHARD L. GAINES

Lawrenceville, N.J.

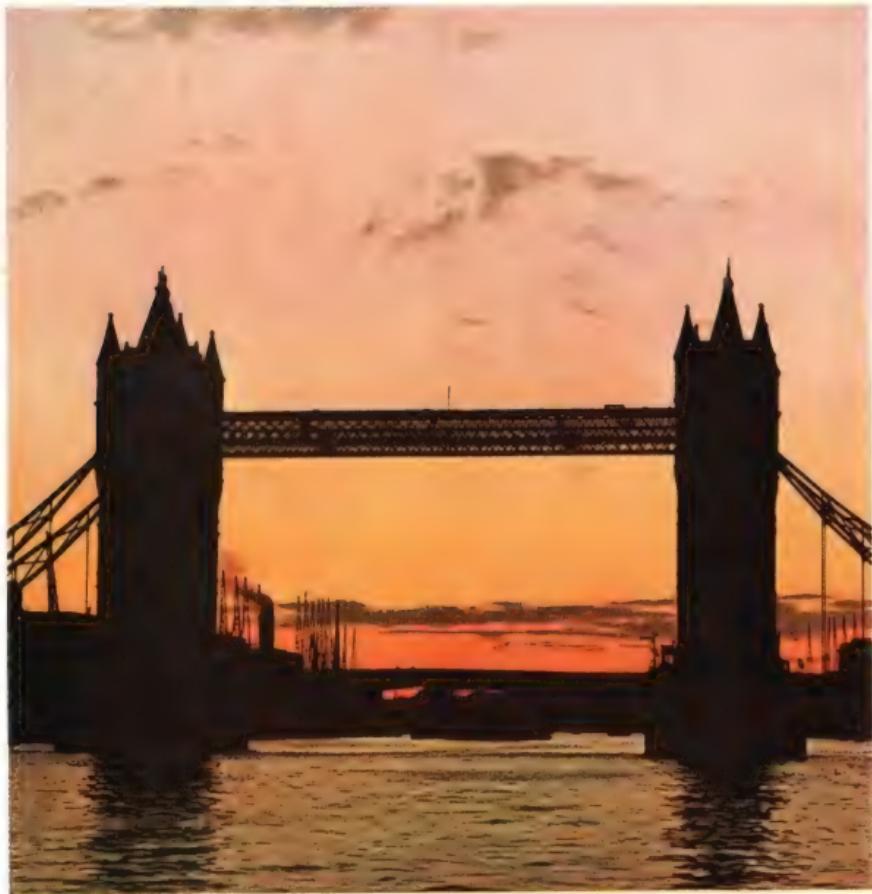
Sir: I heartily favor purchase of the Yankees by CBS. Perhaps professional entertainers can bring new life to what has become an exceedingly dull sport.

JOHN M. ERVING JR.

Gulfport, Fla.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Fall for Europe this Autumn

(When our fares are low and the weather says "Go")

Don't feel bad if you missed out on Europe this summer.

Europe is even more fetching in the fall. Cooler. Less crowded.

London Bridge serves up flaming sunsets for two 'most every evening.

Scotland gathers its Clans. Munich brews up its *Oktoberfest*. Paris runs its *Grand Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe*. And a good part of Europe turns into wine-festival country overnight.

Sample round-trip 14 to 21 day Jet

economy fares, available most days from now through November fifth: New York to Rome, \$446. Chicago to Frankfurt, \$455. Los Angeles to London, \$589.

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Better see a Pan Am Travel Agent or call your nearest Pan Am office—before the leaves begin to fall.



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FIRST ON THE PACIFIC
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Kent makes the work more fun.

Kent combines the famous MICRONITE[®] filter with the world's finest "Flavor-blended" tobaccos...so, for the best combination of filter and good taste...

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One is man's best friend.
The other is a woman's.*



*After diamonds, that is

We are making quite a concession when we admit that a woman might prefer *anything* to our soft water. Look at it this way. The average homemaker has her hands in water a jillion times a day. If she's using harsh detergents, it's a real tip-off that she's fighting hard water. By installing a Culligan, all her household water is filtered and softened automatically. It's as smooth and silky-soft as rain. It's perfect for bathing, shampooing, dishes, laundering—every single use involving water. Are you a woman? Do you have hard water? Do you have a husband? Have him call and say, "Hey Culligan-Man!" Even his best friend will be glad.



Automatic Models Portable Exchange
You can buy them, Service No investment,
and we rent them popular rates.

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Culligan Inc. and franchised dealers in United States, Canada, Europe, Latin America, Asia - Home Office: Northbrook, Illinois - Franchises available.

Nov. 23, 1925: The Court Martial Trial of Colonel "Billy" Mitchell, the early champion of air power. New England Life was in its 91st year.



If you were born in 1925...

You can still get thousands more from New England Life insurance than you pay in.

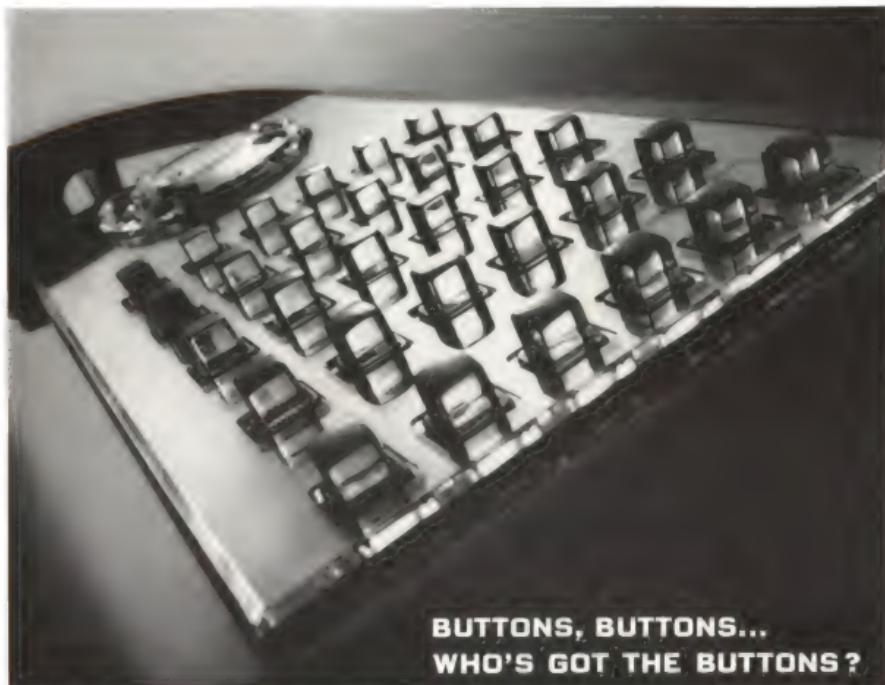
Thirty-nine years have vanished since the Billy Mitchell trial—and your arrival. So perhaps you feel you're too old now to consider cash-value life insurance as a way to build your estate. Maybe you think that this means of accumulating dollars while getting family protection is only for younger men. Well, take a look at the figures below. You'll find they're really eye-opening.

Say you buy a \$25,000 New England

Life policy at age 39. Assume you use dividends to build up additional protection automatically. (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is \$20,655. Premium payments total only \$17,030. So all the dollars you put in and **\$3,625 more** can be yours at retirement. At the same time, the policy's protection value has risen from \$25,000 to \$35,342!

Whatever year you were born, don't overlook this sure way of accumulating assets. The figures for your age are what count—and we'll be glad to supply them if you'll just let us know your birth date. Send a card or note to New England Life at Department 7T, 501 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02117.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 11, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 11

THE NATION

THE CAMPAIGN

Some of the Issues Are Missing

The candidates had been named, the campaign was formally under way, and now came that traditional time for politicians and pundits to draw up lists of the issues that would presumably dominate the U.S.'s political dialogue until November.

Inevitably, some of September's issues would waltz away before Election Day. Just as inevitably, others would sprout in full forensic flower. But last

but they also like Lyndon. Last week, as evidence, the President played White House host to a batch of leading businessmen who have come out for him. As for labor's leaders, they are almost unanimously anti-Goldwater. This does not, of course, necessarily mean that the rank and file of union members will follow the leaders, and the working man's vote remains one of 1964's imponderables.

Other tried and true topics do not seem to be developing in 1964. Goldwater would love to have a meaning-

concentrate on Democratic domestic achievements, ignoring the U.S.'s overseas dilemmas.

For his part, Goldwater will keep hammering away at U.S. failures abroad, particularly the costly, losing war in South Viet Nam. At home, he might be expected to profit from the civil rights issue. It will almost surely win him electoral votes in the South. In pre-campaign figuring, it was generally assumed that he would also gain in the North from the "backlash" of white resentment against excesses of the Ne-



BARRY AFTER YACHTING TRIP



LYNDON WITH BUSINESS BOOSTERS

Personal imponderables v. upper-case quadrennials.

week, as what promises to be an extraordinary campaign began in earnest, perhaps the most extraordinary political fact was that some of the hardest quadrennial issues did not figure to be issues at all.

There was, for example, the economy. Whoever heard of a U.S. presidential campaign without the economy as a major issue? This could be the year. Democrat Lyndon Johnson can claim prosperity, and although Republican Barry Goldwater may not think that that prosperity is free-enterprising enough, he can hardly mount a serious attack against it.

Slide-Rule Rebuttals. In the same sense, every four years there is a big argument about which is the party of business and which is the party of labor. This year that argument also seems academic. Businessmen know they have nothing to lose at Goldwater's hands.

ful argument over Government spending. But Johnson, even while spending more than any peacetime President in history, has blunted the issue with a few military cutbacks and a general pose of thriftiness. Perhaps more than anything else, Goldwater deeply believes that the Johnson Administration is diluting the nation's military strength in the name of cost-performance analysis; but he has yet to prove his point against the slide-rule rebuttals of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Barry rails against the intrusions of big government into private life; but he has yet to make a winning issue of his complaints. The farm issue? It is quite conceivable that neither candidate will make a major speech about it.

Some Sweeping Statements. What, then, do shape up as the issues that will decide the election? In the most general terms, it seems likely that Johnson will

gro revolution. But if there were any such backlash, it would have shown itself last week in a Democratic primary in Michigan's 16th Congressional District (see story on Page 23), and it failed to materialize.

But Goldwater has never counted on

* Seated, from left: American Machine & Foundry Chairman Carter C. Burgess; Merck President John J. Connor, L.B.J.; Bankers John J. Loeb and Andre Meyer Standing, from left: Phoenix Assurance Co. President Brian P. Leib; General Cigar President Edgar M. Cullman; Hunt Foods Chairman Norton Simon, former Eisenhower Cabinet Member Marion B. Folsom; Ford Vice President William J. Geissert; Boston Investment Banker Paul C. Cabot; Tennessee Gas Co. Chairman H. Gardiner Symonds; Lehman Brothers Partner Robert Lehman; former Kennedy Treasury Under Secretary Henry Fowler; Ford Chairman Henry Ford II; Nashville Bunker Samuel M. Fleming; Litton Industries Chairman Charles B. Thornton.

the backlash, or sought to take advantage of it. Rather, he has so far found his most effective domestic issue to be that of national morality. He made a big point of it in his Prescott, Ariz., kickoff speech last week. He argues for national leadership that will end lawlessness and violence on the U.S.'s city streets not merely by force but by example.

The Deciding Factor. So in the end the campaign may shape up not so much as a collision between sharply conflicting philosophies as between two sharply conflicting personalities.

Goldwater hopes to project himself as a man of strong convictions, gruff and honest, who is challenging many of the basic assumptions about recent American life and can supply the moral corrective, while he pictures Lyndon Johnson as too unconcerned with traditional values to be able to restore the country's real strength. Johnson hopes

DAN HARDY—1964 THE HOUSTON POST



CANDIDATES AT L.B.J. RANCH

A foot on the G.O.P. platform.

to project himself as the compassionate father of all, mindful of frailty, prudent in all things, as opposed to a heartless, reckless Goldwater.

Many political theorists nurse the notion that upper-case Issues are the only things that count; they tend to treat political personality as an interesting but unimportant sidelight to any presidential campaign. But personality and issues are inextricably intertwined.

It is the first order of business for any national candidate to establish a personal image that gives credibility to his stands on issues. He must also try to convince the American voter that his opponent is so wrong-minded, ignorant, incompetent, mendacious or just plain wishy-washy as to be disbelieved in any statement about the issues. In 1964, the election outcome could depend on whether Johnson or Goldwater best projects his intended image. In short, personality may be the biggest issue of all.

DEMOCRATS

"He Smelleth the Battle Afar Off"

Hardly had Hubert Horatio Humphrey been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Vice President than he managed to put his foot in it. During a weekend campaign-strategy-planning trip to the L.B.J. Ranch in Texas, Hubert was summoned by the President for a walk in a cow pasture. He promptly slipped on some cow dung, but recovering his balance, cried out: "Mr. President! I just stepped on the Republican platform!"

Since the whole scene took place in front of newsmen, some Johnson and Humphrey aides winced at the bad taste of it all, but the Boss himself thought it was about the funniest thing he had ever heard.

Loftier Level. In his loftier-level strategy talks with Humphrey, Johnson emphasized that he plans to devote most of his time to his White House job, playing the part of fulltime statesman. Only on key occasions, such as his Labor Day address this week in Detroit's Cadillac Square, would the President hit the campaign route.

Of course, nobody who has ever met Lyndon Johnson believes that he will actually stick to this stay-at-home schedule, but in the meanwhile Humphrey has been assigned to crisscross the nation in a continuous, hard-hitting campaign. He will concentrate on the Midwest, the Rocky Mountain states and the South, is already scheduling trips into North Carolina, Georgia, Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas, Florida and Louisiana. He may also whistle-stop in California, Illinois and Indiana.

When Humphrey returned to Washington from Texas last week, he got a hearty round of applause and much effusive speechifying upon entering the Senate chamber. Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, recalling photographs taken of Lyndon and Hubert riding horseback in their business suits, twitted his colleague: "You are better on your feet than in the saddle." Tennessee's Albert Gore quoted *The Book of Job*: "He smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting"

And Illinois' Republican Everett Dirksen topped it off with some gentle joshing. "Mr. President," said Ev, "I am glad that a modest Republican can participate, and with some qualification can express his affection and love for the distinguished senior Senator from Minnesota." Dirksen then projected to next Jan. 20, when, as he foresaw events, the Republicans would have won the White House. Purred he: "I want to be able to say with a heart full of thanksgiving, 'Glory be! We love Hubert and we have kept him here!'"

On the Beam. As for Lyndon, well, he just could not help politicking. The A.F.I.-C.I.O. General Board met in Washington, agreed unanimously to support the Johnson-Humphrey ticket, trooped over to the White House 166

strong to tell the President about their unsurprising decision.

The President also played host to a score of U.S. businessmen who have signed on as members of the "National Independent Committee for President Johnson and Senator Humphrey." Beaming benignly at the presence of blue-chippers, whom he has wooed with special ardor, Lyndon invited the group, which included former Eisenhower Cabinet Members Robert B. Anderson (Treasury) and Marion B. Folsom (Health, Education and Welfare), into the Cabinet room to pose for pictures, then sent them on their way with a parting pep talk: "In the year of 1964, we are not determining the future of our parties. But we are determining the fate and fortune of America itself—and of the cause we are privileged to lead. I commend all of you not only on the choice you have made for your country, but on your courage in now assuming the responsibility of your convictions."

REPUBLICANS

The Kickoff

Prescott, Ariz., nestles in a mile-high bowl amid the pine-covered knobs of the Bradshaw and San Prieto mountains. It was there that Grandfather "Big Mike" Goldwater, the Jewish peddler, settled in 1875, laid the foundation of a prosperous family merchandising business. It was in Prescott that Uncle Morris Goldwater served as a Democratic mayor for 26 years. It was in Prescott that Barry Goldwater himself made the opening speeches in his two successful campaigns for the U.S. Senate. And it was to Prescott (pop. 13,000), his "lucky town," that Barry returned last week for the formal kickoff of his presidential campaign.

He stood behind an old-fashioned wooden lectern set up on the stone steps of the Yavapai County courthouse. Nearby were his wife, Vice-Presidential Candidate Bill Miller and Mrs. Miller. Across the lawn to his right was the old stucco building that for years had housed the family store. These days, the Goldwaters' Prescott store occupies a more modern structure nearby. Off to Goldwater's left was "Whisky Row," dominated by the historic Palace Saloon, which still does a thriving business. Straight ahead was a bronze equestrian statue of "Bucky" O'Neill, a one-time Yavapai County sheriff who served as one of Teddy Roosevelt's Roughriders. Barry is fond of saying that Bucky was the first American to fall in the charge up San Juan Hill. But Prescott historians ruefully admit that Bucky actually died before the charge, the victim of a sniper's bullet while relieving himself at a slit-trench latrine.

The Indictment. Goldwater's speech was both reasoned and reasonable, and it was delivered with a rare verve. He began with a cadenced indictment of the Democratic Administration. Cried he: "Choose the way of this present Administration, and you will have



CANDIDATES AT PRESCOTT
An indictment in a lucky town.

chosen the way of the regimented society with a number for every man, woman and child.

"Choose the way of this present Administration, and you have the way of mobs in the street, restrained only by the plea that they wait until after election time to ignite violence once again.

"Choose the way of this present Administration, and you choose the way of unilateral disarmament and appeasement in foreign affairs.

"Choose the way of this present Administration, and you make real the prospect of an America unarmed and aimless in the face of militant Communism around the world.

"Instead, I ask that you join with me in proving that every American can stand on his own, make up his own mind, chart his own future, keep and control his own family, asking for help and getting help only when truly overwhelmed by problems, beyond his control, beset him."

The Threat. Goldwater made headlines with a pledge that if he were President he would put an end to the U.S.'s "outmoded and unfair military draft system." Actually, President Johnson four months ago ordered a Pentagon study aimed at completely revamping or even eliminating the draft, and in Prescott, Goldwater was merely beating Lyndon to the political punch.

Barry also went out of his way to allay fears that his itchy trigger finger might set off nuclear war. "A major concern of ours," he said, "has been the military security of this nation. Some distort this proper concern to make it appear that we are preoccupied with war. There is no greater political lie. We are preoccupied with peace. We seek a strong America because only

a strong nation can keep the peace. I do not intend to be a wartime President."

The Theme. But once again it was upon the subject of law and order in U.S. cities and morality in the country that Goldwater struck his main theme. "If the tone of America is not set by men in public service," he said, "it will be set, as unfortunately it is being set too often today, by the standards of the sick joke, the slick slogan, the off-color drama, and the pornographic book. It is on our streets that we see the final, terrible proof of a sickness which not all the social theories of a thousand social experiments have even begun to touch. Crime grows faster than population, while those who break the law are accorded more consideration than those who try to enforce the law. Law enforcement agencies—the police, the sheriffs, the FBI—are attacked for doing their jobs. Lawbreakers are defended. Our wives, all women, feel unsafe on our streets."

Then, in obvious reference to eruptions of racial strife, he added: "When men will seek political advantage by turning their eyes away from riots and violence, we can well understand why lawlessness grows even while we pass more laws . . . It is a responsibility of the national leadership, regardless of political gain, political faction or political popularity, to encourage every community in this nation to enforce the law, not let it be abused and ignored."

INVESTIGATIONS

That Lingering Aroma

With a sort of heh-heh-now-let's-see-what-you-Republicans-can-do-about-it air, the Democratic majority on the Senate Rules Committee last May declared its investigation into the shenanigans of former Senate Democratic Secretary Bobby Baker at an end. The majority report found no real wrongdoing on the part of Baker or, perish the thought, his longtime sponsor, Lyndon Johnson.

But the aroma from the Baker case has refused to fade away, mostly because of the efforts of Delaware's G.O.P. Senator John J. Williams, who has fashioned a highly successful Senate career from his lone-wolf investigative abilities. Among Williams' gushy disclosures: the Truman Administration tax scandal, which netted 125 convictions, including those of then Assistant Attorney General T. Lamar Caudle and Truman's White House appointment secretary Matthew Connelly; the Commodity Credit Corp. bookkeeping bollux, which brought to light a \$96 million shortage in appropriated funds; and all sorts of chicanery in the farm soil-bank program, which was altered after Williams' disclosures.

It was Williams who first blew the whistle on Bobby Baker, and last week he was still blowing. In a Senate speech, he charged Baker with fixing a 1960 transaction in which Philadelphia Contractor Matthew McCloskey, now

71, a longtime Democratic fund raiser, former Democratic National Committee treasurer and former U.S. Ambassador to Ireland, paid a \$35,000 kickback after winning the contract to build the \$20 million District of Columbia municipal stadium.

Breakfast Meeting. Williams' main source of information was Silver Spring, Md., insurance man Don Reynolds, an old business associate of Baker's and, by his own account, a pretty shady fellow himself.

Reynolds told Williams that his "first contact" with McCloskey came at a breakfast meeting with Baker. If he were to land the stadium contract, McCloskey would have to pay a performance bond premium. "Bobby and Matt discussed overpayment above that of the premium charged, and the fact that by using me as a bonding agent, the amounts could be directed to other persons or funds, and could be made as a legitimate business expense to McCloskey & Co.," Williams quoted Reynolds as saying.

As a result, said Williams, McCloskey sent Reynolds a check for \$109,205.60. Of this, \$73,631.28 was for the premium. Another \$25,000 was earmarked for the Kennedy-Johnson campaign fund, to be passed along by Baker. "In so doing," Williams told the Senate, "Mr. McCloskey could, first, circumvent the law, which prohibits political contributions in excess of \$5,000; second, charge this item off on his books as an expense of doing business, and thereby deduct it for income tax purposes; and third, in effect charge it to the American taxpayers by adding this on as a cost item of a Government contract."

Calling the G-Boys. Still another \$10,000 was for Reynolds himself, and a final \$574.32 was added, as Reynolds explained to Williams, so as "to confuse anyone who might later try to audit the transaction."

After Williams made his charges,



CONTRACTOR McCLOSKEY
A final \$574.32 for confusion.

Matt McCloskey, who is already being sued for \$4,908,358 by the Justice Department for "defective workmanship" on an \$11.8 million Veterans Administration hospital in Boston, denied everything, saying his company had sent a check only for the amount Reynolds had billed it. And with Republicans in full cry on the issue of morality in Government, President Johnson announced that he had ordered the FBI to investigate the McCloskey case. It was a pretty good bet that no FBI report would be made public before November.

THE SUPREME COURT

More than a Quiet Concern

Barry Goldwater was not the only one talking about decay in the nation's morality. Last week a group of highly respected clergymen, dismayed by Supreme Court decisions in obscenity cases, exploded in furious criticism of the nation's highest court.

What upset the clergymen was the fact that the court recently overturned three state court bans against the sale of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* and an Ohio ruling that forbade the showing of a French movie called *The Lovers*. In all, nine clergymen signed the public statement: Presiding Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of the Methodist Church New York Conference; the Rev. Wilburn C. West, Eastern States Mission President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints; the Rev. W. Scott Morton, Director of New York's Presbyterian University Christian Foundation; Catholic Bishops Leo A. Purley of Fort Wayne, Aloysius J. Willinger of Monterey-Fresno, Calif., and John King Muñoz of Steubenville, Ohio, and New York Rabbis Chaim Lipschitz, Julius G. Neumann and Jehuda Melber. Henry L. Lambert, President of the New York Board of Trade, added his name.

In its decisions, the statement charged, the "Supreme Court of the United States virtually promulgated degeneracy as the standard way of American life.

"In finding that the Constitution was intended as a guarantee for the dissemination of filth, and a device to deprive the public of the right to protect itself against vile and corrupt publications, the 'under God' foundations of the United States were implied to be irrelevant.

"These decisions cannot be accepted quietly by the American people if this nation is to survive. Giving free rein to the vile depiction of violence, perversion, illicit sex and, in consequence, to their performance, is an unerring sign of progressive decay and decline. Further, it gives prophetic meaning to the Soviet intent to 'bury' America.

"We urge that religious leaders of all faiths in all communities stand together in vociferously decrying the fact that the court has presumed to recast the moral law."

POLITICS

Unity, of Sorts

Overstressing the "unity" theme at their separate state conventions, New York Democrats and Republicans last week chose their candidates to run for the U.S. Senate. The Republicans renominated snow-thatched Incumbent Kenneth Barnard Keating, 64, and the Democrats named U.S. Attorney General Robert Francis Kennedy, 38.

For all the talk about party unity, both conventions were marked by a certain dissidence.

Friendly Fishmongers. At the Democrats' raucous caucus in Manhattan's 71st Regiment Armory, Bobby Kennedy won hands down over upstate New York Congressman Samuel Stratton. The 968-153 vote failed to reflect the resentment of many convention delegates that Bobby is by no stretch of



BOBBY AT FULTON MARKET
Better than Cape Cod.

the imagination a New Yorker. On hand to help Bobby, who has yet to win any elective office, were wife Ethel and seven of their eight children. Daughter Kathleen, 13, promised to campaign for Daddy "if he asks me." Daughter Courtney, 7, was looking forward to residence in New York because she was tired of rainy weather on Cape Cod. "Here," she chirped, "it's sunny." Ethel, talking to reporters about her newly rented, 25-room house on Long Island, allowed as how there would be swimming-pool parties—but "just for the children." What she liked best about the house, she said, was that "it is in New York."

The "carpetbagger" charge was Bobby's biggest problem. To prove that he really cares about New York, he arose at 5:15 a.m. on the morning after his nomination, made his way to the famed and redolent Fulton Fish Market, where he shook hands with friendly fishmongers. Next day, he took time out for a quick trip to Washington to resign formally from his Cabinet job this successor, at least temporarily, will be Dep-

uty Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach. With that out of the way, Kennedy returned once more to New York and to the pursuit of a vast number of voters who still regard him as a power-playing outsider. So much an outsider is Bobby that he won't be able to cast a ballot in New York this fall, therefore has decided not to vote at all. "I could vote in Massachusetts," he said, "but as a resident of New York I wouldn't want to do that." Scratch one vote for Senator Teddy Kennedy, another for Lyndon Johnson.

Withheld Endorsement. On the Republican side, carpetbagging was not the issue, but there was plenty of dissidence nonetheless. Incumbent Keating, with big convention send-offs from Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Senator Jacob Javits, Dick Nixon and Tom Dewey, received his party's nomination by acclamation. Only the day before, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce had declined the New York Conservative Party's invitation to run as a third Senate candidate—one who might easily draw enough votes away from Keating to cause his defeat.

Now, under urging from Rocky Javits, Nixon and Dewey (but not from Barry Goldwater or any of his aides, who advised her to do as she thought best), Mrs. Luce appeared before the G.O.P. convention with a plea for party unity. "All Republicans should be for one, and one for all," she said. "In a common cause, confronted with an enemy, what men of common sense do is close ranks, as I am doing today."

Still, Mrs. Luce carefully withheld her support from Keating—not even mentioning him by name—because he has yet to indicate that he himself will support Republican Presidential Nominee Goldwater.

THE CONGRESS

Just for the Record

For more than two decades, Congress has been wrangling about federal medical care for the aged. In his 1960 campaign, John Kennedy vowed without qualification that his Administration would persuade a Democratic Congress to pass a medicare bill, to be financed under the social security system. But Kennedy reckoned without the opposition of Arkansas' Democratic Representative Wilbur Mills. Mills was not against medicare itself, but he certainly was against any sort of program that would—as he thought—wreck the sound financing of the whole social security program. And as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Mills could and did prevent passage of the Kennedy program.

Prognosis: Poor. This year, previewing the national campaign, Lyndon Johnson was painfully aware that Kennedy's medicare pledge remained unfulfilled. If for nothing but the record, he had to make one last, desperate try. Last week he did. In the Senate, Administration forces won approval of

a social security-financed medicare plan by a nip-and-tuck vote of 49 to 44. But the prognosis for House approval of the Senate's action was poor.

As passed by the Senate, and attached to a House-approved bill raising social security taxes and benefits for 20 million Americans, the plan calls for: 1) hospitalization for those over 65, ranging from 45 to 180 days a year, at a total cost to the patient ranging from nothing to \$92.50 annually; 2) nursing-home care up to 60 days without cost; 3) home visits by nurses, therapists and other specialists, except physicians, up to 240 times a year without cost; 4) outpatient diagnostic services, with the patient liable only for the first \$20 cost in each 30-day period; and 5) a plan under which those on social security who care to may pay about \$2 a week for a private insurance plan providing medical and surgical care by physicians of their own choice. To pay for the program, the Senate voted to raise the social security tax, paid half by the employer, half by the employee, from the present 7.25% to 10.4% of salary.

Tame Republicans. As usual, the Senate's lopsided Democratic majority could not impose its will without help from tame Republicans. Joining 44 Democratic Senators in voting for the medicare package were New York's Jacob Javits and Kenneth Keating, New Jersey's Clifford Case, Maine's Margaret Chase Smith, and California's Thomas Kuchel. Voting no were 16 Democrats—all Southerners, with the exception of Ohio's Frank Lausche—and 28 Republicans, including G.O.P. Presidential Nominee Barry Goldwater, who flew in from Phoenix to cast his "nay," then flew out again.

Now the plan goes to a House-Senate conference, where Old Medicare Foe Mills will probably thwart the Administration's plans. Even so, Candidate Johnson will be sure to blame Republicans during the next few months.

MICHIGAN

Still Listening for the Lash

For months, Democrats and Republicans alike have waited warily to hear the first crack of the white "backlash" vote against the excesses of the Negro revolution. And if such a vote were ever to make its sting felt in U.S. politics, it seemed certain to do so in last week's Democratic primary in Michigan's newly-created 16th District.

The Obvious Issue. There, after redistricting last April, Incumbent Congressman John Dingell, 38, and John Lesinski, 49, found themselves running against each other. Both men are of Polish extraction. Both are the sons of Congressmen: Dingell's father served the old 15th District from 1932 until his death in 1955; Lesinski's father represented the old 16th from 1933 until his death in 1950. The Dingells were liberals and champions of the Negroes, who comprised some 46% of the pop-

ulation in their longtime constituency. The Lesinskis stood fast against any Negro penetration of their own home ground of Dearborn, a virtually all-white city of 115,600.

Predictably, Dingell this year voted in Congress for the civil rights bill, while Lesinski was the only Northern Democratic Congressman to vote against it. Dingell's vote took some courage. In Michigan's redistricting, he lost most of his old Negro constituency, faced Lesinski in a new district that included 80% of Lesinski's old territory and was 90% white.

In the new district, bordered by Negro neighborhoods and beset by fears of black incursions, the backlash, so everybody thought, was an "obvious" issue. Dingell accused Lesinski's followers of



WINNER DINGELL IN DEARBORN
Busting the bogeyman.

"trying to use it. They're raising the bogeyman, telling people that if I'm elected there will be two Negro families on every block in Dearborn." Lesinski indeed raised some bogeymen. "The other day," he cried in a typical speech, "a 35-year-old man was set upon and stabbed by four colored fellows. He was stabbed to death. It didn't appear on TV or in the papers. They hushed it up. Now that's the kind of thing that the people are worried about."

Time to Count Again. To believers in the backlash theory, Lesinski's victory seemed a cinch. But Dingell won by a vote of 30,791 to 25,620. In a district that was clearly liberal on almost every issue other than civil rights, his liberal record was the big difference. Moreover, as Dingell himself said, with more accuracy than modesty: "I can make an understandable and intelligent

speech, where my opponent, frankly, cannot."

Some Detroiters thought they heard a flick of the backlash when voters in a city-wide referendum approved an ordinance that would, in effect, give property owners the right to refuse to sell or lease to Negroes. The referendum certainly did indicate that whites were not anxious to have Negroes move into the block. But it hardly amounted to backlash in the sense of whites turning against one of their own simply because he had espoused the civil rights cause.

In short, the backlash issue may yet have some effect somewhere this year—but any politician who counts on its being a decisive factor had better start counting again.

GEORGIA

"An Extreme Case"

Inside the second-floor Madison County courtroom in Danielsville, Ga. (pop. 362), the air was hot and humid. On the narrow balcony overlooking the courtroom a dozen Negroes silently watched the proceedings. Below, the seats in the whites-only section were jammed. All had come last week to see the murder trial of *State of Georgia v. Joseph Howard Sims and Civil William Myers*.

Sims, 41, an Athens machinist, and Myers, 25, a yarn plucker at an Athens textile mill, were charged with the senseless shotgun slaying last July 11 of District of Columbia Educator Lemuel A. Penn, 49, who was driving home after a training stint as an Army Reserve lieutenant colonel at Fort Benning, Ga. A third defendant, Gas Station Attendant James S. Lackey, 28, had been granted a separate trial. All three are Ku Klux Klansmen.

A Chilling Story. For the better part of two days, Special State Prosecutor Jeff Wayne and Defense Attorney Jim Hudson argued about the admissibility of an eight-page, handwritten confession given to the FBI, and later repudiated, by Lackey. Finally, white-haired Judge William Carey Skelton ruled: "I'll admit it." Wayne, a tall, rangy Gainesville lawyer, cleared his throat and began to read Lackey's chilling story.

"At some time between 4 a.m. and 4:30 a.m., we spotted a 1959 Chevy occupied by several colored men. We trailed the car and noticed the Washington, D.C. plates. I believe Mr. Sims said, 'That must be some of President Johnson's boys.' I was driving, and I began following the car as directed by Myers, who was sitting alongside of me up front. Sims was sitting in the back. Sims told me to fall back and follow the Negroes, and I stayed back 100 to 200 yds. I asked the others what they were going to do, and Sims said, 'I'm going to kill me a nigger.' Both Sims and Myers told me to pass the car occupied by the Negroes from Washington. When I came alongside the Negroes' car, both Myers and Sims



ATHENS' SIMS & MYERS
Someone shot another nigger.

fired shotguns into the Negroes' car."

Lackey had told how the three white men returned to an Athens garage operated by Herbert Guest, 37. Guest had been arrested with the others but a Madison County grand jury failed to return a murder indictment against him. Continued Lackey's confession: "The double-barreled shotgun used by Cecil Myers was the shotgun usually hanging on the wall of Guest's garage. The shotgun used by Sims is his own gun. As soon as we got back to Guest's garage, both Myers and Sims cleaned the shotguns in the garage. They wiped the guns off with a rag. Guest asked what had happened, and Sims said, 'We shot one, but don't know if we killed him or not.'

"The original reason for our following the colored men was because we heard that Martin Luther King might make Georgia a testing ground for the civil rights bill. We thought some out-of-town niggers might stir up some trouble in Athens. We had intended scaring off any out-of-town colored people before they could give us any trouble. When the car from Washington was spotted on July 11, we thought they might be out-of-towners who might cause trouble."

A Short Defense. Later, when called to the witness stand, Garage Owner Guest took the Fifth Amendment 16 times. But he had already made a statement to the FBI, and it too was admitted into evidence by Judge Skelton. In it Guest told of overhearing a conversation between Sims and Myers the day after Penn's killing: "I overheard one of them say that they thought the car they had shot had gone into the river," said Guest. Next

night, he said, "they told me that they were the ones that shot the car in which Penn was killed."

With that, the state rested. The defense took 1 hr. 40 min. to present its case, which consisted chiefly of unsworn testimony by both Sims and Myers that they were innocent. "I believe I was in Athens at the time," said Sims. Parroted Myers: "I do believe I was in Athens at this time." State Solicitor-General Cleter Johnson demanded the death penalty, told the jury: "This is an extreme case and demands the extreme penalty. It was cold-blooded assassination."

But Georgia juries are not in the habit of convicting white men for killing Negroes, and at week's end, after deliberating for 3 hrs. 15 min., the all-white, all-male jury found Klansmen Sims and Myers not guilty.

PENNSYLVANIA

"The Goddam Boss"

When Philadelphia Negroes went on a rioting, looting rampage that ended only last week, there was only one Negro leader who could conceivably have stopped them. He is Cecil Moore, 49, president of the Philadelphia chapter of the N.A.A.C.P., the city's busiest Negro criminal lawyer, and a brilliant but frighteningly demagogic man.

"Cecil has a Jesus Christ complex," said a critic recently. "He thinks he is the self-appointed savior of the Negro in Philadelphia." Retorted Moore: "I'm not self-appointed. I was elected." A committee of 16 Negro leaders last year called him "a man bereft of reason." Two of the 16 were Judge Raymond Pace Alexander, the man who had sponsored Moore for admittance into the Philadelphia Bar Association, and Alexander's wife Sadie, who is chairman of the city's commission on human relations. No sooner had they spoken when Moore got up a sign reading: 15 UNCLE TOMS AND AN AUNT DINAH DON'T SPEAK FOR THE N.A.A.C.P.

"Get." Six months after his 1962 election to the Philadelphia N.A.A.C.P. chapter presidency, Moore broke into print with some remarkable outbursts against Jewish leaders in the civil rights field. He knew of none, he said, who was not "a goddam phony." Later he claimed that he had been misquoted, said that he had really been castigating the whole lot of "so-called Northern white liberals," who are "all a bunch of phonies. I accuse anybody who exploits another group as anti-American. This includes Negroes, Catholics, Jews, newspapers, everybody."

Moore is proud of being "ruthless" when it comes to protecting his domain. He once got a local CORE group to cancel a demonstration by threatening to send a gang of girls through a CORE picket line. "You won't look very good fighting girls," he warned. And when a Harlem envoy came

to Philadelphia to organize a rent strike, Moore gave the man 24 hours to get out of town. The man got. It was Moore who instituted the court battle to stop the city's famed New Year's Day Mummers' Parade participants from wearing their traditional blackface. Moore won his point, but the Mummers got the last laugh by parading in pink, red, green, orange and purple faces.

On the Corner. What makes Cecil run? Not money, for despite his huge law practice he is forever broke, spending thousands of dollars to represent indigent Negroes. Personal ambition? Perhaps. Twice he has run for Congress, and twice he has been defeated, but he might try again. Yet what obviously drives him is an inner anger combined with the sharp joy of combat.

Moore comes from West Virginia, graduated from Bluefield State College there, and got his law degree at Temple University in 1953. He fought with the Marines in the Pacific in World War II, turned down a battlefield commission because "second lieutenants don't live long in the Marines." His career as an attorney is flecked with contention. He has been rebuked by judges, fined for contempt of court; both the city civil service commission and the state liquor control board have asked that he be barred from practicing before them.

The N.A.A.C.P. consumes most of Moore's out-of-court time. Twenty months ago, his chapter had a membership of 7,000. Today it is close to 30,000. Ten thousand new members have signed up in 1964 alone. But Moore cares not about mere numbers, and he is contemptuous of all Negroes who do not join him in his own combative spirit.

FREDERICK A. NEYER



PHILADELPHIA'S CECIL MOORE
Some Negroes are more equal.

"I run a grass-roots group," he says, "not a cocktail-party, tea-sipping, fashion-show-attending group of exhibitionists. That's the difference. Those things divide the Negro, separate him into classes. I want nothing to divide the Negro; I want a one-class Negro community. Your so-called middle-class Negro is a 'professional Negro' who doesn't come into contact with the masses. I'd be lost if I had to move up to Mount Airy or one of those places where I'd have to be so damned respectable that I couldn't go out and stand on a street corner on Saturday night. The Negro is always on the corner on Friday or Saturday night. That's where you go to talk."

Moore's chief enemy is "thieving merchants." "Don't mention exploitation to me. I've seen the worst of it. I mean when a man buys a pair of \$5 shoes for a dollar a week, he winds up paying \$12 for the shoes. And the rotten meat, the packages of chicken that say 5 lb. and weigh 4½ lb., the stale bread and the high rents. I warned them in 1959 that the exploitation was going to blow the top off. I told them again in 1963, but the merchants did nothing to stop it. Well, the people up there won't wreck those stores again. We'll just boycott them. The only Negro store that got wrecked was owned by a man named Richberg. They thought he was a Jew. A Chinaman up there put a sign on his store saying, 'I'm colored too!'"

"I Do." Last week 90 white and Negro leaders met to form an emergency committee to prevent future riots. "So," sneered Moore, "now the ministers and the liberals and the professional part-time Negroes want to form an emergency committee to stop riots. What the hell do they know about it? Do you know that not one of those bastards even asked me to attend that meeting? I invited myself, so's I could walk out if it didn't go my way."

As it happened, the meeting did not go Moore's way, and Moore walked out. "They don't speak for the Negro," he insisted. "I do. The riots proved that. But not a living soul from my group was there. Those bastards don't want to help the Negro. They just want to perform."

Moore scarcely cares that the national leaders of the N.A.A.C.P. blanch with dismay whenever he moves into action. He just wants equal rights—or maybe a little bit better than equal rights—for Negroes. Gazing around his shabby office near the city courthouse one day last week, Cecil Moore sighed: "I'm sick, I'm tired, I'm bankrupt, and I'm weary of the venality I see on all sides of me." But he is not about to give up. For better or for worse, his cause is his life. And as far as Philadelphia Negroes are concerned, again for better or worse, he assesses his position accurately. "I," he says, "am the goddam boss."

NEW YORK

Unanimous Decision

With a crowd of excited Negro youths at his back, the off-duty cop held his badge in one hand, his .38-cal. revolver in the other, and advanced toward the doorway to face a Negro boy who was holding a knife. "I'm a police lieutenant," said Thomas R. Gilligan. "Come out and drop it." James Powell, 15, kept the knife chest-high, lunged at Gilligan. The policeman fired a warning shot to the left, into the building. Powell swung the knife. Gilligan blocked the blow with his right hand, but the blade scraped his arm. Powell sliced out again, and Gilligan fired at his raised hand. The bullet went through Powell's arm just above the wrist, lodged in

heard the noise, ran out to the sidewalk to see what was going on.

Contradictions. The basic contradictions in testimony lay in the claims of 15 teen-agers, most of whom knew Powell, that Powell had not attacked Gilligan with a knife. Most of them said that Powell had fallen to the sidewalk after the first shot. Then, claimed ten of these witnesses, Gilligan fired two shots into Powell when he was down on the sidewalk.

Yet two adult passersby reported that Powell definitely had wielded a knife and described the action much as Gilligan had. Another adult witness said he was sure that Powell had "an object" in his right hand. Two Negro friends of Powell testified that on the way to school, Powell had shown them two



MANHATTAN APARTMENT WHERE POWELL WAS SHOT
They can explain until they're blue in the face.

his chest. Powell lunged again, still stabbing with the knife. Gilligan stepped back, fired into Powell's abdomen. The youth fell to the sidewalk and died.

That was New York Police Lieut. Thomas Gilligan's version of an incident last July that exploded into five days of Negro rioting in Harlem and Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section. And last week, after taking 1,600 pages of testimony from 45 witnesses, a New York county grand jury decided that Gilligan's account was essentially correct, ruled that he was not criminally liable, and for James Powell's death.

The jury's toughest job was to detect the credible in a welter of conflicting testimony. About the only thing most witnesses agreed upon was that the trouble began when the superintendent of an apartment building across the street from Robert F. Wagner Junior High School sprayed a group of summer-school pupils with a hose and that the kids retaliated by throwing garbage-can covers and bottles at him. The superintendent, Patrick Lynch, fled into the building, and Powell followed him. Gilligan, who had just taken a radio to a repair shop in the building,

knives, given one to each to keep for him. After the superintendent fled into the building, said one friend, Powell asked him for a knife and declared: "I'm going to cut that . . ." The friend pretended that he no longer had the knife. The other youth said that he gave Powell the second knife. Powell walked toward the building, opening and closing the blade, while a girl tried to restrain him. This knife was found near Powell's body.

Police could find no bullet marks in the recently cemented sidewalk to indicate that Gilligan had fired at Powell as he lay prone. One bullet was found in Powell's body, one passed through it, the third lodged in a doorjamb of the building. When one youth was confronted by evidence of this shot, which had taken an upward course, he recanted his testimony that Gilligan had fired at the fallen Powell, admitted that he had not even seen the shooting at all. Other youngsters conceded that a truck and spectators blocked their views.

"It Doesn't Go Down." Inevitably, some Negro leaders termed the grand jury action a "whitewash." Declared

James Farmer, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality: "CORE is astonished that the grand jury, with the compliance of the District Attorney's office, has seen fit to exonerate a 200-lb. police lieutenant in the slaying of a 122-lb. Negro youngster." Said N.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins: "An experienced police officer should be able to arrest a 15-year-old boy without killing him. They can explain and explain until they're blue in the face, but they'll never explain why it's necessary for a police officer to shoot a 15-year-old kid. It just doesn't go down."

A police department board is still investigating the case to determine whether Gilligan, a 17-year police veteran with 19 citations for meritorious police work, violated any department regulations. It will be under heavy pressure to find against him. Yet it should go without saying that anyone being attacked with a knife has a right to defend himself—and the grand jury displayed no doubt at all about that. Declared George Schuyler, one of two Negroes serving on the 23-man jury: "Our decision was unanimous. I did the right thing, and so did the rest of the jury."

HEROES

One Day's Work

In the life of Alvin Cullum York lay all of the authentic folk-hero elements that have since become clichés.

As a strapping (6 ft. 2 in., 200 lbs.), likker-lovin' youth, York was a Saturday night hell-raiser around Tennessee's tiny Cumberland Mountain towns—and a phenomenal shot with his long-barreled rifle. Yet at the mere sight of a church-going girl, Gracie Williams, whom he wanted to marry, he put away his jug, joined the Possum Trot Church choir, turned piously religious. Above all, he took to heart the Sixth Commandment: THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

In 1917, York twice appealed for exemption from the World War I draft as a conscientious objector. Twice denied, he trained reluctantly in the Army, faced a religious dilemma when ordered overseas for combat duty. With his Bible in hand, he climbed into the Cumberlands on furlough, pondered the problem for two days, came down to announce: "I'm goin'." That decision, as it turned out, led to his becoming the most celebrated G.I. in America's military history. Of such legendary stuff was York made that Gary Cooper easily parlayed an unusually accurate film biography into a 1941 Academy Award-winning role.

York's only complaint about the film was over its portrayal of how he "got religion." According to Hollywood, he was knocked off a mule by a bolt of lightning. But York explained it differently: "That weren't the rightdown facts of it. You see, I had met Miss Gracie. Miss Gracie said that she

wouldn't let me come a-courtin' until I'd quit my mean drinking, fighting and card flipping. So you see I was struck down by the power of love and the Great God Almighty, all together. A bolt of lightning was the nearest to such a thing that Hollywood could think up."

Mud & Blood. Despite all of the hillbilly trappings, the essence of Alvin York's life was compressed into four hours of Oct. 8, 1918 in the mud and blood of the Argonne Forest. In the war's last big push, York was a corporal in Company G of the 82nd Division's 328th Infantry Regiment, perched atop Hill 223 on the front line at Châtel-Chéhéry. At 6:10 a.m., G Company was ordered to advance two miles and to seize a German-held rail point. Hidden in woods overlooking a valley, a German machine-gun battalion opened



YORK & MOTHER NEAR POSSUM TROT
The power of God and Miss Gracie.

up on the company, killed most of its forward ranks.

York was part of a 17-man detail ordered to seek out the machine guns. The detail pursued two Germans into thick underbrush, suddenly burst into an open space—which happened to be occupied as a battalion headquarters of the enemy. Startled while lounging around after their breakfast, most of the Germans started to surrender. Then German machine guns started raking the area from only 30 yds. away. Of the Americans, only York and seven privates survived. While the seven privates scrambled into the brush, York, still surrounded by some prostrate, ready-to-give-up Germans, crouched in the mud, quickly went to work with his Springfield.

"Jes' Teched Him Off." The enemy gunners could not hit York without wounding some of their own soldiers. And no German who peered over his gun to figure out what to do lived long enough to regret it. "Every time one of

'em raised his head, I jes' teched him off," York later explained. He fired 17 times—and 17 enemy soldiers died. Finally, German officers on the hill realized that York was virtually alone, sent eight men charging him with bayonets. York had used up all his rifle bullets, but he took out his pistol and picked all eight off, firing from rear to front—just as he had often potted a flock of wild turkeys back home.

That was too much for a German major lying on the ground near York. He figured York was backed by more Yanks in the brush, said he would order his men to surrender if York would just stop shooting. Ninety Germans promptly lined up by twos for York and his bare hand of seven buddies. "How many men have you?" asked the startled major. "I got aplenty," replied York. With himself at the head of the column and his men strung along its sides, York marched off his catch. When more machine-gun crews loomed ahead, York put his pistol to the German major's head, got him to order their surrender. Eventually, York herded 132 prisoners into his American battalion field headquarters.

Army investigators later found 25 German bodies, counted 35 machine guns put out of action by York. General John J. Pershing described York as "the greatest civilian soldier of the war." Marshal Ferdinand Foch told him: "What you did was the greatest thing accomplished by any private soldier of all the armies of Europe." York went back to the U.S. a sergeant with the Medal of Honor, received a wild hero's welcome.

"Not for Sale." For York, everything was anticlimactic after that. He tersely rejected every offer to capitalize on his heroics, declared: "This uniform ain't for sale." He returned to a simple life in the mountains with his wife Gracie, reared seven children. He made several tours in the early '20s to raise money for a grammar and high school at home, only yielded to repeated pleas to permit the movie of his life when convinced that it might inspire patriotism. The movie brought him some \$150,000—plus a yen for philanthropy, countless spongers he was too soft to turn down, and eventually a \$172,000 bill in taxes and interest from the Internal Revenue Service, which he never could pay. After ten years of litigation, IRS settled for \$25,000, which was paid in a fund drive directed by the late House Speaker Sam Rayburn.

For a long while, it seemed that Alvin York was determined to contribute to another Army legend—that old soldiers never die. He had begun to fade as early as 1949, when he suffered a stroke, was repeatedly hospitalized thereafter, but he clung to life. Only last week did death, or "general debility," finally come in a Nashville Veterans Administration hospital to Alvin York, 76.

THE HEMISPHERE



WINNER FREI AT POLLS
For unregistered reform.

CHILE

Christian & Democratic

Shortly before Chile's presidential elections last week, Salvador Allende, the Marxist candidate, received a "good luck" telegram from Joao Goulart, the recently deposed far-leftist President of Brazil. That kind of luck was not what Allende needed. In a striking manifestation of democracy, Chile's voters overwhelmingly rejected Allende, rejected all the talk of Cuban-styled socialism, rejected all the Communists and leftists who supported him. By a vote of about 1,400,000 to 970,000, or 56%, they elected Eduardo Frei, 53, the tall, eloquent Christian Democrat, to be their President for the next six years.

Promise of Revolution. It was supposed to be a close election. The campaign started almost two years ago, and grew louder with each passing month. Having come within 29,000 votes of beating incumbent President Jorge Alessandri in 1958, the demagogic Allende blitzed Chile's poor and unemployed with grand promises of "revolution within the law." "From the south to the north," he cried last week at a rally in Santiago, "there is a rebel attitude that will win our destiny." "And now," shrilled a Communist leader grabbing the microphone, "Cuba will not be alone."

Frei offered no revolutions. The tall, hawk-nosed Senator said he would work for slum redevelopment, tighter regulation of the U.S.-owned copper mines, more diversified industry, land reform—but all within a pro-West, democratic framework. "There is no need to regiment the life of the nation under the iron fist of dictatorship," he said last week. "Much less do we need an ideology that is deeply split between Moscow and Peking."

As election day drew near, most observers favored Frei, expecting him to win by 100,000 to 200,000 votes. Allende's supporters loudly insisted that their man would be elected, promised mass

demonstrations "to proclaim our victory." Fearing that the demonstrations might turn into full-scale riots, the government sent troops to guard every polling place.

"President for All." The talk of trouble was merely talk. All remained quiet, and from the start, Chileans made clear their choice. Frei got an estimated 50% of the men's vote, 65% of the women's vote. Barely four hours after the polls closed, Allende was forced to concede defeat.

Thus when he takes office on Nov. 4, Eduardo Frei will become the first Christian Democrat ever to be elected a President in Latin America. Eight years ago, when he founded his party, Frei's Christian Democrats commanded less than 7% of the national vote; last week they won an absolute majority. "This is a victory for Chile," sighed an exhausted Frei. "I want to say that I will be President for all Chilenos, not just those who voted for me."

SUBVERSION

Breath of the Dragon

The names sounded strange in a Brazilian courtroom: Chu Cheng-tung, Ho Fa-tsung, Wang Wei-cheng, Su Tse-ping. The charge against them was "conspiracy against the regime, envisaging the implantation of Chinese Communism in Brazil," and it was well documented. The Red Chinese "journalists" and "trade promoters"—nine in all—had been arrested in Rio during last April's anti-Communist revolution. In their apartment and hidden in a Jeep, the cops found \$100,000 in cash, plus enough letters and papers to prove that the Chinese and their Brazilian leftist friends were deep in a campaign of subversion. On trial in Rio last week, the nine faced up to 30 years in prison.

The case provided added evidence of a growing Red Chinese effort in Latin America—an effort designed to under-

cut Moscow's leadership of Latin America's Communists, win control of the movement and touch off a series of bloody, Chinese-styled "liberation" wars up and down the hemisphere. The Red Chinese have been at it for only a few years, but they have built up a surprisingly broad canopy of activities.

FOXES & FRIENDS. Using commerce as a toe hold, Peking has established trade missions in Mexico and Chile. Last year Mexico sold an estimated 500,000 tons of wheat to China, plus 22,000 bales of cotton: a 500,000-bale deal is pending for this year. Chile is selling nitrates and a small amount of copper. Roving teams of Chinese businessmen have bought wheat in Argentina, arranged to sell some textiles in Haiti. But so far Latin Americans have generally bought little. U.S. estimates put Chinese sales to Latin America at only \$25 million last year.

The major effort, of course, is propaganda and contacts with Latin American leftists. Sino-Latin American "Friendship Societies" have sprung up in Mexico, Colombia, Peru, Venezuela and, of course, Cuba; Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Ecuador and Uruguay harbor "cultural" and "youth" groups linked with Red China: the New China News Agency (Hsinhua) had "foreign correspondents" in eleven hemisphere countries at last count. From Peking itself comes 384 hours of powerful short-wave radio broadcasts each week—in impeccable Spanish and Portuguese—railing at U.S. imperialism, urging violent revolution, sniping at the Russians and crooning about Red China's Great Leap Forward. Added to that is a growing stream of printed material, including such glossy magazines as *China Reconstructs* and the fortnightly, air-mailed *Peking Review*.

The Latin American headquarters for all this is Cuba, whose Fidel Castro often sounds like Mao Tse-tung in Spanish. A year after Castro came to power,



RED CHINESE PRISONERS IN RIO
For Latin leftists, the right emotional approach.

he gave the Red Chinese their first (and so far only) embassy in Latin America. Under Ambassador Wang Yiping, 54, a veteran Communist who emerged from the Chinese civil war with the rank of general, the embassy has become a springboard for Chinese subversion in Latin America. Last year no fewer than 37 Chinese "cultural" and "technical" delegations visited Latin America. In return, 90 different groups of Latin Americans visited China in 1963, often on all-expense-paid tours. Most were students and intellectuals, but not all were Communists.

Talking the Language. The effectiveness of the campaign is difficult to judge. Yet there are indications that a growing number of Latin American leftists, as one Bolivian says, "feel closer to poor struggling China than they do to rich, powerful, bourgeois Russia." Chinese-oriented Communists now reportedly outnumber the Moscow followers among Peru's party members. And in Venezuela, Peking certainly talks the right emotional language for the F.A.L.N. guerrillas fighting in the hills. Last month a Venezuelan delegation of F.A.L.N. supporters traveled to Red China, where they were received by Mao Tse-tung. They then traveled on to North Viet Nam for a visit last week with Ho Chi Minh—and presumably some instruction in guerrilla warfare.

CUBA

Pulling the Tail

With little support either inside or outside Cuba, the 275,000 Cuban exiles in the U.S. and around the Caribbean have long since ceased to pose a serious military threat to Fidel Castro. But they do manage to tweak the dictator's beard from time to time. The most successful of them seems to be Manuel Artime, 31, a leader of the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion who heads an exile group calling itself the Revolutionary Recovery Movement. Last May, Artime's men blew up a sugar mill at Cabo Cruz on the south coast of Oriente province. Last week their target was a coastal radar station in the same area manned by Russian technicians and guarded by 150 Castro militiamen.

As told by Artime in Panama afterwards, the men landed at night from two heavily armed torpedo boats. At a signal, one group attacked the militia garrison assisted by machine gun and recoilless rifle fire from the boats, thus pinning down most of the troops. Another group then fought its way to the radar station and destroyed most of the equipment with antitank weapons. The action lasted 55 minutes before the commandos escaped safely out to sea and back to "a secret base somewhere in the Caribbean." His own group suffered no losses, Artime claimed; but he could not be sure about Castro casualties. "We have shown," said Artime, "that we can pull the tail of the Russians."

MEXICO

Record of Success

In his student days, Adolfo López Mateos was a tireless hiker who thought nothing of tramping 35 miles between school and home to visit his mother on weekends. Once he even walked all the way to Guatemala—700 miles—in 36 days. He went on to cover a lot of ground as Mexico's 59th President. Last week, in his sixth—and final—state-of-the-nation address before surrendering his sash of office to Gustavo Díaz Ordaz in December, López Mateos trotted through the impressive record. It took almost three hours, and most of the speech dealt with Mexico's booming prosperity which has become the marvel of other envious Latin American governments.

The country's economy is growing at the rate of 6.3% annually, almost twice

money from Swiss and U.S. banks and invested it at home; savings accounts have doubled in three years; and last year foreign investment soared at the rate of \$2,275,000 a week. No wonder: profits on investment range from 15% to 20%.

With its prosperity, the Mexican government has been able to accomplish many of the things other countries only talk about:

- **FEDERAL SPENDING.** The national budget during López Mateos' term has risen 132% over the previous six years to a record \$5.2 billion. Education now gets \$362 million annually, three times as much as in 1958. Teacher salaries have gone up as much as 160%, 30,200 new classrooms have been built, and more than 100 million free textbooks have been distributed. Result: Mexico's illiteracy rate has dropped from 50% to 28.9%.

- **AGRARIAN REFORM.** Since 1958, López Mateos has deeded peasants nearly 40 million acres of land—fully one-fourth of all the acreage thus far doled out under the country's 50-year-old agrarian reform law.

- **WORKER BENEFITS.** General salaries have gone up 97%, and last December the government approved an industrial profit-sharing plan, adding another \$72 million thus far to fattening worker pay envelopes.

- **ELECTORAL REFORMS.** To encourage a little more political opposition within Mexico's one-party "guided democracy," López Mateos last year signed a new law guaranteeing any political party five congressional seats for every 21% of the popular vote it gets, whether its candidates win or not. Last week the new 210-member Congress which López Mateos addressed included 35 opposition members elected under the new law. "Order without freedom is dictatorship," said López Mateos, "just as freedom without order is anarchy."

Too Small to Upset. On the important matter of relations with the U.S., López Mateos feels that mutual respect and genuine friendship have rarely been higher. One of the "happy results" of the friendship was the settlement of the century-old El Chamiza border dispute, centering on a 600-acre patch of land between El Paso and Ciudad Juárez (TIME, July 26, 1963).

There is, however, the touchy issue of Mexican-U.S. disagreement over what to do about Communist Cuba. Mexico has defied the recent OAS vote requiring all hemisphere nations to break diplomatic and economic relations with Cuba. It stands virtually alone (Uruguay was the only other country holding off by last week). But in his speech to his fiercely proud and independent countrymen, López Mateos said that Mexico intended to maintain its contacts and handle Castro in its own fashion. The U.S. doesn't really like that much but with López' Mexico doing so well, it seems too small to get very upset about.



PRESIDENT LÓPEZ MATEOS
Independent and impressive.

as fast as its exploding population. Its prospering industry has diversified into everything from petrochemicals to textiles and electronics, has made Mexico self-sufficient in steel and oil, and this year is expected to turn out 80,000 cars and trucks. Tourism, which brought in \$463 million in 1963, is up more than 10% so far this year. López Mateos predicted that the year to come will be better still—and no one was prepared to doubt him.

A Mellowed Fervor. One priceless product of the economic boom is a new confidence on the part of both Mexicans and foreigners. Born of the 1910 revolution, Mexico's one-party regime has often frightened investors with land seizures, expropriation and talk of leftist drift. But time has mellowed revolutionary fervor. Though the government still controls such basic industries as oil, railroads and electric power, Mexico's present political leaders have created a healthy climate in which private enterprise is actively encouraged. As a result, Mexicans have taken their

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

"New Phase"

As abruptly as he had left, Nguyen Khanh boarded a plane in the resort town of Dalat and flew back to Saigon last week, drove to his office and resumed his work as Premier of South Viet Nam. His arrival passed almost unnoticed; there wasn't even a photographer at the airport. In view of the fact that Khanh had abandoned Saigon amid bloody riots only a week before, it all seemed slightly bewildering. But there was an explanation: U.S. Ambassador Maxwell Taylor had simply put on his toughest pressure to reinstall the little general.

Linger Anarchy. Taylor, who was to return to the U.S. this week for consultations, had no real alternative. Though the mobs were off the streets, anarchy had lingered in the wake of Khanh's departure. Harvard-educated Acting Premier Nguyen Xuan Oanh (known as Jack Owen) had only been going through the motions of governing, in fact wielded no real authority. The "triumvirate" of Khanh, General Duong Van ("Big") Minh and Defense Minister General Tran Thien Khiem, which supposedly replaced Khanh's junta, was not really working. The students were still restive, and the Buddhists were demanding—successfully, as it turned out—that all of their partisans jailed during the demonstrations be freed.

Aware that all this drifting anarchy could spell the end of the war effort through the rise of a "neutralist" re-

gime, Taylor flew to Dalat to urge Khanh to reassert his already severely damaged authority. Khanh hemmed and hawed, protested to reporters that he was not mentally ill, as had been suggested, but admitted that he did suffer one malady: "I have hemorrhoids." Nevertheless, he finally agreed to return to the capital.

Back in Saigon, Khanh won signed pledges of support from key military commanders, started pasting together still another proposed solution to South Viet Nam's unrest. Unable to reassume the strong-arm role of President that he had overconfidently relegated to himself only last month, Khanh was more than content to go back to his former title of Premier, returning Oanh to his regular post as Deputy Premier. Khanh even shaved off his famed goatee to mark "the start of a new phase."

His new phase sounded almost as confusing as the old. At a press conference, Khanh announced that he would appoint an "advisory council" to select a group of lawyers who would draft a provisional constitution and supervise the convening of a national assembly. The assembly would draw up a new set of laws, and the whole package—constitution and statutes—would be submitted to a referendum in 1965. Khanh would oversee everything in the meantime, with one proviso: if at the end of 60 days "the chief executive still has the confidence of the government, he will go on with his work. Otherwise he will step down." But confidence in South Viet Nam is a singular commodity.



AMBASSADOR TAYLOR
Inescapable decisions.

Endless Disunity. The key to whether Khanh survives is, of course, the Buddhist hierarchy, which influences a majority of the populace. And it seemed impossible to satisfy the monks. They wanted more and more concessions. But hardly was one demand met when the Buddhist clergy whipped out another. At week's end, for example, they were clamoring for the head of the national police chief, who they said should be fired for having arrested Buddhists during the riots. Saigon's head monk, Thich Tam Chau, handed the government his umpteenth ultimatum: If all Buddhist grievances were not resolved by Oct. 27, the religious community would call a general strike. What were the grievances? Said Chau, with deliberate vagueness: "Provocations and oppressions." Announced one influential monk, with his usual beatific smile: "Not a single Buddhist is satisfied." Out went the word to the *bonzes*: Begin a 48-hour period of prayer. Yet Khanh, by striving to placate the Buddhists, had aroused alarmed rumblings from Catholics, who charged that the Buddhists were using him to take over the country.

As for the war, the Viet Cong for the most part lay low, taking full advantage of the chaos. The way things were going last week, they really did not need to keep fighting: South Viet Nam seemed to be paralyzed by its own endless disunity.



PROTESTING BUDDHIST MONKS
Impossible to satisfy, impossible to ignore.

CYPRUS

Report from the Dean

Returning to Washington last week after two months of difficult mediation between Greece and Turkey, Lyndon Johnson's troubleshooter, Dean Acheson, declared that the Cyprus situation was "very critical indeed. War could break out in 25 minutes."

JAPAN

A Reek of Cement In Fuji's Shadow

*This abode of mine
Adjoins a pine grove,
Sitting on the blue sea.
And from its humble eaves
Commands a view of soaring Fuji.*
—A Samurai's *waka* (A.D. 1460)

On wintry mornings, when the sun burns off the pearl and filthy mist, Fuji still soars beyond the freeway. And every week a dozen tank cars rumble through the pine grove of the Imperial Palace, hosing dust and soot from the drooping needles. The harbor itself, and the once limpid Sumida River where warrior-poets repaired, are now thick with wastes—both human and industrial. Yet there is scarcely a resident of Tokyo who could not compose a stately, sympathetic *waka* in the shade of his humble eaves.

Tokyo, the world's largest and ugliest city, is at the same time its most dynamic. Founded in the 15th century by a poetically minded samurai named Dokan Ota, it wore the name of Edo during its early, bucolic years. Then the populace found its major thrill in watching whales cavort through the clear, blue waters of the bay. But by 1720 Tokyo had attained a population of a

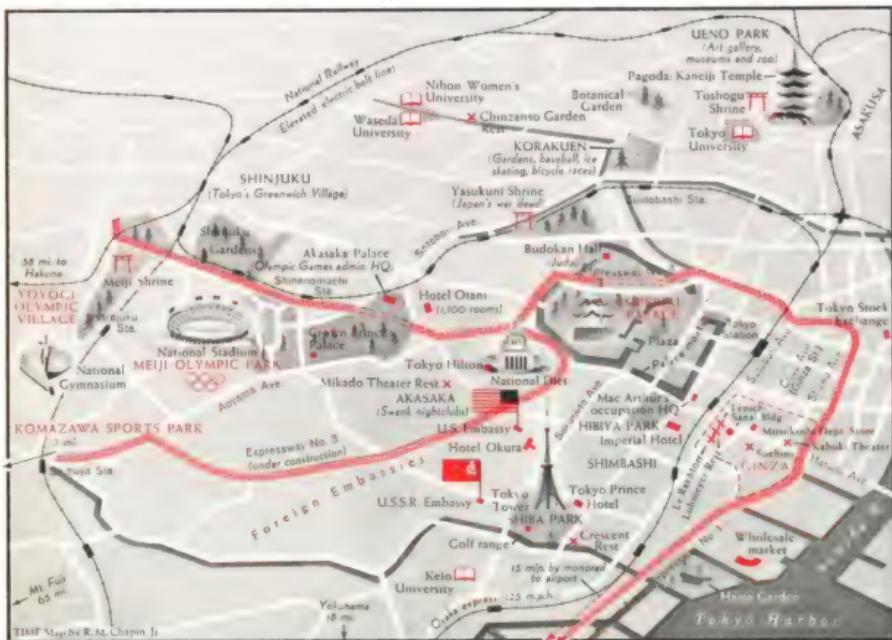
million—making it the largest city in the pre-Industrial Revolution world, and whale-watching gave way to more active pursuits. With the Meiji Restoration in 1868, Tokyo came into its own. It assumed the status of seat of government, as well as its new name, which means simply Eastern Capital. It has dwelt for nearly two decades beneath a cloud of dust that hid its expansion—a trebling growth that took the city's 3,500,000 population at war's end to a current 10.6 million. In the process Japan became the world's fifth largest and Asia's only industrial power. Five years ago, when Tokyo won the bid to host the XVIII Olympiad, the furor of that growth redoubled. And next month, when the Games open, Tokyo will clearly show that the sound and fury of its past signify something.

"All for the Olympics," Japan has spent nearly \$2 billion to refurbish Tokyo for the Olympic Games. Last week, as the finishing touches were applied, the dust and din of the past three years began to lift, revealing shiny new buildings, glistening overhead superhighways and a network of fine, wide roads that is already speeding up traffic considerably. Four superexpressways slash like sword sears through 62 miles of the once impenetrable capital, while 25 miles of new subway bore beneath the

random, rickety scab of slums, pachinko parlors and noodle shops that is home to most of the city's population.

Nearly 10,000 buildings, ranging from four to seven stories in height, have mushroomed near the city's center. And many more have come down, for "transitory" is Tokyo's middle name. Even Frank Lloyd Wright's earthquake-proof Imperial Hotel, built in 1922, is threatened with replacement by a high-rise, moneymaking skyscraper. But most of the buildings razed have been scabrous shanties along the narrow, unnamed streets trod by geta-ed feet which comprise most of Tokyo's byways. The new roads—\$470 million worth of them—will ease the burden of Tokyo's cab drivers, who have a hard time finding their way around and usually require written directions (in Japanese) to reach a destination. The reek of setting cement permeates Tokyo like a geisha's scent, and roadside cafés are mounted with plastic shields to ward off the dust stirred up by building.

But it is after dark, when traffic diminishes, that Tokyo really begins to build. Bulldozers and steamrollers emerge like nocturnal predators; the smell of hot tar and the chatter of jackhammers shatter the night. In Shinjuku, Tokyo's Greenwich Village, and along the Ginza, an army of orange-

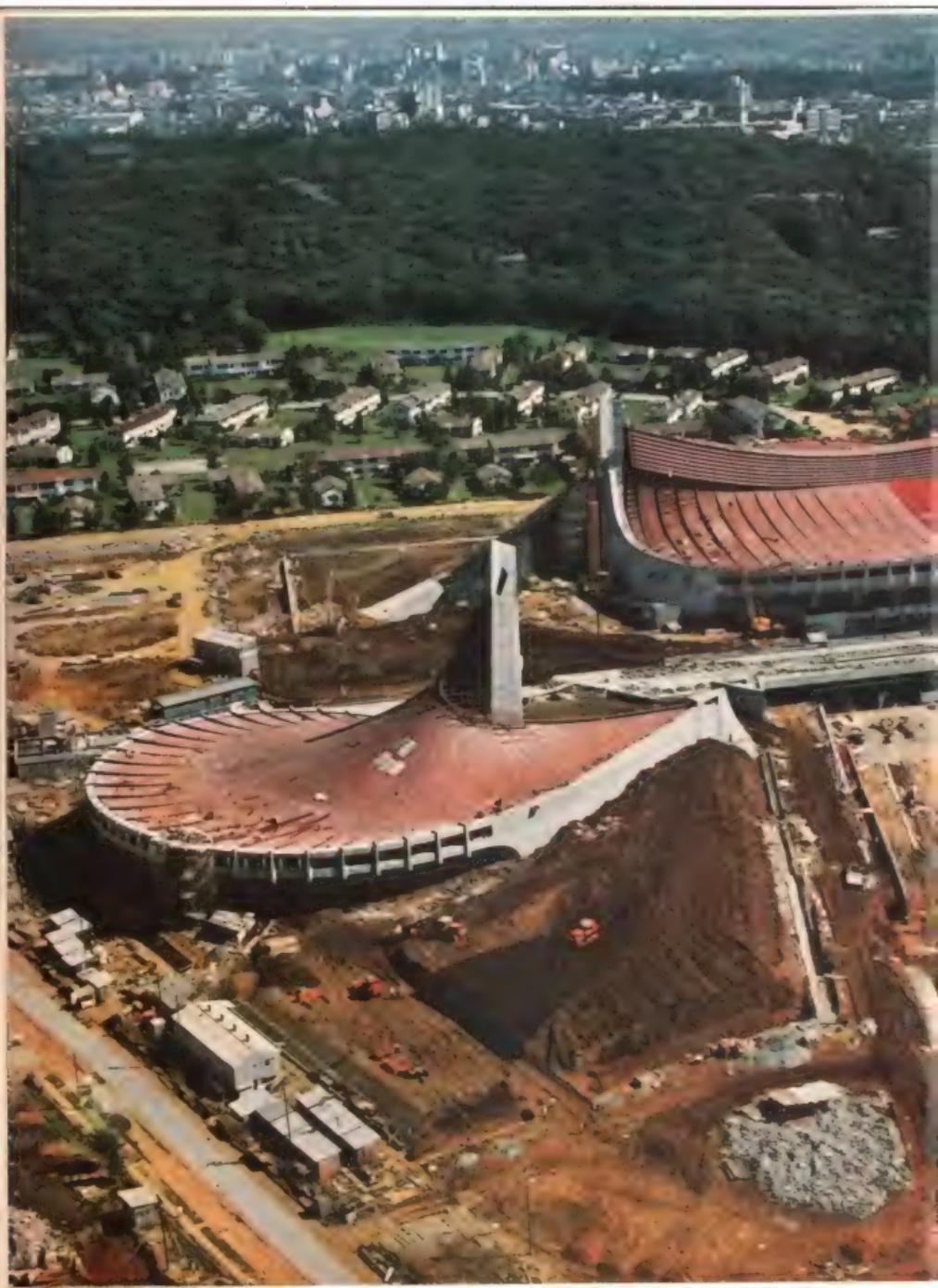


TOKYO: OLYMPIC CITY



NEW MONORAIL, & EXPRESSWAY will speed Olympic visitors from Haneda Airport to hotels in city's downtown area. Old hour-long trip has been cut by monorail to mere

15 minutes; adjacent Expressway No. 1 makes it in 20 minutes. Eiffel-like tower is 40-ft. taller than Paris', transmits TV signals. Main Olympic areas are out of sight at left.





OLYMPIC SITES built this year include new stadium for soccer. Tiered

tower (left) is for dramatic effect, police observation and fire-spotting.



JUDO teams will compete for first time in Olympic history

in new pagoda-roofed structure outside Imperial Palace.

BASKETBALL & SWIMMING events will go on in snail- and tent-shaped gyms designed by Kenzo Tange.



GINZA AT NIGHT blazes with neon of bars and steak joints. Waiting inside are coveys of hostesses to titter at male witticisms. By day, area is city's shop window.



日本盛

ホーリーランド

保全社

モハーリー

きら

BAR

8

北国新開

SHOPPING center of Ginza is marked by San-ai's "Dream Center," which lures buyers with lav-

ish displays of autos and TV sets. Site is city's most expensive real estate, worth \$3,000 per sq. ft.



FESTIVALS are neighborhood events and attract young girls, here nibbling cotton candy, in traditional kimonos and obis.



TOY BOOTHS set up near local shrines are gaily decorated with masks that delight small fry. Father wears geta (sandals).



BEST BUYS in town are to be found in department stores, and Mitsukoshi is the biggest, combining bargain-basement prices with such cultural activities as concerts and flower

arranging demonstrations. Lacquered wood statue on stairway is 39-ft.-tall Goddess of Mercy, testifying to store's sincere policy and enveloped in "flickering heavenly flames."



ENTERTAINMENT after dark reaches prodigious proportions. At the Mikado, one of Tokyo's most lavish nightclubs, entertainment package costs \$9.75, includes dinner.

beer, souvenir and show that madly mixes East and West, features everything from Japanese fan fluttering to acres of bare bosoms, concluding with the climactic shower above.

helmeted workmen swarm out to remove temporary planks covering the streets, while trailer trucks roar up to dump fuming loads of fill into yawning caverns. Thousands of lights sway in the evening breeze, sending crooked shadows under the neon. At dawn, the trucks and workers disappear like cockroaches. Then the city's kamikaze cab drivers emerge and proudly tell their fares: "All for the Olympics."

Lonely Are the Brave. To the 6,624 athletes who will soon swoop into Tokyo, the city has indeed offered its all. Fully \$65 million has been spent to renovate and erect sports facilities, as well as an Olympic Village replete with trees and ornamental shrubs. In the Olympic Cafeteria, 150 separate menus will provide 520,000 lunches, suppers and breakfasts of champions. Dominating the Olympic Tokyo Architect Kenzo Tange's shell-shaped National Gymnasium complex, where swimmers and basketball players will vie, while the first judo competition in Olympic history will be conducted beneath the bat-winged roof of the Budokan Hall. Last week teams from 96 nations were forming for the Tokyo Games, and sports bulls the world over prepared to descend on the city by sea and air. At least 20,000 of them a day will make the scene during the Games' two-week run.

The scene has been well prepared. Tokyo officials feared that there would not be enough hotel space for all the visitors, so they pumped \$93 million in loans into the city's hotel industry. Two new hotels—the Otani, with a revolving cocktail lounge on its roof, and the Tokyo Prince—boast 1,600 rooms between them, to add to the facilities of the huge new Okura and Tokyo Hilton hotels. In addition, eight ships will anchor in Tokyo Harbor to provide floating accommodations. Other tourists will be housed at Kakone, the coolly beautiful mountain resort 58 miles west of the city. Improvements to the *ryokan*, Japan's traditional inns, have added 4,000 more rooms to the total.

Travel in Tokyo has always been—and will continue to be—a major problem. The best way is clearly by subway, which costs only 8¢ at most, and takes the traveler under the most congested sections of the city. In preparation for the Olympics, the subway has put out an English-language guide. Worst way to travel is by foot: at many intersections the Japanese have placed bundles of yellow flags, and the braver pedestrians hopefully wave them at oncoming drivers in order to secure safe passage. Lonely are the brave.

A spanking new Wenner-Gren monorail, costing \$55 million, will soon whisk

tourists from Haneda Airport to downtown Tokyo, while the world's fastest railroad, the 125-m.p.h. *Hikari* Express (TIME, Sept. 4), runs via artful Kyoto to hustling Osaka in four hours—almost half the time it took before.

Pachinko & Prices. But fleeing Tokyo by train is the last thing Olympic visitors will want to do. The city itself offers more action and interaction than any other major conurbation outside New York. There are 1,052 pachinko parlors constantly pocking the air with the jangle of small metal pinballs, 527 movie houses, 30 bowling alleys, a triple-decker golf driving range near the Tokyo Tower, four full-scale symphony orchestras, three opera companies, three baseball parks (drawing as many as 45,000 spectators a night) and

well as Liu Yuan, a four-story Chinese restaurant that ranks with the best in the world.

At a minimum, Tokyo boasts 30,000 establishments where a man or woman can have a drink. Prostitutes used to be everywhere, but a 1958 anti-prostitution law scattered them to the winds, except for those who reappeared as "bar hostesses." In the Ginza, Akasaka, Shimbashi, Shinjuku and Asakusa districts, such swank bars and nightclubs as *Le Rat Mort* offer unusual entertainment at prices that can be as exorbitant as anywhere in the world.

But the vices of Tokyo have been toned down for the Games. Lady Diet members pushed through a law requiring the masseuses in Tokyo's "hotsie bath" emporiums to wear robes instead of bikinis, and the police have enacted a midnight curfew that has already gone into effect.

"Prone to Feel Lonely." Despite all the efforts to primp for the Games, Tokyo remains the world's most primitive megalopolis. Less than a quarter of its 23 sprawling wards have sewage systems, and all efforts at city planning have failed in the discussion stage. Twice in its history—after the 1923 earthquake that took 100,000 lives and leveled half the city, and after World War II when it lay again in ruins—Tokyo had a chance to rebuild itself into a cohesive metropolis. Indeed, Ichiro Kono, the stocky, 66-year-old State Minister in charge of the Olympics and the man who is largely responsible for Tokyo's face lifting, blames General Douglas MacArthur and the U.S. occupation for the latter-day failure. "Once we had a powerful agency known as the Home Ministry," he explains, "which had the power to step into local problems and solve them. The Americans abolished it as not democratic. Thus, this summer."

But in their ebullience, the Japanese have preferred merely to grow, and so Tokyo continues to spread over the once green Kanto Plain like lava from an erupting volcano. As one Japanese psychologist wrote: "The Japanese is by nature prone to feel lonely, and he cannot bear to lead a solitary existence. He does not wish to live except where he is constantly surrounded by people." The adhesive that holds this mass together is the atmosphere of security in numbers so that mere compression affords privacy, of a sophistication and toughness that set Tokyo above and beyond any other Asian city. Even the delightfully wicked quality of its night life helps to weld the city. More than anything else, it is a city of people, of crowds, of action. It is bound to emerge from this Olympiad uglier than ever, but beloved of its people nonetheless.



TOKYO'S CENTRAL STATION AT RUSH HOUR
From Lohmeyer's to Liu Yuan—don't walk.

of course there is the Kabuki Theater.

There is also Tokyo's industry to be seen—the vast Honda plant that cranks out motorcycles of all sizes and speeds (see MODERN LIVING); the glittering edifices of the banking and manufacturing cartels; the movie industry that has given the screen the best and cheapest imitations of U.S. cornball westerns ever made, as well as great directors such as Akira Kurosawa. Tokyo has 32,000 restaurants—nearly twice as many as New York. The best of the Japanese establishments can cost as much as \$30 per person for food and geisha entertainment, but at sukiyaki and tempura houses like the Ginza's Suehiro and Tenichi, prices are moderate. Tokyo also has excellent Western dining spots, such as Lohmeyer's (German) and the Crescent (French), as

LAOS

A Long Walk Home

Every day for more than two months, five soldiers in the black-and-khaki uniform of the Pathet Lao stood guard at a large mud hut in a Red-held village near the Plain of Jars. Inside, Lieut. Charles Klusmann, 30, whose Navy RF-8A jet had been shot down on a photo-reconnaissance mission June 6, paced the 20 feet from wall to wall exactly 264 times a day—just enough to make the mile he had allotted him-

week, 30 lbs. lighter, but in excellent health. Chuck was reunited with his wife and two children in San Diego. He arrived scarcely two weeks after his letter.

RED CHINA

Looking for Chou

China watchers like to keep tabs on the top dozen men of the Communist Politburo. Last week they were asking each other, "What has happened to Chou En-lai?" Peking's Premier has not been seen at a public function for more than a month. He returned from his tour of Africa last February looking tired and sickly, and he is known to have rested for two weeks in southwestern China before resuming his duties.

In Hong Kong, en route home, the leader of a Nigerian delegation to a Peking science conference said that he was told that Chou En-lai was "on a holiday." As evidence that Chou is not in disgrace or about to be purged, his wife, Teng Ying-chao, was official hostess last week to the wives of a visiting Cambodian delegation, and Chou's name recently appeared in its proper official order in a congratulatory cable sent to Ho Chi Minh in honor of the 19th anniversary of North Viet Nam's independence.

Many China watchers conclude that Chou may be seriously ill, and perhaps is under treatment by the Italian specialist in heart ailments who was recently summoned to China supposedly to treat Party Boss Mao Tse-tung. There remains one other possibility: Chou En-lai may be in seclusion preparing the groundwork for the often postponed party congress, which has not met since 1956, though supposed to assemble every four years.

AUSTRALIA

A Special Island

Many a pygmy-size paradise of late has attained the badge of nationhood—such as Cyprus, Rwanda, Burundi, Zanzibar. But all stand as giants beside a midget that last week clamored to join the gang: the Pacific island of Nauru.

A coral-and-palm flyspeck 1,300 miles northeast of Australia, Nauru has an area of 8½ square miles and a population of 2,700. Only 100 years ago, it was a virtually unknown battleground of savages who guzzled coconut toddy and sported necklaces of human teeth; in 1852 the Nauruans inhospitably chopped up the entire crew of the visiting American brig, *India*. Since the turn of the century, however, life for the islanders has been one long enchanted evening.

No Taxes. In 1900 a British engineer assayed a Nauru rock being used as a doorknob in his Sydney office, discovered that the island was richly overlaid with phosphate. With Britain, Australia and New Zealand extracting the deposits, royalties have showered down on the

Nauruans to the tune of half a million dollars a year. Today the dark-skinned natives pay no taxes but enjoy schools, hospitals, running water, electric lights and movies.

A few years ago, it became evident that the phosphate would run out before long. Nauru's three concessionaires and the U.N., of which the island is a trusteeship, rushed solicitously to the rescue. Last year Australia took the natives' head chief, Hammer deRoburt, to look over Australia's Curtis Island off the Queensland coast, offered to underwrite a \$22.4 million resettlement of the Nauruans there. Curtis Island is larger than Nauru, has abundant supplies of fish offshore, and its wildlife would even permit the Nauruans to pursue their favorite pastime of taming noddy and frigate birds.

Color Bar. But last week the deal collapsed, for the Nauruans were insisting that they get sovereignty over the island in exchange for moving there. Australia had no intention of giving up complete control of a territory so close to its shores. An alternative scheme to resettle Nauru's minuscule populace in Australia was rejected by the dusky islanders for fear of race discrimination by the Australians, who frankly practice the color bar.

In Canberra, burly Head Chief deRoburt stomped out after conferences with Australia's Minister for Territories Charles Barnes and Prime Minister Robert Menzies, vowing: "The whole world will know how you've treated us!" With that, DeRoburt announced that his people would now remain on Nauru and seek to have it filled with crop-growing soil, take over the remaining phosphate deposits—and become an independent state by 1967. Whether the latter will come to pass remains to be seen. But clearly what the Nauruans want is just what *South Pacific's* Bloody Mary recommended—their own special island.



CHARLES KLUSSMANN & WIFE
Opting out of captivity.

self as exercise. Although he limped painfully on a badly wrenched knee, War Prisoner Klusmann was in remarkably good spirits. "Just think of it as an extended tour," he wrote his wife, Sara. "I will be back."

It was not an idle promise. Chuck Klusmann, a graduate of the Navy's tough course on survival and escape in Southeast Asia, was already plotting his escape. According to officers of the anti-Communist Mao tribe, who live in the Pathet Lao stronghold, Klusmann's first step was to cultivate the friendship of his Communist guards. Using sign language and charades, he slowly won them over, at last persuaded them to help him escape.

Together they slipped out of the village, headed for the forested hills bordering the Plain of Jars. Well aware that the Pathet Lao would soon be on their trail, the six walked as quickly as Klusmann's injured knee would permit. It was a long, hard haul to reach the purple plain. On the third night, Klusmann and a guard named Boun Mi stopped to rest in an abandoned hut; the others, foraging for food, ran into Pathet Lao pursuers instead.

Alarmed by the resulting commotion, Klusmann and Boun Mi fled at full speed, finally stumbled into a Meo village north of the Plain of Jars. There word was flashed to the U.S. Air Force at Udon base in neighboring Thailand. Within hours, a helicopter was flying Klusmann to safety; and last



HAMMER deROBURT
Running out of royalties.

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BEING DIFFERENT?

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GREAT BRITAIN

Tory Tide?

Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home's Conservatives got some more cheery news last week: a Daily Express poll of voters giving the Tories a 2.5% lead equal to a 75-seat majority in the new House of Commons that is to be elected next month. The poll returns suggested a continuing shift away from Labor's once-commanding margin, sent London stocks shooting ahead, caused bookmakers to revise their odds against the Tories from 2-1 to 6-4, moved Laborites to grumble about the effect of England's halcyon summer upon public sentiment. Labor took some comfort from the fact that the latest Gallup poll still found the Tories 6% behind, although admittedly coming up, as the race entered the last stretch.

PARADENT FROM AP



HITLER IN POLAND

Not all accept the lesson.

WEST GERMANY

Hubris Remembered

Twenty-five years ago, Hitler's planes and *Panzers* invaded Poland, plunging Europe and eventually some 53 nations into the planet's bloodiest war. At the time, Hitler pretended that the Poles had forced him to fight. But in ceremonies across the nation last week commemorating the ugly anniversary, West German leaders were in no mood to shrug off their country's responsibility for the war.

In Aachen, West Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt unveiled a memorial to European unity with the plea that "the dead of the nations of Europe shall not have passed into nothingness." Free Democratic Party Leader Erich Mende in a broadcast beamed into East Germany reminded his listeners that it was Stalin's pact with Hitler a week earlier that had made the rape of Poland possible.

The most forthright remarks came from Chancellor Ludwig Erhard: "Today we Germans are reminded of the calamity of 1939 with special force because it was unleashed in our name by a brutal ruler. It is quite clear that Hitler carries the prime guilt for World War II . . . The words which the German leadership then spoke in blind arrogance, hatred and megalomania betray such *hubris* and gross disregard for realities that this happening must remain a constant lesson and warning to future generations."

Not every German agreed. A public opinion survey last week indicated that only 30 out of 100 West Germans felt that the Nazi regime was solely to blame for World War II. Seven percent put all the blame on other countries, and the majority (51%) felt Germany and its former enemies equally to blame.

FRANCE

A Nicean Standoff

In the Riviera resort city of Nice last week, the *poulets* were being nasty to the *poules* and the *maquereaux* were being nasty to everybody.

In the argot of the French underworld, a *poulet* (chicken) is a cop, a *poule* (hen) a prostitute, and a *maquereau* (mackerel) a pimp. What caused the commotion this summer was the invasion of Nice by a band of *poules* and *maquereaux* who had left their native Algeria in the exodus of French settlers when the country became independent. The invaders found a friend in Nice—Gangster Ange Bianchini, 48, who dabbles in the manufacture of *pastis*, the licorice-flavored *apéritif*, as well as in crime.

They found enemies in the other gang leaders of Nice, who ordered Bianchini to appear for disciplining. He haughtily refused, declaring "I am the viceroy!", and threatened to bust up his ex-cronies if they caused trouble. A few days later, as he was leaving a bar, Bianchini walked into a nonfatal blast of buckshot. Soon afterward, two of the Algerian *maquereaux* were driving through the heart of Nice when another car pulled alongside and riddled them with tommy guns. Then two more of Bianchini's henchmen were disposed of: one was found dead at the bottom of a ravine with four bullets in his head; the other staggered into a bistro with his stomach full of shotgun pellets and groaned, "Take me to a hospital, I've just had an auto accident."

Police decided that things had gone too far when two of Bianchini's rivals were gunned down in Nice's Place Masséna in full sight of dozens of startled tourists. Word went out to the warring gangs to stop shooting it out in downtown Nice and frightening visitors. To emphasize their concern, the police called for reinforcements from Paris and Marseille, and last week rounded up a swarm of clucking *poules*, from the \$5 girls who hang out at the railway station

to the \$50 streetwalkers of the Rue Halevy. After a night in the *violin* (clink), the *poules* were warned to make themselves scarce. A bistro proprietor was gloomy about the police crackdown. "You watch," he said. "When the *maquereaux* run out of money, they'll take to robbing villas. It's better for Nice to have idle pimps than active robbers." He knew his *maquereaux*. No sooner were the *poules* off the street than a Paris industrialist on holiday in Cannes was robbed of \$40,000 in jewels, and an American matron lost \$120,000 in gems from her Cap Ferrat villa.

MIDDLE EAST

The Unlove Feast

With a burst of furious energy, Egyptian workmen last week completed a three-story, air-conditioned hotel in Alexandria. They raised some 12,000 flags over lampposts and public squares, built 200 triumphal arches, and draped buildings with hundreds of banners carrying slogans of Arab solidarity. As special beach cabins went up on the golden sands of the Mediterranean shore, other workmen dusted and polished furniture and chandeliers in the vast Montazah Palace and tended 325 acres of gardens.

Pledged Lives. All was finally ready for the second Arab summit conference, which Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser hopes will be an even greater triumph than the first, held at Cairo last January (TIME, Jan. 24). But some top faces will be absent. Pleading illness, Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba retired to a Swiss clinic and sent his Premier in his place. Morocco's King Hassan II did not even bother with excuses, and dispatched his younger brother, Prince Abdallah. Saudi Arabia's Prince Feisal grumbled that Arab Kings and Presidents "need to stay home and attend to more serious matters," but finally agreed to put in an appearance.

The main item on the agenda is the pious wish to "establish relations among the Arab countries on the sound basis of love and genuine cooperation." But in the Arab world, love is a many-splintered thing, what with 40,000 Egyptian troops fighting a bloody guerrilla war with royalist tribesmen in Yemen. Morocco and Algeria still squabbling over their disputed border, and jails in almost every state jammed with Arab dissenters.

Last January all the Arab nations enthusiastically agreed to shelve their own disputes and gang up on Israel. They pledged their fortunes, honor and lives to prevent Israel's using the water of the Jordan to irrigate the Negev desert. Yet last week Israel's \$150 million diversion project was routinely at work, and the Arab states' counter-projects, intended to cut off the headwaters of the Jordan, had not even begun building.

One good reason: Israel has warned

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Is it a fact that a leader in nuclear research has a hand in bringing music to the Wilkies family picnic?

Few people would be surprised to learn that a company which started mining and milling uranium more than 20 years ago would emerge as one of the world's most diversified private enterprises in the field of atomic energy. Today, it manages the atomic energy facilities at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and Paducah, Kentucky, for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission; ships radioisotopes all over the world; and operates its own nuclear research center.

And you'd certainly expect that the manufacturer of more than 400 different types of "Eveready" batteries would make the batteries preferred most for portable radios. The Wilkie family can take Bach, Bach or the baseball game anywhere they go.

But would the awesome tasks of nuclear research and the mass production of tiny batteries ever be performed within the same company? Of course not. Unless the

company happens to be Union Carbide.

With Union Carbide, surprising diversification is almost commonplace. It makes half a dozen major plastics, as well as plastic bottles and packaging films, and it is one of the world's largest producers of petrochemicals. It makes the largest graphite cylinders ever produced, for use in rocket exhaust nozzles, and the arc carbons for motion picture projectors. It liquifies gases, including those that will power men to the moon. And among Union Carbide's other consumer products are such world-leaders as "Prestone" brand antifreeze and "6-12" insect repellent.

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that any such counterdiversion would be cause for war, and the Arab states are unlikely to invite attack while fully a third of Egypt's armed forces are tied down in Yemen. The United Nations last week wearily gave up its 14-month Observation Mission in Yemen because both Egypt and Saudi Arabia, which have been bankrolling the operation, cut off funds, and Egypt had also gone back on its many promises to withdraw its troops.

Purposive Arms. Prince Feisal will probably try to keep the Yemen issue off the Arab summit's agenda and may be supported by the more or less conservative Arab states of Sudan, Libya, Tunisia and Morocco. Nasser's effort to get Arab backing for his Yemen stand against "the British imperialists and Saudi infiltrators" may be backed by Algeria, Kuwait, and his new-found bosom friend, King Hussein of Jordan. Syria, whose Baathist rulers detest Nasser, and Lebanon, which hates quarrels, will probably stay on the sidelines.

Despite the festive flags and floodlights, the summit meeting in Alexandria may bring more joy to Israel than to any of the associated Arab states. Almost as if anticipating failure, Egypt's press and radio have again been attacking Nasser's pet targets: 1) the Baathist regime in Syria, 2) Saudi Arabia, and 3) Lebanon, which is castigated as being too pusillanimous "even to accept proffered armaments." Retorted a Lebanese paper: "The arms which Cairo has acquired have not served any purpose so far except to kill other Arabs."

ALGERIA

To the Wall

To the French soldiers who opposed him during Algeria's war of independence, Colonel Mohammed Chaabani was "the seigneur of the sands." A tough, canny guerrilla leader, he dominated a sere swath of the Sahara and the rugged Aurès Mountains of northeastern Algeria. After independence, Chaabani joined Premier Ahmed ben Bella's Politburo and the army's general staff, but quickly grew restive under Ben Bella's heavy-handed Marxist dictatorship. Last June that uneasiness boiled over into open rebellion, and Chaabani took to the hills with a hard core of his veteran troops.

Equipped with armored cars, tanks and artillery, Chaabani's forces posed a serious threat to Ben Bella, who at the same time faced growing opposition within his party and another rebellion in the Great Kabylie range east of Algiers. But treachery finally saved the day. Informers led government troops to an oasis where Chaabani was resting, forced him to surrender without firing a shot.

Last week Chaabani appeared before a newly established military court on charges of counterrevolutionary activities. The verdict was inevitable. Within an hour, as dawn broke over Oran, Mohammed Chaabani went to the wall.

But even as the rifles of the firing squad barked, Chaabani's men were still dug in on the mountains to the east. They had lost a leader, but they may have gained a martyr.

THE CONGO

Elation for Moise

No one needed a victory more than Moise Tshombe, and last week he could revel in a big one. His army had retaken Albertville, the first major city captured by the rebels, who for more than two months had used its Lake Tanganyika port to ferry in arms and supplies from their headquarters in Burundi.

To soften up the city, B-26 fighter-bombers, piloted by anti-Castro Cubans supplied by Washington, relentlessly blasted strategic targets. Then a force of 1,000 Congolese army troops launched a two-prong invasion which caught the rebels by surprise. Coming

As Tshombe inspected the ravaged city, he grew so emotional that at one point he stopped to embrace a Belgian priest who had survived the ordeal. He also gathered some much-needed evidence to present to the Organization of African Unity at its emergency Congo conference in Addis Ababa. To reply to the inevitable demand that he get rid of his white mercenary troops, Tshombe needed solid proof that the rebels were indeed bad medicine for the Congo. At Albertville, he picked up at least three valuable exhibits: a series of photographs showing the rebels executing leading citizens, a 22-year-old Burundi prisoner who, Tshombe claims, was a "captain of the rebel general staff," and a symbol of revolutionary arrogance—a rubber stamp marked "République Révolutionnaire du Congo, Secteur Albertville." Evidence in hand, he took a much more important step toward winning African sympathies: as he left for



TSHOMBE ENTERING ALBERTVILLE
Bad medicine and sweet success.

from the north, one column overran the port area and airfield. The other column skirted the city, attacked from the south. When the rebels tried to counterattack, a government armored car's machine gun was waiting for them. The battle raged on for eight hours before the rebels finally fled, but it was one-sided all the way: more than 450 rebel dead littered the streets. The Congolese army claimed that only two of its troops had been killed.

Hats in the Streets. When the good news reached Leopoldville, Tshombe was so elated that he personally delivered a victory message to the government radio station, then flew off to Albertville to congratulate the victors. He found the city a shambles. Its dusty streets were strewn with the abandoned hulks of autos, dozens of the rebel warriors' leopard-skin hats, and here and there a mutilated body. All shops had been looted, many buildings gutted, rail and shipping centers all but wiped out. In addition, the rebels had driven away or killed the city's whole police force.

Addis Ababa, Tshombe ordered the hated white mercenaries shipped home.

Hostages in the City. But success was hardly the whole story in the Congo last week. The important river town of Stanleyville was still firmly in revolutionary hands—and with it some 300 white residents who had been trying desperately to get out since the rebel invasion five weeks ago. Concerned for their safety, U.N. Secretary-General U Thant last week cabled his personal "urgent appeal" to Lieut. General Nicholas Olenga, Stanleyville's rebel commander, to allow the U.N. to send planes to evacuate them.

At first Olenga agreed, announced his airport would reopen to commercial traffic. At last, he fired off a violent message charging the mercy flights were "an imperialist plot," ordered "all soldiers of the Popular Liberation Army to shoot on any plane—military or civilian—that approaches Stanleyville." Most ominous of all, he said that whites would have to remain in the city—as hostages against air bombardment.

PEOPLE

The short-pants set won't remember him, but those who pause for breath after climbing a flight of steps recall **Jesse Owens**, the Negro track-and-field star whose four gold medals left his Aryan hosts at the post during the 1936 Berlin Olympics. Owens is 51 now, a Chicago marketing consultant, but, torch in hand, he puffed a few Manhattan blocks in track shorts to set the pace for 3,500 relay runners in a 3,100-mile cross-country "Run for the Money," to raise \$1,000,000 for the 1964 U.S. Olympic team.

Bearded Irish Cinemactor **Peter O'Toole**, 31, plays the messenger of God who gets saved from a fate worse than death in *Sodom in John Huston's The Bible*, now filming in Rome. Off the set, he rains sulphur and brimstone all by himself, according to the *paparazzi* who tried to snap him downing some friendly firewater with comely British Starlet Barbara Steele. "He charged me, punched me in the face, grabbed my camera, smacking it against my ear," related one razed lensman. "I had to have five stitches taken." Tinkled O'Toole, with the tongue of an angel: "He fell over one of the flower pots that line the avenue."

She came, was seen by and promptly conquered French cinematographies last August, and they styled her *la B. B. américaine*. Now, after a brief period of adjustment, Vassar-bred **Jane Fonda**, 26, is taking a walk on the wild side with the original Bardolator. Director **Roger Vadim**, 36. The man who discovered Brigitte's charms bundled Hank's lanky daughter into his favorite costume, a bed sheet, tousled her hair and led her intently through the scenario of his movie version of *La Ronde*. And, even though the picture is finished,

from St. Tropez comes the word, as he did with B. B., Vadim has become very Fonda Jane.

In *Barefoot in the Park*, the show that made her a star, her stage mother had this advice: "Make him feel important. If you do that, you'll have a happy and wonderful marriage—like two out of every ten couples." Broadway's barefoot girl, **Elizabeth Ashley**, 25, sure wants to make him feel important—no, not her husband, whom she plans to divorce, but Cinemactor **George Peppard**, 36, whose wife is divorcing him. So, borrowing \$35,000 to buy six months left in her Broadway contract, Elizabeth ("Bewie" to good friends) lashed on winged sandals and departed for London, where Peppard is filming *Operation Crossbow*. "Here



ASHLEY AT HOME
Beau dough.

I am poor but happy," she sighed. "What I've done is to buy freedom. I wanted to be near George."

Forget the status, we need the ante. So quoth **Thomas Pickford**, 41, founder of the Quorum Club, the dimly lit nook in Washington's Carroll Arms Hotel where Bobby Baker pursued his hobbies (and stood them to drinks). Ever since Bobby moved into the spotlight, the Q. Club has had difficulty getting its members to form a Quorum. Now Pickford has dispensed with Robert's Rules of Order. "Your admittance card is your wallet," he assures John Q. Public. "View the celebrated nudes. Wine and dine in one of America's most famous clubs." For \$2.50 you can even get a Bobby Baker Steak Sandwich.

Touring European capitals to explain U.S. policies in Viet Nam is rather too apt a way to spend those lazy, hazy,



LODGE & FRIENDS
Saigon bygone.

crazy days of summer. So U.S. Envoy **Henry Cobot Lodge**, 62, found it extraordinarily pleasant to take a day off from his mission for a visit to Rome's Ostia Beach with Italian Protocol Chief Guerino Roberti and his family. The latest details in the daily papers on the shifting sands in Saigon could only illustrate what a grind diplomacy is. But as Roberti's noble Roman daughter Cristina pointed out, there are compensations—and Lodge needed only to look at her to agree.

Burly Chicago Engineer **Ted Erikson**, 36, looked at the English Channel and said: "I can't afford to swim more than 30 hours. I have an important business appointment in Spain day after tomorrow. Then he waded in, hoping to become the second man to complete the 44-mile round trip to France and back. He took 12 hr. 35 min. to get halfway, was back to within eight miles of Dover when the channel turned against him, forced him to quit. But California Schoolgirl **Leonore Modell**, 14, doesn't have to worry about the boss. So she swam the chilly channel against the tide in 15 hr. 30 min., became the youngest person in history to make the crossing.

Ill lay: **Stan ("The Man") Musial**, 43, at his home in St. Louis following his collapse from exhaustion at a Cardinals-Braves game brought on by his coast-to-coast labors as director of the nation's physical fitness program; **Henry A. Barnes**, 57, New York City's controversial traffic czar, in Manhattan's Columbus Hospital with his second heart attack in eight days (fourth in a year), smitten while attending the opening of a police academy. Cracked Barnes, after cops gave him emergency oxygen: "I'm lying at death's door, but they're trying to pull me through—but they don't say which way."



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MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS

A Leader of Equals

Conductor William Steinberg is a threat to American musical tradition. For one thing, he is downright chummy with his Pittsburgh Symphony musicians. For another, he blatantly delights in performing "the music nobody wants to play, nobody wants to conduct and nobody wants to hear."

The traditional image of the successful symphony conductor is a shaggy-haired despot who rules with an iron fist and remains disdainfully aloof at all times. But Steinberg treats his musicians with courtesy and respect, regales them with a rich sense of humor, rides in the bus with them on tour, and preaches such heresies as "gaiety is the only atmosphere for music making." As for the age-old maxim that deviations from the standard classical repertory spell box-office suicide, Steinberg persists season after season in offering one of the most adventuresome and widely varied programs in music.

Broken Rule. Such maverick practices are getting Steinberg everywhere. Since he took over the listless Pittsburgh Symphony in 1952, he has molded it into a musical instrument of precision and depth; it now ranks as one of the five or six best orchestras in the country. Last week the Pittsburgh Symphony was

embarked on a twelve-week tour of Europe and the Near East sponsored by the State Department. Its two performances at the Herodes Atticus amphitheater in Athens drew 9,000 listeners. At the Lucerne Festival, the audience awarded the orchestra such a thunderous ovation that the festival management broke a longstanding rule and allowed an encore. The Pittsburghers' triumphant week was climaxed by a tempestuous reception for its Edinburgh Festival debut, with the Queen leading the applause.

The son of a textile manufacturer, Steinberg, 65, was born in Cologne, Germany. After graduating from the Cologne Conservatory of Music, he served as conductor of the Cologne and Frankfurt opera houses, came to the U.S. in 1937 at the behest of Arturo Toscanini to be his assistant conductor of the NBC Symphony. In 1945 he was appointed conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic and held that post for seven years before going to Pittsburgh.

In Pittsburgh, he found an orchestra with a skimpy budget of \$400,000, a season of 26 weeks, and only lukewarm support from the community. After the departure of Fritz Reiner in 1948, the symphony had gone four years without a permanent conductor; morale was low and performances inconsistent.

The autocratic Reiner had made a



QUEEN & STEINBERG
Heresy gets him everywhere.

practice of firing 25 to 40 orchestra members each year. Steinberg established a "stick-together" policy and cut the annual turnover rate to less than ten. "Within just a few seasons," he explains, "experience, confidence and the pleasure of making music made good musicians into excellent musicians."

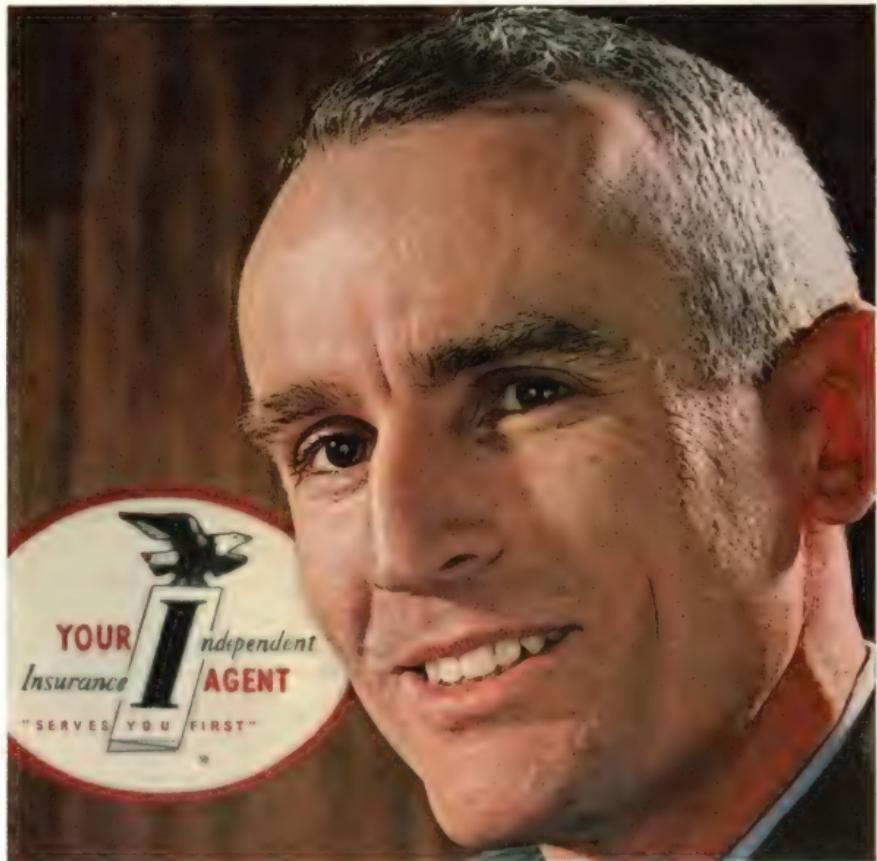
Steinberg likes to describe his role as a *primus inter pares*—a leader of equals—and he takes great pains to let his musicians share in the sense of accomplishment that most conductors reserve to themselves. And he is known as a conductor who religiously does his homework. Steinberg often rehearses without a score, and continually amazes the players by humming his own interpretation of each instrument's part.

Bright Future. Steinberg is also a vigorous fund raiser and public relations man, once promoted a concert by donning a fireman's helmet and red suspenders to tear around town on a fire engine, gaily clanging the fire bell. As a result, the Pittsburgh Symphony today enjoys a 30-week season, a budget of nearly \$1,000,000, and a base of community support so broad that there has been some talk of rechristening it the Tri-State Symphony. Prospects for the future are exceptionally bright, thanks to a grant of \$5,000,000 from Heinz and Mellon funds, which the orchestra is in the process of matching.

This coming season Steinberg will take a year's sabbatical from his Pittsburgh post to conduct 48 concerts with the New York Philharmonic while Leonard Bernstein is on his sabbatical. Steinberg will also make his debut with the Metropolitan Opera, conducting 24 performances of three operas. "I have some real killers arranged for New York," he says gleefully, referring to Berlioz' rarely performed *Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale*, a work for 180 musicians that will require the West Point Band as well as the Philharmonic, Leon Kirchner's *Second Piano Concerto*, and the American première of Bartók's *Scherzo for Piano and Orchestra*. "Then I have something for the New York snobs—an all-Mendelssohn program. This is really the height of snobishness, the wonderful answer to the question of just what do the snobs need."



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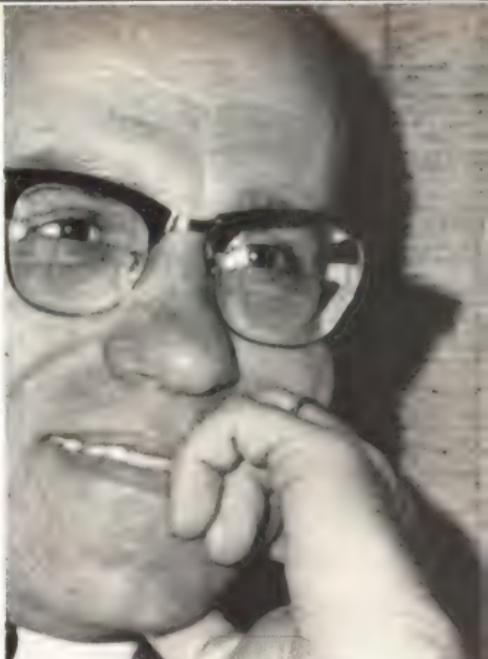
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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

View from the Heights

Just off Times Square, at the southwest corner of the cavernous third-floor newsroom, in an office with the door usually open, sits the managing editor of The New York Times. Turner Catledge's office is as functional and unpretentious as its tenant, a tall Mississippian of 63 whose courtly manner cannot entirely conceal a natural gregariousness. There, every afternoon at 4, Catledge musters his department heads around a big oval table to set the course of the next day's editions. And there, at such a conference one day last week, Managing Editor Catledge took a larger title and command: executive editor of one of the world's most important newspapers.

Unprecedented Changes. As executive editor Catledge assumes direct editorial charge of both the Sunday and the daily Times. The consolidation is as unprecedented as the title. Until last week, responsibility for the Sunday paper rested largely in the experienced hands of Sunday Editor Lester Markel, 70, who in 41 years at the job polished a product that some readers considered superior to the daily Times. Markel became a somewhat *emeritus* associate editor.

To replace Catledge as managing editor, Publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger named Assistant Managing Editor Clifton Daniel, 51, who is better known outside journalism as Margaret Truman's husband than as the competent Timesman's husband. He has been for 21 years. Named Markel's successor as Sunday editor was Assistant Sunday Editor Daniel Schwarz, 56, who is accountable to Catledge.

Sulzberger also appointed White House Correspondent Tom Wicker, 38, as the Times's Washington bureau chief, succeeding James Reston, who asked to be relieved of this duty to devote more time to his column and to developing front-page news. Reston's new title: associate editor. Unaffected by Sulzberger's "structural changes": John B. Oakes's supervision of the Times's editorial page.

Comparative Reading. However lofty, Turner Catledge's new assignment is not likely to change materially the work patterns fixed by 13 years as managing editor. "More often than not, I get up in the morning about 7:30 or 8," he says. "I spend about two hours on the New York morning papers, all of them, including the Wall Street Journal—two hours of comparative reading, often talking into a Dictaphone.

"I generally go to the office about 11:30. In good weather I walk—it's two miles. First thing, I have my notes transcribed, call in the assistant managing editor, Mr. Daniel, and go over these things with him, leaving him with



TIMESMEN MARKEL, SCHWARZ, DANIEL & CATELEDGE
More authority for the man with the binoculars.

the responsibility of seeing that they get done: mistakes in the paper, this story is not developed properly, this story was a honey—that sort of thing. When they're good things, I give the publisher credit. If they're bad, I take the blame.

"At 4, every afternoon we have an executives' luncheon in a private dining room up on the eleventh floor. There are six or seven regulars: the Sunday editor, Mr. Oakes, Mr. Bancroft [Executive Vice President Harding Bancroft], the publisher, the chairman of the board if he's around, and myself. Everything's very free and easy. Everybody talks, especially about what the other man is doing.

"At 4, there's the news conference in my office of all the desk heads. They present what's coming up in the way of news, make suggestions for future stories, and the like. Summaries of their reports are sent to the news editor's bullpen, and from these the front page,

the split page,* the sports page are laid out, so on down the line. The publisher drops by every day before going home, and we sit down and chew the fat. Shop talk. There's a very intimate and continuing contact with the publisher, so much so that when the publisher isn't there, the contact is there in spirit just the same.

"I usually stay till 6:30 or 7 to see a dummy of the front page. But two or three times a week I'll stay down till the first edition comes out—about 9:30. That means I get out about 10 o'clock. I always stay Wednesday night because my wife goes to bridge club, and usually Monday night too. On the nights that I don't stay I always try to check the first edition before I go to bed. It's delivered to my home about 11 o'clock."

News-Gathering Army. If it all sounds very much like a general surveying the battleground from a distance, it is because Catledge's way may well be the only practical approach to editorial leadership of the Times. On smaller dailies, down-in-the-trenches control by the managing editor is both common and feasible. On the Times, it is virtually impossible. Catledge commands a news-gathering army of 850 far-flung hands. Some denizens of the Times's newsroom sit so far from the boss that when Catledge became managing editor his staff whimsically presented him with binoculars. This crew, with help from wire services, generates some million words of copy each day—of which the daily Times, for all its bulkiness, can find room for only 170,000. No one on the paper, including Turner Catledge, reads all 170,000 words.

High Recommendation. "I don't see any of the copy unless I ask for it," says Catledge. "But any time there's a



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WICKER

* The front page of the second section.



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big development, they'll come and tell me. One of the chief functions of the managing editor, of course, is to spark ideas, and this will continue, both for the managing editor and the executive editor. In my new job I'm the publisher's agent, to spark and manage an interesting paper. But anyone can have a good time with this staff. They would make anyone look good."

Catledge joined the staff in 1929, a young Southerner whose professional qualifications had preceded him to New York by two years. His entrée was accomplished by none other than Herbert Hoover, who had gone South to inspect damage done by the great Mississippi flood of 1927. Impressed by Catledge's flood stories in the Memphis Commercial Appeal, Hoover mentioned them to his friend Adolph Ochs, then Times publisher. Ochs acted, and Catledge was on his way to Manhattan.

Except for one brief and unhappy stint as editor of the Chicago Sun in 1941-43, Catledge has been a Timesman ever since. "I was the most miserable man on earth," he says of that Chicago experience. "I discovered that I was more a part of the Times and the Times was more a part of me than I realized." To his mind, that part involves the shirt-sleeve aspect of journalism, for which Catledge feels so strong an affinity that it has survived his steady climb to executive rank.

"I was a reporter," he says. "I think reporters make excellent news executives." It is a theory that Catledge successfully tested last spring when he called in Foreign Correspondent Abe Rosenthal and made him metropolitan editor, in charge of the Times's 160 local newsmen. "This man is now doing vicariously what he did personally," says Catledge. "He's not just one man now, he's 160 men."

From a rather higher altitude, Turner Catledge has sought to adopt the same approach. "I don't even consider myself much of an executive, in the Harvard Business School sense," he said last week as he began his new duties. "In my job, you have to be a combination of coach and cheerleader."

Scotching a Rumor

So parlous are the finances of the News-Call Bulletin, Hearst's afternoon paper in San Francisco, that recurrent rumors of doom wheel above it like vultures. Only last month, a new rumor began circling: the News-Call Bulletin would soon be absorbed by Hearst's other San Francisco paper, the Examiner, which would then switch from a.m. to p.m. to avoid unprofitable competition with the city's third daily, the morning Chronicle. Last week, with weary indignation, the Examiner took to print to try to shoot off the rumor: "There is absolutely no foundation in any report that the two separately published and managed papers will merge—today, tomorrow, next week, next month, or at any time in the foreseeable future."

From the Bankerslifeman's brief case



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RELIGION

ECUMENISM

What Catholics Think About Jews

A broad spectrum of Roman Catholic opinion holds that the Vatican Council must make a pronouncement on its relationship to Judaism. German bishops, aware that Catholic references to "perfidious Jews" encouraged Nazi anti-Semitism, strongly support the proposal. So do U.S. bishops, who are eager for their church to speak out on matters that concern harmony in a pluralistic society. Last fall's session of the council received a draft proposal that Jews found pleasing, but never got around to debating it. Since then the proposal has been rewritten—and weakened so much that when Jewish leaders read it last week they were appalled.

Guilty of Deicide? The original draft was composed by Augustin Cardinal Bea of Rome's Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, and declared that guilt for the death of Jesus was borne by all mankind. Therefore, it said, sermons and catechism lessons should not misuse the Gospel accounts of the Crucifixion to imply that the Jews were guilty of deicide. This declaration was bitterly opposed by Catholic bishops from the Middle East, who share the anti-Israel feelings of their Moslem neighbors, and by many European conservatives, who argued that Bea's text ran counter to what the New Testament plainly says.

The revised statement on anti-Semitism still warns that Jews should not be regarded as "an accursed people" and acknowledges Christianity's roots in the faith of the Old Testament. But instead of clearing the Jews of deicide, it says that sermons and catechisms should "refrain from accusing the Jews of our times of what was perpetrated during the Passion of Christ." The declaration also prays for the conversion of the Jews to Christianity, and has been expanded to include a word of good will for other non-Christian faiths, notably Islam.

Distrust & Resentment. U.S. Jews were dismayed by the tone and spirit of the revision. Particularly offensive to them was the reference to conversion, which was not matched by any call for Moslems to become Christians. Perhaps the most telling criticism came from Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel of Manhattan's Jewish Theological Seminary, a good friend of Cardinal Bea's, who has worked long and hard for better Christian-Jewish relations. "A message that regards the Jew as a candidate for conversion and proclaims that the destiny of Judaism is to disappear is bound to foster reciprocal distrust as well as bitterness and resentment," he said. "As I have repeatedly stated to leading personalities of the Vatican, I am ready to go to Auschwitz any time, if faced with the alternative of conversion or death."

A number of influential U.S. Cath-

olic prelates, including Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston, have indicated that they will fight for a strong declaration at the third session. The odds were that a better draft would be voted; even so, some felt that no statement at all might have been better than the spectacle of Christendom's largest church backing and filling over how it should condemn anti-Semitism.

THEOLOGY

What Mary Means to Protestants

Next to papal infallibility, the biggest barrier to Catholic-Protestant unity is the humble Jewish girl who gave birth to Jesus of Nazareth. By popular piety and papal decree, Roman Catholics have gradually elevated Mary to the queen of heaven, born free of sin and assumed bodily into heaven. Marian



MADONNA, BY ARTHUR FRETWELL

A summary of the Christian life.

"maximalists" even yearn for the day when a Pope will promulgate new dogmas that in union with her son she is redemptress of the human race and mediatrix of God's grace to men. For centuries, Protestants have reacted by condemning Catholic "Mariolatry" as paganism and ignoring the Virgin as much as they decently could.

"The Elect Instrument." Protestant laymen still generally feel this way but, says Lutheran Theologian Joseph Sittler of the University of Chicago Divinity School, "there is new thinking on the part of Protestant scholars about Mariology." In the latest issue of *The Journal of Religion*, Princeton's W. Paul Jones, a Methodist, points out that "Mary stands at the very inception of Christian revelation as sign and representative of the human context in which the Christ-event is received, then and now." In the interdenominational *Journal of Ecumenical Studies*, Harvard's Heiko Oberman, a Dutch Reformed

pastor, warns Protestants against a totally negative "Marián minimalism." He argues that there is Scriptural warrant for revering Mary as "the elect instrument of God's work of redemption" and as "the prototype of the faithful."

The new Protestant interest in Mary stems from both ecumenism and a closer reading of church history. Just as Roman Catholics within recent years have been rediscovering Scripture, Protestants have begun to study how their understanding of the Bible has been colored and modified by the churches' tradition of interpretation. Protestant scholars note that the 16th century reformers, even as they condemned Roman excesses, had a devotion to Mary that their spiritual descendants have lost. Some of Luther's finest sermons treat of Mary as the mother of God, and Calvin wrote: "We cannot celebrate the blessing given us in Christ without commemorating at the same time how high an honor God has granted to Mary when he chose to make her the mother of his only son."

Flesh of Our Flesh. Lutheran Jaroslav Pelikan of Yale believes the time is long past when Protestants could content themselves with sneering at Catholic Marian idolatry. Now, any criticism of Roman doctrine must be "accompanied by a positive discussion of the mother of our Lord as viewed from a Biblical and evangelical perspective." Pelikan argues that Mary cannot be ignored because she is the "warrant for the Christian declaration that our Lord was a true man, flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone." She also has a significance for the church: "the brief description of her career in the New Testament is a summary of the Christian life in its elations and in its depressions." Dr. Albert Outler of Perkins School of Theology in Dallas, a Methodist observer at the Vatican Council, agrees that "we've got to take seriously the whole idea of the maternal dimension of Christianity. Protestantism has stressed to an almost exclusive degree the paternal and fraternal dimensions of religion."

Non-Catholic scholars point out that any Protestant Mariology would have to be subordinated to the doctrine of Christ and closely tied to the New Testament witness. Thus the emerging Protestant interpretation of Mary is considerably more modest than her exalted place in Catholic teaching. Nonetheless, says Chicago's Sittler, Mary may be "a center from which we could penetrate one another's thoughts," since Rome is in the midst of a Marian reconsideration all its own. Recent Popes have warned against excessive devotion to Mary that obscures the uniqueness of Christ, and many Catholic thinkers are earnestly seeking to relate their church's Marian doctrines to Biblical theology. And in one of the key votes of the Vatican Council's second session, the bishops voted to reject a separate schema on Mary and instead incorporate it into a schema on the church.



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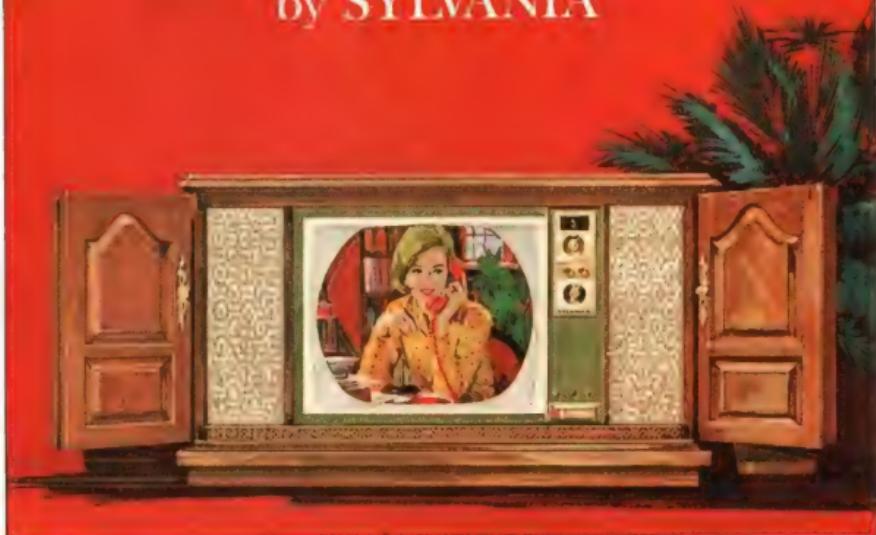
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THE LAW

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

The Picnic Trial

"Courtroom drama," that trite darling of novelists and dramatists, has authentic origins: civilized mankind's transforming willingness to submit its disputes to third parties for impartial judgment. The ritual can impart strength to the weak, modesty to the immobile, and equality to the powerful and wealthy.

So last week the courtroom drama of *Rockefeller v. Murphy* unfolded behind closed doors in White Plains, N.Y. Only the disputants knew just why Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller yielded custody of her four children—James, 13; Marga-

As newsmen hovered, the opponents moved in and out of the closed courtroom like Henry James characters, their real motives invisible for hundreds of pages. Mrs. Rockefeller arrived on the first day with her husband's state police bodyguard and Chrysler Imperial. She graciously smiled her way into battle in a blue sheath dress, bare legs and black flat-heeled shoes, accompanied by four lawyers, a nursemaid and Mrs. Peter Iselin, one of her Philadelphia cousins. Dr. Murphy, his new blonde wife in

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Paying the Victim

If the brigand be not captured, the man who has been robbed shall, in the presence of God, make an itemized statement of his loss, and the city and the governor shall compensate him.

—Code of Hammurabi, circa 2250 B.C.

Is a government responsible for crimes committed against its citizens? Yes, say victims of New York City's recent Negro riots, who by last week had sued the city for \$1,500,000 under an old state law making cities liable for riot-incurred property damage on the ground that police failed to keep the peace (TIME, Aug. 7). Yes, says New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating, who urged the U.S. to compensate crime victims because "every crime represents, in one sense, a failure by government to provide protection and security to law-abiding citizens."

Making his case, Keating cited a scheme launched by the British government last month to compensate people who have suffered physical injury at the hands of wrongdoers. From now on, a six-lawyer committee with the forbidding title of Criminal Injuries Compensation Board will pay off Britons who successfully argue that they have been financially undone by perpetrators of a vast array of offenses, from arson to assault, including anyone injured while trying to make a citizen's arrest.

To warrant compensation, an injury must be reported to the police or result in criminal proceedings, and be serious enough to cost three weeks' loss of earnings or lead to a civil judgment of at least \$140. The board, whose decisions are not reviewable, examines the victim at a closed hearing. If payment is approved, the sum must not exceed twice the average weekly rate of industrial earnings of people over 21 at the time of the injury.

The state makes its payments *ex gratia* (by favor), and is not automatically liable for failing to protect the victim of each and every crime. Not eligible for benefits: all victims injured before the new plan went into effect, children born of sexual offenses, victims who provoked attack, victims living in the assailant's household, auto victims (unless the car was used as a weapon) and claimants for "loss of expectation of happiness." Payments for dead victims go to spouses or dependents. If the victim successfully sues the criminal, the board gets its money back.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

The G.I. Vote in Texas

One of U.S. history's most enduring trends is the ever-expanding right of suffrage. To be sure, almost every state still denies the vote to felons and mental defectives; eight states also exclude paupers. The same goes officially for Mississippi's nontaxed Indians and unofficially for most of its Negroes, who

DE MARSICO-DIN/WHITE PLAINS TELEGRAM & SUN



HAPPY

In and out, with motives invisible for hundreds of pages.

retta, 11; Carol, 8; and Melinda, 4—to Virologist James S. Murphy when she divorced him in Idaho last year. The public knew only that "Happy" was now demanding custody and that Dr. Murphy, himself recently remarried to a pretty former teacher of his children, was unwilling to give it up.

Blue for Bottles. To apply the law and the facts to whatever emotions were involved was the prickly task of New York State Supreme Court Justice Joseph F. Gagliardi, 52, a former genial amateur golfer who once reached the final round of the U.S. Amateur championship, one-time Westchester County judge appointed by his fellow Republican, Governor Rockefeller. As in all custody cases, he was solely concerned with the children's welfare. Firmly shutting his courtroom door to all but the witnesses, the parties and their lawyers, Gagliardi summoned Plaintiff Rockefeller to prove what he cryptically called her "allegations to the effect that the personalities and even the health of one or more of the infants are being adversely affected."

ALFRED STAHLER



GAGLIARDI



THE MURPHYS

demure beige, said, "I can't smile." In they walked, past a wall plaque reading:

*Not flesh of my flesh
Not bone of my bone
But still miraculously my own.
Never forget
For a single minute
You didn't grow under my heart
But in it.*

Humble Thanks. Through a window, newsmen watched Murphy scribbling on a yellow pad as his ex-wife took the stand. Still smiling, she emerged at noon for a storybook picnic lunch (ham, roast beef and chicken-salad sandwiches on white bread with trimmed crusts) in the sheriff's office. Still unsmiling, Murphy and his wife ate in a bar and grill down the street.

By the time Happy had been in court three days, Dr. Murphy's cold silence had gradually melted to the point where he smilingly walked across the courtroom and greeted her, and thereafter kept glancing in her direction. "This was the first sign of friendliness," said a deputy. "Until now, they've been cutting each other dead."

Up here in Alaska we worry about what you Time readers eat

We asked some experts if we should tell Time readers about Wakefield's Frozen Alaska King Crab. They told us: "Forget it! Time readers are concerned with Big Problems. They read ads with Food for Thought. Not Thought for Food."

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comprise 45% of the population. Still disqualified in Nevada and Virginia are "those engaging in duels" and in Florida "persons interested in any wager depending on the result of any election." But more typical of the trend is a new federal court order forbidding Texas to disqualify thousands of regular residents who happen to be U.S. servicemen from other states.

The only state enforcing this policy, Texas has disenfranchised such voters ever since the Texas Republic's early 19th century founders worried that U.S. soldiers might be marched in to vote them out. Though it counted servicemen as part of its population in congressional apportionment, Texas extended suffrage only to the minority who entered the service from the Texas county in which they were stationed. As recently as last April, the Texas Supreme Court upheld the state's right to "prevent concentrations of military voting strength in areas where military bases are located."

All this seemed "like a slap in the face" to Staff Sergeant James R. Mabry, 27, who entered the Air Force from Wisconsin. Like most non-Texan servicemen in Texas, Mabry did not vote by absentee ballot in his home state. Moreover, he has been stationed in Bexar County (San Antonio) since 1959, owns a home there on which he pays taxes like any other resident. Yet last January, when he and his wife paid poll taxes, Mabry's receipt (unlike his wife's) was stamped "not eligible to vote." Precisely the same thing happened to his friend, Air Force Lieut. David M. Sneary, 26, a former Oklahoman.

With the aid of 100 friendly Texans who donated \$500, Mabry and Sneary appealed to a three-judge federal court in San Antonio. Result: an injunction, based on the 14th Amendment's equal-protection clause, forbidding Texas to deny suffrage to anyone "entering military service as a resident citizen of another state, who otherwise in good faith meets all of the requirements of a qualified elector in this state." Texas may appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court, but meanwhile at least 25,000 servicemen hope soon to exercise the right to vote in elections in Texas.

God & Peyote

The art of deciding constitutional questions commonly means weighing competing values. The balance is often delicate, as the California Supreme Court has just shown in answering yes to a weird question: Can a man beat a narcotics rap by pinning it on God?

While performing a religious ceremony in a desert hogans near Needles, Calif., three Navajo Indian members of the Native American Church were arrested for possession of peyote, a non-habit-forming cactus derivative that stimulates visions for those who chew it. Convicted, the Indians carried a novel appeal to the state's highest court. As honest seekers of spiritual hallucination, they claimed exemption from California's drug laws under the First Amendment clause guaranteeing free exercise of religion.

Did the drug laws really abridge the defendants' religious freedom? Yes, found the court. "Peyotism" goes back to at least 1560; it is the central sacrament of a semi-Christian church whose members (estimated at anywhere from 30,000 to 250,000) believe that peyote puts partakers in direct contact with God. As the court put it: "To forbid the use of peyote is to remove the theological heart of Peyotism."

Even so, the Supreme Court has long held that government can abridge religious practices (but not religious be-



NAVAJO HALLUCINATORY RITE
Better than polygamy.

lief) when a "compelling state interest" demands it. In 1878, the court thus upheld the banning of Mormon polygamy as antisocial (*Reynolds v. U.S.*). California's attorney general marshaled a similar argument against Peyotism. It not only subverts narcotic-law enforcement, he said, but also "obstructs enlightenment and shackles the Indian to primitive conditions."

Ruling that California has no right to make Navajos conform to "mass society," the court added that peyote is harmless, is permitted in other states and is religiously more crucial than polygamy, without which modern Mormons are thriving. Since Peyotism "presents only slight danger to the state," the court voided the Navajos' convictions. Balancing its dictum, the court simultaneously rejected the appeal of a white, "self-styled 'peyote preacher'" who made the same claim as the Indians. He must stand trial again, ordered the court, because he "has not proved that his asserted belief was an honest and bona fide one." How far a court should go in exploring the good faith of religious belief may itself raise further legal perplexities.



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SHOW BUSINESS

ACTORS

The Bedroom Pirate

Charles Boyer is 65, having reached retirement age at the end of August, and he has accepted it in much the same way that Maurice Chevalier did eleven years ago, Albert Schweitzer 24 years ago, Jack Benny five years ago, and Bernard Baruch in 1935.

Next week he opens in a new weekly TV series called *The Rogues*. Meanwhile he is at work on a new movie called *The Favor* with Leslie Caron and Rock Hudson.

The TV series is being produced by Four Star Television. Boyer is a co-owner of Four Star, along with David Niven. They are both in the series, which NBC describes as "a comedy-melodrama about a family of jet-set jewel thieves and con men who are masters of separating the pompous rich from their ill-gotten gains . . . played against a backdrop of Riviera beaches, palatial villas, beautiful women and green felt gaming tables."

All this has a familiar purr. The beautiful women now have names like Brooke Hayward and Senta Berger, but the whole scene recalls the young Boyer of *Algiers*, the fathomless possibilities of Hedy Lamarr, and the line he is legendary for whispering to her: "Come wiz me to zee casbah." Actually, there was no such line in the movie, nor in any other movie Boyer ever made. It came from an old comedy-radio show. But Boyer wears it gracefully.

Solvaged Superiority. The casbah line and the other trademarks—the voice of a cello and the bedroom eyes—bore him, in fact. But he knows what he owes to them. Once, when he was

urged to play a piratical swashbuckler in *Frenchman's Creek*, he refused, saying: "I'm not a seagoing pirate. I'm a bedroom pirate."

This was a frank and French appraisal of Hollywood practicalities, but it belies what he really thinks of himself as an actor. Trained at the Paris Conservatory, and an early success on the Parisian stage, he sees himself as an artist of stature, and he has repeatedly proved it, most notably in the 1951 Broadway production of *Don Juan in Hell*, two years later in *Kind Sir* with Mary Martin, and in 1962 in *Lord Pengo*, a bad play from which he salvaged superior notices.

Too Busy to Listen. With such earned authority, Boyer has become a potent force on TV and film sets. He makes directors flinch. He watches rushes each day. If he does not like a scene, it is shot again. He gives stage directions, changes scripts, talks rapidly and is too busy to listen. When he happens to own the company that is doing the shooting, all this is his privilege; but he acts the same way when he is merely an employee. In *Hold Back the Dawn*, he played a European refugee trying to get into the U.S. from Mexico. The script called for him to address a passing cockroach bitterly, saying: "Where do you think you're going? Have you a visa?"

"I don't talk to cockroaches," said Boyer with emphasis. Resisting every sort of pressure, he continued to ostracize the roach. Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett, who wrote the film, got so mad at him that—at cutting time—they chopped every Boyer line that they could possibly get rid of. "So he won't talk to cockroaches," said Wilder. "O.K. Then he won't talk to anybody."

Half-bald since his 20s, Boyer never wears his toupee off-screen, and re-



WITH LAMARR IN THE CASBAH

Women? Toujours. Roaches? Jamais!



WITH HAYWARD IN "THE ROGUES"



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Close-up of a giant antenna used for satellite communications—Photo by Charles Van Maanen

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cently—as his parts have aged—he has been leaving it off while performing as well. He is a sleepless man—an hour of tossing for every five minutes of slumber. He has been married for 30 years, and has been an American citizen for 22. His wife was an English actress who gave up her career soon after their wedding. Because of his stability and longevity, Boyer is presumed rich, and he probably is by anyone's standards but his own. "I'm not rich because in my most prosperous days salaries were not what they are now," he says. Rich, in Boyer's vocabulary must be a stupendous word indeed, since Boyer is reputedly worth \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000. "Charles," a friend says, "is a tightwad."

BROADWAY

Stars & Bars

Among the pleasures of playgoing in Europe is the privilege of buying a drink at a theater bar during the interval. In the U.S., theater patrons have to quench intermission thirst with a wax-enriched fruit drink, or else dash out to a neighborhood bar, there to fret about missing the second-act curtain. In an attempt to get around the New York law prohibiting the sale of liquor where no food is served, a Manhattan theater last year decided to give free drinks to its patrons. This largesse was quickly stopped by the State Liquor Authority.

Then the New York legislature finally relented last April. For a \$1,700 annual fee, theaters will be able to operate their own bars. The new law will not go into effect until Oct. 1. This was a little awkward for Arthur Cantor, producer of a revue called *The Committee* that opens next week. His solution: guests will be served drinks in "unlimited rounds" on the house before the curtain and during the 20-minute intermission during the two weeks before bar-opening time. "No exotic cocktails," says Cantor, "just hard liquor and beer."

Cole Mine

The lonesome oyster got sadder and moister. Like the Theodore Roosevelts and the A. G. Vanderbilts, he lived at Oyster Bay, but not at the same altitude. He longed for the high life. Eventually, on a round silver platter, he got his wish.

See that bivalve social climber

Feeding the rich Mrs. Hogenheimer.
Think of his joy as he gaily glides
Down to the middle of her gilded
insides—

Prudish oyster.

But not even Mrs. Hogenheimer could stomach the little o's nauseating ambitions, and up she cracked him into Oyster Bay, where he was at last content to stay, for he had had his taste of society. And vice versa.

Such a snob on the half-shell could only have been dredged by a greatly gifted hand. Yet Cole Porter's *Tale of the Oyster* has never been published. Nor, until now, has it ever been record-



PORTER WITH MERMAN (1939)
What DuBarry really was.

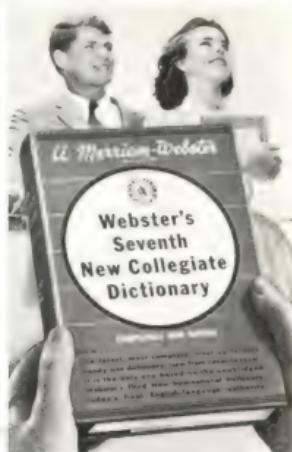
ed. It is only remembered by those Broadway theatergoers who, in 1929, happened to see Porter's *Fifty Million Frenchmen*.

But this month any record buyer can savor it in a new album called "Cole Porter Revisited." It has been assembled by Ben Bagley, an off-Broadway producer (the *Shoestring* revues) who has unearthed eleven Porter songs that have been hitherto unrecorded, plus three recorded only on now-unavailable 78 r.p.m. Some were cut from shows while they were still on the road. Others were never published at all, or if they were, the lyrics were often changed. In all cases, Bagley has revived the originals. One song from 1939's *DuBarry Was a Lady*, for example, illustrates just what sort of lady DuBarry was. Called *But in the Morning, No*, it is a seduction duet in which a man and woman practically stage an exhibition as they woo in questionable metaphor.

All the songs are timeless Porter, but, even so, some of them are as durable as coins. *I'm Throwing a Ball Tonight*, for example, was first sung in 1940's *Panama Hat*, by Ethel Merman:

I invited Wendell Willkie
I invited F.D.R.
And for photographs
I asked the staffs
of *Life*, *Look*, *Peek*, *Pie*, *Snap*,
Click, and *Harper's Bazaar*.

Ben Bagley has already issued a similar collection of artifacts from Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. After Cole Porter, he plans to revisit Noel Coward and Jerome Kern. He has two reconceived versions of Kern's *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, which was an early failure, having begun its existence, startlingly enough, as a military march called *I'm Marching Off to War*. Bagley also has some high-powered Coward, most notably an item called *Carrie Was a Careful Girl*, which is, of all things, a ballad about contraceptives.



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ART BY GUY DE ROBERTIS

CENTERPIECE AT HARTFORD
Asymmetry in goldwork.

STYLES

The Curve of the Sea Shell

Every beachcomber knows that sea shells are beautiful, yet few know they are so beautiful that once their shape inspired a style that spread across half of Europe. During the 18th century, painters, sculptors, even candlestick makers all followed the curve of the sea shell. The style was called rococo—itself an onomatopoeic image of the art—from the French word *rocaille*, meaning fancy-work in rocks and shells.

Profuse with C scrolls and S curves, rococo has often been labeled an interior decorator's art. In courtly architecture, such as Munich's dainty Amalienburg palace, plaster tendrils so slather the rooms that the ceiling is inseparable from the walls. Rococo was ornament become form, rather than the link between forms. It added asymmetry to the earlier style of baroque art, as one would add fantasy to fiction. Where the baroque was epic, rococo was lyric. It had a horror of straight lines, as if such were the symbols of reason and order.

This week in New England, rococo makes good viewing at an informative exhibit in the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Conn., and at the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute in Williamstown, Mass., which has a new acquisition (see opposite page) by the rococo painter Jean Honore Fragonard.

Hems Heavensword. Fragonard, who flippantly signed his works "Frago," was an exemplar of the rococo age. Born in 1732, he studied under Francois Boucher. He was befriended by the American minister in Paris, Benjamin Franklin, and by Madame du Barry, who commissioned him to do the series called the *Progress of Love* that is now in Manhattan's Frick Collection. One of his best-known works shows a girl

on a swing, her hem heavenward, being pushed while her lover looks up.

Although Fragonard is best known for his sensual vignettes of dalliance, he rarely reached such peaks of rococo rendering as in his *Fantasy Portraits*. Dating from the late 1760s, they are a series of 14 portraits of actual people in disguise—often in the ruffs and cuffs of the preceding century. His *The Warrior* is sterner than the rest, but still as theatrical as grease paint.

The Warrior's flamboyant pose, exaggerated sword, and improbably wrinkled clothes express the rococo flight from reality. The far-off glint in his eyes suggests the coming romantic cult of genius, the idea that reverie is greater than reason. Fragonard even more daringly juxtaposes colors, such as the reds on the yellow cheek, without transitions of tone—a foretaste of impressionism. Yet the painting's casualness—revered in its day as sublime and picturesque—is a pure rococo attitude.

Rococo flourished mostly in France. The English, with fewer aristocrats, boast little more rococo art than Hogarth. In southern Germany and Austria, the style showed itself in churches whose walls dripped with absurd cockleshell trappings: in the 1770s, the Archbishop of Salzburg had to ban all "distracting pious trumpery and theatrical representations repugnant to the true worship of God."

Aristocrats as Shepherds. From the porcelain, etchings, and gold- and silver-work at the Atheneum, it is evident that rococo was a way of life, abandoned, whimsical, undemanding. Artisanship lavished on a table centerpiece produced a jungle of gilt. The etchings tell of nature tamed in a palace park, where artificial ruins and Chinese pagodas were built to provide fantasy.

Rococo was a royal style, yet one born of relief at the passing away of the splendor and pomp of Versailles and Louis XIV. Aristocrats yearned to lay

aside their powdered wigs and play peasant. Marie-Antoinette's fake hamlet in the Trianon park was a doll's house for kings in fustian and queens in dirndls. Watteau and Boucher drew members of the nobility in shepherds' clothing. But aristocracy saw poverty as happy simplicity, not as a wretched problem. Came the French Revolution of 1789, and the wistful sound in the sea shell was no longer heard.

PAINTING

What's Art, Pop?

"By viewing nature, nature's handmaid, art, makes mighty things from small beginning grow," wrote Dryden. In the Manhattan cabaret called Second City, Satirist Severn Darden, posing as a mad Germanic art professor, explains in effect what the poet meant.

"Imagine a painter wants to paint a rather simple, ordinary landscape, say some cherry trees in blossom with leaves and grass and sky and a couple of little clouds and, to balance the sky, maybe a basketball court, and playing on the court are several nuns and one of the nuns is wearing an ape suit with long red fur and spangles—forget that. Now, to get the color of the blossoms, does he go out into the orchard and rip from the tree the blossom and bring it back with him to his atelier—or pad, as you say—and look at it under the naked light bulb? No. He does not. He goes out into the orchard with his equipment—i.e., his eyes—and he sees the blossom in its natural state, with the reflection of the green of the grass, of the seeming blue of the sky.

"And if there is something near by the blossom, for example, a bee—a bumblebee—which is yellow and black, that is reflected in the blossom. And if, hanging from the anterior, the front end of the bee, is a drop of honey, that also is reflected in the blossom. Now, reflected in the honey is an eagle, and in the mouth of the eagle is a ferret, and in the mouth of the ferret is a stoat, and in the mouth of the stoat is a shrew, and in the mouth of the shrew is a marble, and on the outside of the marble is an American flag, for example, and in each one of the 48 stars of the flag—it's an old marble—is a map of a different district of Persia in the 14th century with a little symbol showing where is produced the oil, the wine, the camel dung, and so forth. All of these are reflected through the drop of honey and come back on to the blossom. Now, the artist works for years to get this exact color, and—marvelous to relate—he is able to. But does he paint that exact color? No. Because that is nature, and he is an artist. And to show this he paints it some other color, such as black, or orange, or blue."

In sum, there's a lot of art in nature, and a little Dryden in Darden.



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EDUCATION

INTEGRATION

Cooling It in the Schools

"It has been so quiet that I'm afraid to say anything," commented a Chicago school-board member, foreseeing that schools would open without racial clashes. Knock-on-wood optimism was the prevailing mood among local officials last week, as the first of 41.2 million American public-school children hustled into classrooms for the 1964-65 term. Having obstreperously demanded more integration and better schools in boycotts and demonstrations over the past year, responsible Negroes are now mostly satisfied with quiet but significant improvements all over the country—and they do not want to stir up more white resentment before the election. Among Negroes, the word is to "cool it"; the protests over integration are coming from whites.

"Gains Already Made." It is in the big cities of the North, with their impacted Negro slums, that the easing of pressures is most urgent—and visible. Detroit has spent two-thirds of a \$90 million bond issue on new and improved schools in Negro neighborhoods. A bi-racial committee quietly formed in Cleveland has won a six-month moratorium on demonstrations for that city's new school superintendent, to give him "time to implement his program." In Los Angeles, an energetic new urban-affairs director named Sam Hammerman has brought about a close understanding between civil rights groups and the school board.

Oakland is giving its teachers lectures on anthropology, psychology and sociology to help them comprehend the Negro position. In Englewood, N.J., scene of violent Negro protests in 1962 and 1963 but 100% desegregated since then, Superintendent of Schools Mark R. Sheld reported, "We've turned the corner." Even in Boston, where the school board still refuses to admit that the system harbors *de facto* segregation and Negroes are restive, a state-appointed advisory committee gives promise of finding solutions. San Francisco Negro Leader Terry François says: "There is a growing feeling in the Negro community that more time and effort ought now to be devoted to implementation of the gains already made."

White Boycott? But planned integration of the classrooms has not proceeded without white opposition. Last month Chicago finally agreed to experimental "clusters" of schools that draw students from white and Negro neighborhoods. When the plan's author, University of Chicago Sociologist Philip M. Hauser, visited the city's Began district to explain the project, he was greeted by 200 white pickets, who hooted and cursed him from the audience. In riot-rocked Philadelphia, the school board plans to bus Negroes from overcrowded



SOCIOLOGIST HAUSER (LEFT) & HECKLER IN SOUTHWEST CHICAGO
In most cities, a welcome moratorium.

slum schools to white schools that are half-empty as a result of a big Roman Catholic school-building program. Whites are preparing a suit to block the proposed bussing on the ground that the \$220,000 annual cost would be a waste of taxpayers' money and Negroes threaten to boycott if the bussing is blocked.

In the nation's biggest school system, two citizens' groups, claiming a combined following of nearly 1,000,000, have sprung up to challenge the New York City board of education's policy favoring integration. One, calling itself the Parents and Taxpayers, is led by a formidable woman lawyer, Mrs. Rosemary Gunning, who vows: "We're not going to have totalitarian decrees forced down our throats." P.A.T. & Co. mobilized 15,000 mothers on a sleepless day last March to descend on city hall and sent 500 women swarming onto the floor of the state assembly.

Last week a state supreme-court justice rejected a P.A.T. petition to force, in effect, a referendum on the board's plan to integrate ten schools this year by "pairing." P.A.T. promptly threatened a white boycott of the schools on opening day next week—a move that would counterpoint the Negroes' paralyzing one-day boycott last February.

EDUCATION ABROAD

The Wave People

As every fan of Japanese movies knows, the hordes of feudal samurai warriors who lost their masters and sought a new place in society were called *ronin*—literally, "wave people." The people that modern Japan calls *ronin* wear not swords but the black caps of students. They are high school graduates who fail to survive the staggering competition for entrance to top

universities—100,000 this year—and go on to study on their own or attend high-priced cramming colleges to prepare for another feverish try. *Ronin* who have made three or four yearly attempts are not uncommon, and the despair of constant rejection often leads to suicide, the leading cause of death among Japanese between the ages of 15 and 24.

In a new White Paper, the Education Ministry bewails the plight of the *ronin*—and passes the blame on to Japanese social rigidity. The country has 72 states and 188 private colleges, but the *ronin* aspire chiefly to get into only four of them: the state universities of Tokyo and Kyoto and the two leading private universities, Waseda and Keio. Because old school ties at these colleges are so strong—stronger than in the U.S.'s Ivy League and even than at England's Oxford and Cambridge—graduation from one of the four is a ticket of admission to good jobs in government and industry.

Tokyo University averages nine job offers for each graduate, who is thus assured a place on the escalator that produces the nation's leaders: Premier Hayato Ikeda himself was a two-time *ronin*. Yet Tokyo now turns down four applicants for each one it accepts, and some *ronin* have been trying to get into that school for as much as eight years. Michio Nagai, a former visiting professor at Columbia who teaches sociology at Tokyo's Institute of Technology, proposes a law limiting the percentage of graduates that a company can hire from topflight Tokyo or Kyoto universities. He also suggests a nationwide system of entrance exams, like the U.S. College Boards, which would rank students by ability so that the less qualified would accept admission at less-than-Ivy schools, thus giving every roaming *ronin* a home.

MODERN LIVING

THE HOME

The New Old

By one rule of thumb, an antique is anything that costs more used than it did new. The standard is more esthetic than functional: a Louis XIV chair is often a precarious support, and a 1926 Packard roadster may be a ruinously expensive way of getting down to the supermarket. But esthetics have nothing to do with the new trend in the antique trade. Its name is "junk." True, it has to be out-of-the-ordinary junk. But to the expert spotter, every attic and old barn in the U.S. is a potential treasure-trove of salable detritus. The technique is summed up by a roadside secondhand store south of Santa Rosa, Calif., which advertises with unconscious wit: WE BUY JUNK. WE SELL ANTIQUES.

The reasons for the rise of junk are not hard to find: a yearning for hand-crafted individuality in a mass-produced world, the increasing rarity of genuine antiques of all kinds, and the prohibitive cost of beautiful ones. So, as Mme. de Sévigné might have put it, "If one can't be beautiful, one can at least be amusing." And, used sparingly and with imagination, these humble relics are often amusing indeed.

Vanishing Indians. In many a subdivision house and functional apartment, the most cherished object is an old store sign or a circus poster, a shaving mug, a spinning wheel or an ornate mailbox, a collection of cast-iron toys or a bridal bouquet under glass. Many once worthless objects, such as Victorian dolls and samplers, brass coal scuttles and decorated washbasins, are greeted with glad, excited cries of discovery. A cigar-store Indian in good condition—if you can find one—fetches up to \$1,500 today.

Manhattan is riddled with eute shops—lets run by eute young men who know just how to turn Grandmother's laundry

hamper into the most amusing planter for the living room. Real brass bedsteads might as well be made of solid gold, and signed Tiffany lamps, which sold for \$100-\$150 ten years ago, now cost \$1,500-\$2,000.

This apotheosis of the castoff has had worldwide repercussions. Paris' famed Flea Market is no longer a romantic shambles reminiscent of *The Beggar's Opera* but is getting to be more and more like a shopping center. It even has a parking lot. Flea Market stalls now sell for as much as \$50,000 each and are often manned by antique dealers from the fashionable faubourgs, St.-Germain and St.-Honoré. Their wares are mostly remarkable for their prices. On sale there last week was a velvet dog under glass for \$100, a screen commemorating the 1900 Floradora Sextet for \$80, a portrait of Lord Kimberley on glass for \$160 and a small silver-plated coin case for \$20.

No Haggling. Who pays? Parisians and tourists and antique dealers from the U.S., who have helped bid up French prices so astronomically that Flea Market dealers are beginning to do some of their own shopping on London's Portobello Road, where the spiral is also coiling upward. The oldtime tradition of haggling has become a thing of the past. "We know the value of things," says one dealer stiffly. "We mark our prices and we don't expect to bicker."

Many U.S. tourists think that there are still bargains to be had in little old shops in the country. But in France, at least, there is a good chance that the shop owners are city slickers who have cunningly disguised themselves as hick storekeepers in shawls or wide

But the U.S. is no longer the top market for traditional antiques. With Europe's economy booming, more and more Europeans are eager to buy back the antiques they sold off in the desperation of the immediate postwar depression. European dealers are often found outbidding U.S. rivals at U.S. auctions, shipping their prizes back to Europe to sell at up to 40% markup.

suspenders. London Antique Dealer George Knapp sells Americans a lot of Victorian pianos. "Preferably minus the works," he says. "Americans like to make them into bars, or put a hi-fi inside."

The profitable trade of forging antiques has happily adapted itself to the manufacturing of old junk—so much easier than turning out an 18th century piece of marquetry. To satisfy a current craze for phrenologists' heads, an excellent fake is now circulating heavily in London and New York in three sizes. Advertising the phrenology clinic of one C. Fuller and dated 1882, the porcelain is artificially cracked in a cobweb pattern and the printing is a tastefully faded blue. One of the first of them turned up on Manhattan's Third Avenue last winter, selling at \$125; in June there were dozens around London at \$70; last week they hit the Flea Market at the same price.

Other popular fakes are tradesmen's signs and old dolls, toys and jelly molds. Most of the forgeries are made in the U.S., where signs and wooden artifacts are aged half a dozen decades in about as many hours by the time-honored application of shellac and sizing, metal leaf and umber, topped off with a few wormholes supplied by an electric drill and a sound thrashing with a heavy iron chain.

FAKE OR REAL, one of the most popular items on Manhattan's First and Second Avenues these days is a pointing hand. Some people seem to think it a hilariously original way to show guests the way to the bathroom.

TRANSPORTATION

Two-Wheeled Chic

A couple of years ago, Star Koerner was a 33-year-old Chicago bachelor with a prosperous life-insurance business and a weakness for sports cars. One day a friend who was going out of town lent him his little lightweight Japanese motorcycle. "The first two nights I had it," says Koerner, "about 18 girls asked me to take them for a ride. I said to myself, 'My God, I've got to have one of these.'" Since then he has acquired not one but three and not at all incidentally a wife. The Koerners belong to a motorcycle club called the Streeterville Scramblers, whom Koerner describes as "the most unlikely motorcyclists you ever saw, mostly professional people and businessmen who've always had the forbidden-fruit desire to try it, but were afraid of the image."

Forbidden fruit or not, the Japanese look in motorbikes is a hot new trend in U.S. transportation. They are buzzing all over the place—putt-putting up and down San Francisco's hills, snaking doctor, lawyer and merchant chief through the throbomb Los Angeles freeways, threading Chicago's Loop at rush hour, heating the parking problem on Manhattan's Madison Avenue. In suburbs, they bring home the bacon and



FLEEING THE FLEA MARKET

If you can't be beautiful, be amusing at a price.



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...IT'S THE YEARS PER
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When His Lordship insists on gold cigarette lighters, His Lordship gets gold lighters . . . at \$375 each. But other clients are less imperious. They listen when we recommend Park lighters for business Christmas gifts. Why not? They're American-made and lifetime-guarantee is enclosed with lighter. But His Lordship couldn't spot the difference. For free brochure, attach your letterhead to this and mail to: Park Industries, Inc., Dept. T2, Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

PARK AMERICAN MADE



THE WHEELING KOERNERS
Forbidden fruit for Beautiful People.

buzz off to the neighbors. In hunting country they go camping and trail-riding. On campus they go on dates and even (when it rains) into dormitories. West Coast beaches have been swarming points for these polychrome mosquitos all summer long.

Tweeds & Pinstripes. The single man most responsible for the craze is an energetic, 58-year-old blacksmith's son named Soichiro Honda, who began putting motors on bicycles after World War II, soon developed a lightweight motorbike of his own design. Honda machines beat the best in Europe's Grand Prix races in 1959; then, under the high-octane direction of U.S. Sales Manager Jack McCormack (now with rival firm Suzuki), Honda went after the U.S. civilian.

McCormack was not interested in the black-leather-jacket set. He peopled his ads with hair-in-the-wind young lovers, bowler-hatted executives and pert grandmas—along with the slogan: "You meet the nicest people on a Honda." From a standing start, sales revved up to \$31,921,995 last year and an estimated \$67 million this year. Two other Japanese firms (Suzuki and Yamaha) have jumped in to share the bonanza, and their combined sales will amount to about \$28 million by year's end.

All three make a light, 50-cc. model with a top speed of 60 m.p.h. in a choice of snappy colors for less than \$300. This is the most popular model for obvious reasons, such as the ability to say "fill her up" for 30¢ and cover about 180 miles before fishing for another 30¢. Other models range up to 250 cc.—well under the roaring 350-750-cc. behemoths turned out by U.S. Manufacturer Harley-Davidson who, not surprisingly, last month rushed out its own \$225 lightweight, made in Italy.

Plumes & Horns. The little buzzers are in; *Vogue* has started photographing Beautiful People sporting the latest sreech in two-wheeled chic. But there is one jarring note: the unesthetic crash helmet, with its implications of imminent catastrophe. Perhaps plumes would help—or, for the aggressive male on the higher-powered model, Viking horns.



Have you tried the new Daiquiri Collins?

YOU CAN make this great new thirst-quencher in 30 seconds flat. All you need: Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix and dry, light Puerto Rican rum.

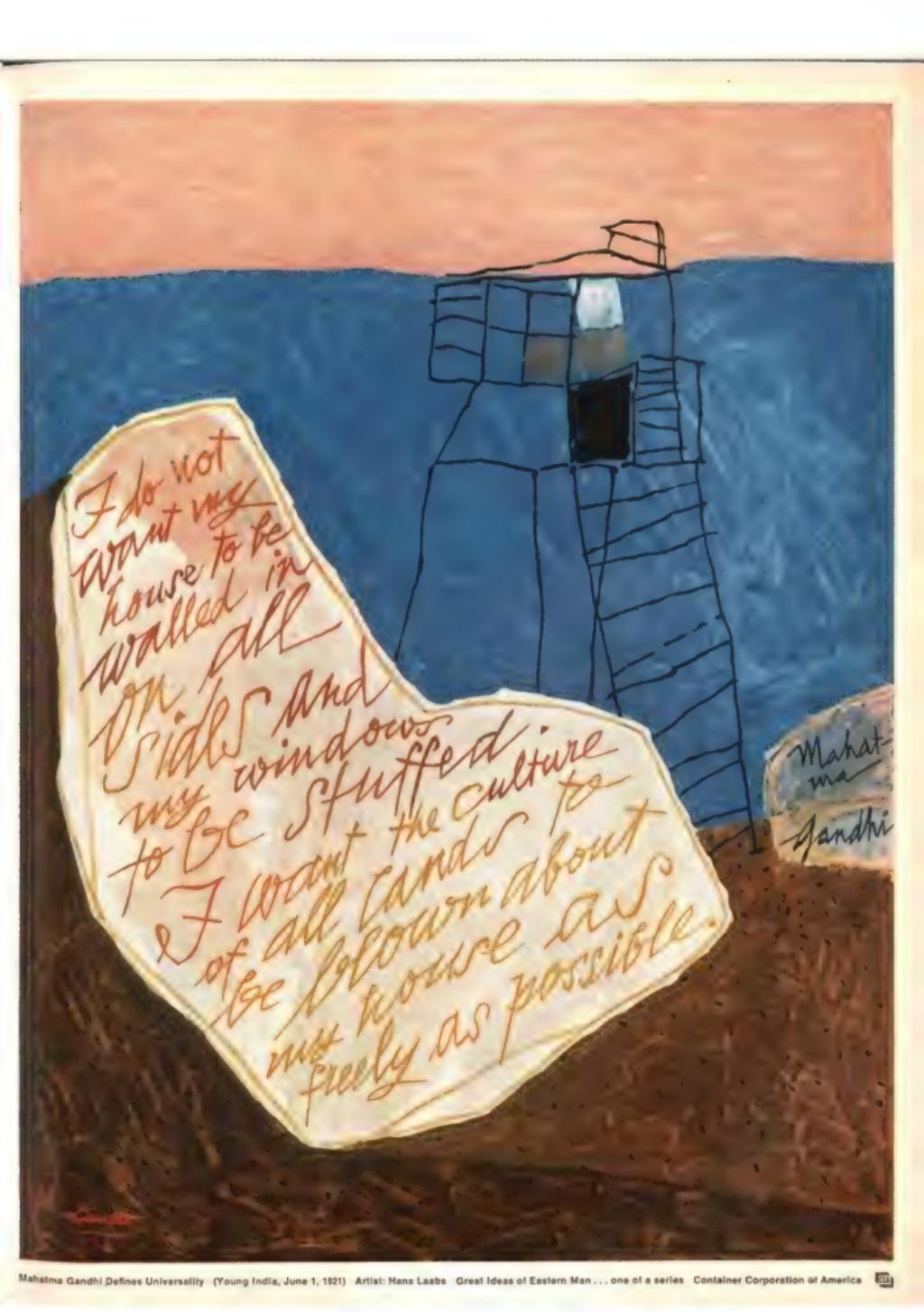
Daiquiri Mix saves you the time. Look for it in food or liquor stores.

Very important: Always insist on Puerto Rican rums—they're extra dry.

Recipe for the Daiquiri Collins: Fill a tall glass with ice. Add 1 oz. Daiquiri Mix, 2 ozs. Puerto Rican rum and a little water or club soda. Stir.

Free recipe booklet with 31 delicious rum drinks. Write: Rum Booklet, Dept. T-10, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Daiquiri Mix is distributed by Wilbur-Ellis Co., Inc., New York and Los Angeles.



I do not want my house to be walled in on all sides and my windows to be stuffed. I want the culture of all lands to be blown about my house as freely as possible.

Mahatma
Gandhi

Would you O.K. extensive use
of air freight for auto parts?



Ford did, and realized two big
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Ford Motor Company must see that thousands of different replacement parts are readily available for more than 15 million Ford vehicles.

By employing air freight, Ford has added to the effectiveness of its service pipelines to the four corners of the world. Air freight has not only helped reduce the requirements for parts storage, but

also has made possible the release of dollars otherwise needlessly tied up in inventory.

This is one example of how air freight technology has given businessmen a new marketing concept that streamlines distribution, lifts profits.

Isn't it time for you to check what air freight can do for your

company? For details, call your local airline, agent, or forwarder.

United Aircraft advances air freight technology with their own aircraft and manufacture of jet engines, propellers, environmental and control systems, and vertical lift aircraft.

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To learn the beautiful truth about
the world's perfect martini gin
try it on the rocks.

SCIENCE

OCEANOLOGY

Aluminaut & Aquanauts

Studying the depths of the sea by sonar, dredging, and instruments lowered from ships, oceanologists have so far gained about as accurate an idea of what lies below as man had about the continents back in 1750. The obvious need has been for more precise exploration of the deep. And the obvious lack, until now, has been ways and means to plunge to great depths, remain there for days or weeks at a time and explore such mysteries as the exact topography and geological composition of the ocean floor.

Fathomed Whole. Last week a deep-diving laboratory was launched by the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics Corp. in Groton, Conn., christened the *Aluminaut* and looking for all the world like a fathomed sperm whale, the craft is the world's first aluminum submarine. Its 51-ft. hull consists of eleven forged cylinders. Since aluminum's strength-to-weight ratio exceeds that of steel, the *Aluminaut*'s 6½-in.-thick shell will withstand pressures of 7,500 lbs. per sq. in. at the sub's 17,000-ft. maximum diving range. At the same time, the craft is buoyant enough to surface, submerge and operate easily under its own power.

Boasting a cruising speed of 3.8 knots and an operating range of 80 miles, the *Aluminaut* will be able to stay submerged for up to 72 hours and explore 60% of the oceans' floors. Its three-man crew—a captain and two scientists—will have two tons of scientific gear at their disposal. All of this should lead to important new discoveries in oceanology, marine biology and undersea geology—plus practical profits. The *Aluminaut* may hold out interesting possibilities in ship salvage, in drilling for oil and mining from the bottom of the ocean, says Reynolds Metals Executive Vice President J. Louis Reynolds, who conceived the aluminum submarine idea back in 1942.



CHRISTENING AT GROTON, CONN.
Success and a promise of more.

Helium Quack. Oceanologists, meanwhile, have not been idly waiting around for the *Aluminaut* to show up. This summer, in waters off Bermuda, the U.S. Navy has carried out an experiment in underwater living. For nine days last month four U.S. aquanauts lived in a cigar-shaped, 40-ft.-long contraption named *Sealab I*, resting in the coral-covered crater of an extinct volcano 192 ft. below the surface. The experiment proved that aquanauts could live and work for long periods of time hundreds of feet below the surface, thus eliminating the need for repeated and lengthy decompressions and making practical such sustained jobs as oil-well drilling and underwater mining.

The next step for *Sealab* is a deeper dive, possibly 300 ft. next summer, and then a month's stay at 600 ft. And this fall, Reynolds Metals' *Aluminaut* is scheduled to undergo intensive sea trials off the Bahamas.

STANDARDS

For a Second

Time was when a second was 1/60th of a minute. Or 1/3600th of an hour. Or 1/86400th of a day. But all of this assumes that the earth takes 24 hours to turn on its axis, which it does not. By scientists' standards, not only is the earth's spin uneven, it is positively erratic. Between 1680 and 1800 the earth slowed down enough to lose 27/100ths of a second. During the 19th century it picked up nearly 3/100ths of a second. Then it slowed down again between 1900 and 1920. And lately the giddy old world has been speeding up again.

So, for science's sake, the International Bureau of Weights and Measures will discuss at its meeting in Paris next month the adoption of a new official standard for measuring a second. If a new standard is adopted, a second will be as long as 9.192,631,770 cycles of vibration of a cesium atom. No more, no less. Well, perhaps.

APPLIED SCIENCE

The Man with the Powerful Kick

Robert E. Wilson liked to joke that "I pose as a businessman when talking to scientists and as a scientist when talking to businessmen." The confusion was natural. Over the years Wilson was a research chemist, the chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana, a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, chairman of the American Oil Co. Occupational pigeonholers marked him down as an applied scientist—a term that in Wilson's case meant a complete man using his varied talents completely.

In the Family. Wilson won scientific credentials aplenty—a B.S. from M.I.T. (1916), an M.I.T. associate professorship in chemical engineering, 90



BOB WILSON

Complete, and completely fulfilled.

patents for petrochemical inventions, 120 scientific papers. But even more winning was his impact on other men. Presenting him with the Society of Chemical Industry's Perkin Medal in 1943, American Chemical Society President Thomas Midgley Jr. couldn't help recalling an 1895 picnic in Beaver Falls, Pa., where both he and Wilson were born. Midgley was being bullied by a gang of "incipient hoodlums." Up came Mrs. Wilson with two-year-old Bobby. "Kick the naughty boys," commanded mother, and Wilson kicked. "Everybody laughed, including me," reported Midgley. "The operation was a huge success."

Wilson kept on kicking. While board chairman at Standard of Indiana, he kicked a group of industrialists into starting a program of corporate support for private colleges and science graduate students. He kicked his own company into adopting Ethyl gasoline. And he then kicked himself into public service.

Down with Monopoly. A double-threat scientist-administrator on the Atomic Energy Commission from 1960 until early this year, Wilson fought to end Government monopoly in the atomic-energy field—and was largely responsible for legislation, passed last month, permitting private ownership of atomic materials.

Windng up his stint as an AEC commissioner, Wilson got a grateful letter from President Johnson: "Your outstanding performance and the high esteem with which you are regarded as a scientist, a businessman and a public servant must be a source of satisfaction to you as your years of public service come to an end." But somehow Bob Wilson never settled down. Last month he journeyed to Geneva to work as an adviser to the U.S. delegation at the U.N. International Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy. There, last week, still in the public service, he died of a stroke at 71.

SPORT

BASEBALL

Old Potato Face

[See Cover]

It was a ritual to which he had become accustomed and which he accepted, unwillingly but gracefully. Grouped around the desk in the Baltimore clubhouse were half a dozen reporters for the usual post-mortem. They watched Hank Bauer reduce an empty beer can to tin foil with one quick crunch of his hammy fist. "They gotta catch us," Bauer announced. "And if we keep winning, they can't, can they?" Silence. "But Hank," somebody wanted to know, "is the long summer beginning to get to your players?"

Bauer's mashed-potato face flushed crimson. Muscles rippled malevolently

baseball season, locked in a death-or-derring-do battle for the American League pennant. Call it the year the American League made a game out of baseball again.

It is the year the Christians eat the lions, the year the worms grow teeth, the year the sharecroppers foreclose on the banks. The National League race, too, has provided its share of thrills—even if it is winding up as quietly as a Quaker meeting. For two weeks it has been clear to all but bitter-enders and Cincinnatians that Gene Mauch's amazing Philadelphia Phillies—the laughingstock of the league just three years ago—are too far ahead to be caught. But there are other mysteries to marvel at: the careless collapse of the San Francisco Giants, the frantic

HERB SCHAFMAN/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



MANAGER BAUER AT DESK

He who reams last, reams best.

in his chest. Beer from a fresh, full can splattered on the desk. "What the hell kind of question is that?" he rasped. A longer silence. Finally, Bauer smiled and hoisted the dewy can. "Nanaah," he said. "The head don't bother them, 'cause they drink this here good beer." And with that, the manager of the Baltimore Orioles marched off, stark naked, to the shower.

Haunting Melody. It started back in April, while the buds were still hard on the maple trees and the New York Yankees were losing four of their first five games—the first faint notes of a haunting melody. It grew steadily in volume through the summer, while the Orioles and the Chicago White Sox jockeyed back and forth for the lead. Last week it reached its shimmering, cymbalistic crescendo as all three teams entered the last, climactic month of the 1964

frustration of the World Champion Los Angeles Dodgers, the night the Japanese finally broke into the U.S. big leagues. If that is not enough, there is always the curious sale of the Yankees to CBS and the wondrous hitting of Minnesota's Tony Oliva, a champion in his rookie year.

But not since 1948, when the Cleveland Indians and the Boston Red Sox wound up deadlocked for the lead at season's end—with the Yankees bare two games behind—has the American League had a pennant race to compare. In five months the lead has changed hands as often as an Indian-head penny. Yogi Berra's Yankees, crippled as they were by injuries, have been in first place seven times; Al Lopez' White Sox, the punchless wonders, have visited there on eleven separate occasions; and Hank Bauer's Baltimore Orioles have

tried twelve times to build themselves a permanent nest on the slippery topmost branch. With just 27 games to play, it is still anybody's race—and the fans love it.

The pennant-fever bug is even infecting the also-rans—for the simple reason that the three top teams have already played each other all the times the schedule calls for. Now the decision is in the hands of the Angels—or so thought the midweek crowd of 25,033 that turned out to watch Los Angeles play the New York Yankees last week. The same weekday night, up at Minnesota, the Twins packed them in for a game with the league-leading Orioles, and so did the White Sox when they entertained the Detroit Tigers.

Nowhere has the disease struck with more violence than in Baltimore, where the cops patrol their beats with wires to transistor radios dangling from their ears, and a stripper on "The Block" stops in mid-hump to ask, "Any score on the Birds yet?" On urban Bolton Hill, superstitious fans sit nervously in front of TV sets, crossing left legs over right when a lefthanded Oriole comes to bat, right over left for righthanders. And in a midtown advertising agency, Copywriter Robert Goodman sits down and in four days knocks out music and lyrics for his *Pennant Fever* record album:

We've got a do-the-impossible Oriole team.

We've got a palpitating, Yankees-hating Oriole team.

We've got a clutch-hitting, never-quitting Oriole team.

In four weeks the album has sold 14,000 copies to the fans who are flocking into Memorial Stadium in such numbers that the team is certain to break its alltime attendance record this year—all of them cheering and hollering and clapping so wildly that no one thought it strange recently when one enthusiastic lady dislocated her shoulder and had to be taken to the hospital.

If the Orioles do win the American League pennant, they will be the most improbable champions in years. There is not a single solid .300 hitter on the club, not a single pitcher remotely able to win 20 games, not a single slugger with a chance for 125 RBIs. The best pitcher, 19-year-old Wally Bunker (season's record: 14-4), worked only four big-league innings before this year. The best run producer, hulking Outfielder Boog Powell (31 home runs, 80 RBIs), is sidelined with a chipped bone in his wrist. The most promising new acquisition, First Baseman Norm Siebern, is suffering through the worst season of his career at the plate. The No. 1 relief pitcher, Stu Miller, a \$30,000 man, has given up 10 runs in his last 17 innings.

Then what do the Orioles have? They have Brooks Robinson, the best third baseman in the American League, who almost singlehandedly beat the Chicago

White Sox three out of four last month, clouting eight hits (including two homers) and driving in six runs. They have Pitcher Steve Barber, who can't lick anybody else but has won three apiece from the White Sox and Yankees. They have Rookie Outfielder Sam Bowens, who hits one home run for every four times he strikes out (19 HRs, 84 Ks), and Shortstop Luis Aparicio, who leads both leagues with 50 stolen bases. And Milt Pappas (né Miltiades Stergios Papastagiatis), who might be the best pitcher around if he weren't bored by the ease of it all.

They also have Henry Albert Bauer, 42, the brightest and ugliest face in baseball, who should be a cinch for Manager of the Year, even if the Orioles lose all their remaining games and wind up 25 games out of first.

Gorgon & Thor. Hank Bauer is the kind of man everybody wants for a friend—because only a suicide would want him for an enemy. When he frowns, Gorgon shudders. When he talks, Thor answers. He is all bituminous at heart, but he is hewn of anthracite. Bauer looks, says one Oriole player, "like an M-1 ready to go off." He commands respect, he commands obedience, and he commands a certain amount of controversy. His own boss, Oriole General Manager Lee MacPhail, calls him "no great shakes as a baseball strategist" and says that he "manages by instinct." But Third Baseman Robinson, who prides himself on being a strategist, says: "On the plays Hank has pulled that I don't agree with, he has proved to be right 95% of the time." One thing is certain: if the Baltimore Orioles do win the pennant, they will win it because of Bauer. Just a year ago, essentially the same Oriole team was stumbling along in fourth place, 14½ games off the pace.

For Baltimore, winning the American League pennant—or just beating those Double Damn Yankees—would be sweet revenge indeed. Baltimore and baseball once went together like Boston and beans: the original Orioles won three straight National League pennants in the 1890s. Then came disaster: Star Players John J. McGraw and Iron Man Joe McGinnity jumped their contracts, and in 1903 the franchise was sold to a group of New Yorkers for \$18,000. Renamed the Highlanders, the migrating Birds sang no songs in New York either—until they began calling themselves the Yankees and hired a kid from the sandlots of Baltimore named George Herman Ruth.

It took Baltimore 51 years just to get back to the big leagues. Finally, in 1954, the St. Louis Browns packed up and moved East. Browns or Orioles, they were still the worst team in baseball, but Baltimore greeted them like champs. ON TO THE PENNANT, whooped the normally staid Morning Sun, and a monumental welcoming parade tied up traffic for hours. Baltimore Poet Laureate

ate Ogden Nash dashed off a ditty to celebrate the rabidians' day:

Wee Willie Keeler runs through the town,

All along Charles Street in his night-gown,

Belling like a hound dog gathering the pack,

Hey, Willbert Robinson, the Orioles are back.

Hey, Hughie Jennings, hey, John McGraw.

I got fire in my eye and tobacco in my jaw.

Hughie, hold my halo, I'm sick of being a saint;

Got to teach the youngsters to hit 'em where they ain't.

Fair or Foul. The fledgling Orioles needed teaching, all right. That first season they wound up 57 games out of first place. Next year they finished seventh; then sixth. Baltimore fans hardly seemed to notice: "Bushers," visiting players called the crowds for screaming like banshees at every ball the Orioles hit—fair or foul. At last, in 1960, there was something worth cheering about: under Manager Paul Richards, that old shrewdie, the Orioles flew all the way up to second place. In 1961, after a bad start, they won 95 games—a club record. Aha, said the never-die fans—just wait till next year. But then Richards quit to become general manager of the Houston Colts, and the job of winning a pennant went to Billy Hitchcock, soft-hearted Southerner who had never managed a big-league team.

Quick to take advantage of Hitchcock's easygoing ways, the Orioles became the playboys of the league, yukked it up at night—and skidded back to seventh place. Attendance plummeted—off 160,000 in 1962, another 16,000 last year. Hitchcock quarreled bitterly with sportswriters, insisting: "They're trying to get me fired." Oriole players were openly contemptuous of Hitchcock. "What kind of manager does that?" snorted one player, after the Orioles dropped five straight, and Hitchcock cheerfully announced: "Boys, the beer's on me." Says General Manager Lee MacPhail: "I don't think everything that happened was Billy's fault. But a change had to be made."

MacPhail put in a call to Yankee Owner Dan Topping. Was Yogi Berra available for the job? No, Topping replied: Yogi was going to manage the Yankees in 1964. Then MacPhail sounded out Eddie Stanky—but Stanky wanted a long-term contract. Finally, MacPhail found his man right in the Baltimore dugout: Oriole Coach Hank Bauer. Said Bauer, "I don't know whether I'm the first, second, third or 20th choice for this job, but I'll say one thing—if it was offered to anyone else, they were crazy not to accept. It makes me feel good."

Make It Hurt. And Bauer obviously intended to keep that happy feeling. To make sure the Orioles knew how



PAPPAS PITCHING

REED SCHAFFER—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



ROBINSON FIELDING

REED SCHAFFER—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



POWELL BATTING

They stop the stripper in mid-bump.



HERMAN, MARY & HANK (1932)

Fire in the eye.

to spell boss, he made it extra-clear in his first and just about only club-house meeting. "I've got a job to do, and you've got a job to do," rasped Bauer. "I'm paid to manage, and you're paid to play." Next came Bauer's Rules of Behavior: a midnight curfew, jacket and tie at all times on the road, no drinking at the hotel where the team was staying.

Then there were Bauer's Rules of Play—no cute stuff, no tricks, just straightforward baseball. For pitchers: "When I come out to that mound, don't give me a lot of bull; just give me the ball." For outfielders: "Make damn sure you don't miss that cutoff man with your throw." For base runners: "Break up the double play. Go in hard. Make it hurt." Labor-management relations would remain cordial, he said, just so long as the employees remembered their place: "If I'm out somewhere and a player comes in, I don't want him to turn around and walk out just because I'm there. I expect him to say hello, have a drink—and then get out."

Standing there, studying that face, watching those traplike hands, the Orioles decided that Bauer was for real—at least, most of them. First Baseman Jim Gentile probably thought he was being funny when he walked up to Bauer last winter and grinned: "Hello, Hitler!" Gentile now labors for last-place Kansas City. Outfielder Willie Kirkland showed up three days late for spring training. Bauer fined him \$100 for each day, then sold him to Washington—a comedown that could cost Willie approximately \$10,000 in bonus money if the Orioles win the pennant. Three young players who missed a midnight curfew by 20 minutes got off

with lighter sentences: two laps around the field, double time. "Just remember," said Bauer, "if you ream me, I got the last ream."

Always a Bloody Nose. Tough words. Tough man. He has to be, growing up as he did in East St. Louis, Ill., the youngest of nine children born to John Bauer, an Austrian immigrant who turned to bartending after he lost a leg working in an aluminum mill. Money was scarce around the Bauer household: he wore baby clothes made out of old feed sacks. In junior high school, Hank weighed only 102 lbs., and his sister Mary begged him to give up smoking. "That's the reason you're not growing," she insisted. Hank kept right on smoking—and wading into street fights. "He was a real dead-end kid," says Brother Joe, 58. "Always going around with a bloody nose."

At Central Catholic High School,



WITH WARTIME BUDDIES
Shrapnel in the back.

Bauer won his C's in baseball and basketball—plus a permanently misshapen nose (the result of a collision with an opponent's elbow under the basket). After graduation, Hank worked for a while repairing furnaces in a beer-bottling plant. In 1941 his older brother Herman, a White Sox farm hand, wangled him a pro tryout. Hank landed with Oshkosh in the Class D Wisconsin State League. But he hardly burned up the bushes. Alternating between infield and outfield, he batted a measly .262. The manager thought he might be a pitcher. Earned-run average in three games: 5.03. "I tried a curve once," grins Bauer, "but nothing happened."

"I Can Swim." Bauer never went back to Oshkosh. One day in January 1942, he stopped by the local court-

house and enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps. Boot camp was a breeze ("I never had to scrub a barracks with a toothbrush or anything"), and there was even a baseball team at Mare Island, Calif., where Hank was awaiting shipment to the Pacific. But the easy life came to an abrupt halt. "One morning," says Hank, "this sergeant came up to me and said, 'Why don't you volunteer for the Raider battalion?' I said okay. But the first thing they told me was, 'You've got to swim a mile with a full pack on your back.' I said, 'Hell, I can't even swim,' and they turned me down. I told the sergeant what happened. He said, 'You gutless s.o.b., go back down there.' So I told them I knew how to swim. They took me."

Bauer came down with malaria almost as soon as he hit the South Pacific. "My weight dropped from 190 lbs. to 160 lbs.," he says. "I was eating atabrine tablets like candy." Temporarily recovered (over the next four years, Bauer had 24 malarial attacks), he fought on New Georgia, was hit in the back by shrapnel on Guam. (Years later in New York, Yankee Relief Pitcher Joe Page delighted in picking small pieces of debris out of Bauer's back.) Next came Emirau off New Guinea, then Okinawa. Sixty-four men were in Platoons. Sergeant Bauer's landing group on Okinawa: six got out alive. Hank himself was wounded again. "I saw this reflection of sunshine on something coming down. It was an artillery shell, and it hit right behind me." A piece of shrapnel tore a jagged hole in Bauer's left thigh. His part of the war was over—after 32 months of combat, eleven campaign ribbons, two Bronze Stars, two Purple Hearts.

"Damn, You've Growned." Baseball, as far as Bauer could see, was best forgotten. Who wanted a shrapnel-pocked outfielder with malaria? He joined the pipe fitters' union in East St. Louis, got



THE BAUERS AFTER '58 WORLD SERIES
Bats in the basement.

a job as a wrecker, dismantling an old factory. His brother Joe Bauer was tending bar at a neighborhood pub, and Hank started dropping by for a beer after work. That was where a roving baseball scout named Danny Menendez found him. "Menendez was asking Joe whatever happened to his 'little brother, Hank,'" laughs Bauer, by then a strapping 190-lb. six-footer. "I tapped him on the shoulder. 'That's me.' He took one look and said, 'Damn, you've grown!'" Menendez instantly offered him a tryout with the Quincy, Ill., Gems, a Class B Yankee farm club. Terms: \$175 a month, a \$25 raise if he made the team, plus a \$250 bonus. Bauer went home to pack.

Bauer stayed at Quincy just long enough to demonstrate that the Marines certainly do make men out of boys. His .323 average put him up with the Triple A Kansas City Blues, where he responded by hitting .313 in 1947, .305 in 1948, and batted even higher with the pretty club secretary, Charlene Friede: they were married in the fall of 1949. By then, Bauer was already the proud possessor of the most cherished emblem in baseball: a set of pinstriped Yankee flannels. Called up in the final weeks of the 1948 pennant race, he arrived like a rookie's dream: three singles in his first three trips to the plate. The sad awakening came later. In all of September, Hank managed to collect just six more hits. At season's end his average was .180.

Everything Hard. Around the Yankees, .180 hitters usually catch the first milk train back to the farm. Not Bauer: he was around for eleven years, nine pennants and seven world championships. He was no DiMaggio, no Ruth, no Gehrig, no Mantle. He never hit more than 26 homers in a single season, never made more than \$34,500 a year, never led the league in anything—except hustle. And that made him a Yankee great.

When it came to crunching into the stadium wall after a fly ball, sliding on a raw strawberry to bulldoze a double play, or just plain terrorizing the opposition, Bauer was the man. His strength was the talk of the league: in a playful scuffle one day, he popped a friend on the chest—and sent him to the hospital with a broken rib. His base running was murderous: "When Hank came down that base path," shudders ex-Boston Shortstop Johnny Pesky, "the whole earth trembled." His will to win was awesome. "It's no fun playing if you don't make somebody else unhappy," he once said. "I do everything hard." Even Manager Casey Stengel tipped his cap: "That fellas Bauer, he had qualities of which there were four. He'd report on time. He was there for practice, and he would fight the whole season—with all that was in his body."

Baseball men still talk about two incredible plays. In 1955 the Yankees were playing the Detroit Tigers when

Pitcher Bob Turley served up a gopher ball to the Tigers' Harvey Kuenn. "It was right at the Yankee Stadium scoreboard," says Turley, now a pitching coach with the Boston Red Sox. "Hank couldn't quite catch up to the ball. But somehow, God only knows how, he got close enough to tip it with his bare hand—and flip it right into Mickey Mantle's glove. Hank crashed into the scoreboard, bounced off and trotted back to right-field." Then there was the last game of the 1951 World Series, against the New York Giants. Bauer had put the Yankees ahead with a bases-loaded triple. But the Giants rallied in the ninth inning. Two men were on, two were out,

that look of his, I dressed and ran. As it turned out, I won the game. Afterward, Bauer came over. 'Whitey,' he said, 'if you'd lost that game, you'd been dead.'"

There were bad moments too. There was, for instance, the celebrated "Copacabana incident" in 1957. A Bronx delicatessen owner sued Bauer for \$250,000, claiming that Hank had punched him and broken his jaw. That was silly: a Bauer punch would have broken him into little pieces. But Hank was still hauled off to a police station, photographed, fingerprinted and booked—"just like a criminal." Partly on the strength of Yogi Berra's now-classic tes-

KODAK—THE SPORTING NEWS



CATCHING YVARS' FLY IN 1951 WORLD SERIES
But losing pride means losing everything.

and the score was 4-3 when the Giants sent up Sal Yvars as a pinch hitter. Yvars blooped a sinking liner into right-field. The sensible thing would have been to play it on one hop, let the tying run score, and hold the other base runner. A misplay could mean the ball game. Rushing in, Bauer lunged, stumbled, fell to his knees, slid a good 10 ft., and stuck out his glove. Then, like a gladiator displaying the sawed-off head of his enemy, he triumphantly held the glove high in the air to show everyone the ball, nestled snugly in the pocket.

How to Drink. On or off the field, his value to the Yankees was priceless. "Bauer taught me how to dress, how to talk—and how to drink," says Mickey Mantle, remembering how he arrived from Commerce, Okla., wearing a straw hat and carrying a \$4 cardboard suitcase. "I'll never forget the first game I pitched for the Yankees," says Whitey Ford. "I came flying into the locker room at 1 p.m. I had overslept. Nobody said anything, but Bauer gave me

timony—"Nobody never hit nobody nohow"—a Manhattan grand jury cleared Bauer of the charge. Another sore point: the cavalier way the Yankees traded Bauer off to Kansas City in 1959—notifying the press, but not him.

Yet that sadly depressing trade proved to be the biggest break of Bauer's career. After a so-so 1960 season (.275 average, three homers), the aging outfielder was summoned to a meeting with Kansas City Owner Charles O. Finley and General Manager Frank Lane. "How would you like to manage one of our minor-league farm clubs?" asked Lane. Replied Bauer: "I'd like a shot at managing, but I don't think I'm interested in going back to the minors." Announced Finley: "Well, then, you're the new manager of the Kansas City ball club."

Bauer, naturally, did not get along with Finley. Nobody does. A cigar-chewing Chicago insurance man who made \$10 million at his trade, Finley runs his ball club like a child playing



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with a Roger Maris Baseball Game. He battles constantly with sportswriters, radio owners, league officials. And he discards managers the way women throw away hats.

In 1961 Bauer's Athletics won 72 games—their second-best showing ever. Finley still insisted that Bauer play certain men, bench others, ordered him to tell Manny Jimenez, the club's rookie sensation (.301, eleven homers in 1962), to stop slicing singles and start swinging for the fences. Bauer ground his teeth—and followed orders. Last Jimenez average plummeted 20 points, and he did not hit a single home run. Bauer, gratefully, had long since left. There were still two days to go in the 1962 season when he announced that he was quitting: "When a man loses his pride, he loses everything." Then he signed on with the Orioles as a coach under Billy Hitchcock.

Nine Black Bats. Hank Bauer may have quit the A's—but not Kansas City. It has been his off-season home ever since he arrived in 1947, a young pipe fitter who figured himself "good enough to play Triple A ball, nothing more." The Bauers' neat grey-brick house in suburban Prairie Village is stocked with the usual mementos of Hank's playing career: bronze-dipped spikes and gloves, plaques, pictures, and a rack of nine shiny black World Series bats, one for each of Hank's years as a member of the champion Yankees. But it is also a repository for athletic equipment of a more humble nature. There are the gloves and bats that belong to Hank Bauer Jr., 13, slugging first baseman and outfielder for Malfair's champions of the Johnson County Columbia League, and Herman Bauer, 8, winner of the 1964 "Hustle Award" on the Hot Stove League team sponsored by the Johnson County Y.M.C.A. There is the bowing gear of Daughter Bebe Bauer, 10, and the toys of Kelly Bauer, 7. Then there is Papa Bauer's proudest possession: the gunrack, with its eight shotguns, all oiled and ready for Hank's annual fall pheasant-hunting trip to South Dakota.

But fall, for Hank Bauer, may come a little late this year. Way back in July the Baltimore Orioles reserved 47 rooms at Philadelphia's Warwick Hotel for the second week in October. By week's end it looked as though they might just be picking up the keys. But it was going to be a battle all the way. The second-place Chicago White Sox split with Detroit and beat Cleveland 6-5. The third-place Yankees lost two out of three to Los Angeles, mostly because they scored only six runs in 27 innings—none at all in the nine pitched by Los Angeles Ace Dean Chance, who won his 17th. But they rebounded against Kansas City 9-7. Hank Bauer's Orioles had all they could do to stay in first place. They took two out of three from Minnesota—one of them on a magnificent one-hitter by Miltiades Stergius Papa-

"Dad... can I have \$20,000 for college?"



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In both public and private colleges, the costs of education have risen sharply in recent years. At an average private school, for example, the annual expense is about \$3,000. By 1974 the cost will have soared to \$5,220—and it will continue to rise about 5% each year.

These are the frightening figures facing today's parents. They are spelled out in detail in a timely new booklet written especially for New York Life by a nationally known authority on education. He points out the increasing importance of education beyond high school. "Generally, the youngster who goes to college will gain faster job advancement, higher income and greater economic security than the youth who does not."

Planning is the key. This expert holds out the hope that "any qualified student can find a suitable school to go to"—and will if parents plan ahead realistically. He suggests that "the earlier you start, the easier and cheaper it is to accumulate the funds you need." There are many ways available to finance a college education: long-term loans, installment loans, personal long-range savings, government bonds, stocks, life insurance and a variety of scholarships. The booklet tells you the comparative advantages of each.

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Each week, TIME reports the current answers to this constant question—from every field in which people, places and events are making history.

Hold that light with
BOND STREET
THE PIPE TOBACCO THAT
STAYS LIT

stedgios—only to run into the red-hot Angels and get burned 7-1. Bauer took the loss in stride. "This is the way I see it," he said. "We'll take four out of six against Washington, Kansas City, Minnesota and Los Angeles. We'll take two out of three from Cleveland. We'll split four with Detroit. That gives us 99 wins—and that's enough."

Hey, Hank, wait a minute! But Hank Bauer had already picked up his towel, slung it over his shoulder, and was striding toward the shower.

SAILING

Connie to the Defense

Day after day in the final America's Cup trials, only the lightest of breezes rippled Rhode Island Sound, and day after day *Constellation* gently wafted to victory on the 7- and 8-knot whis-

Ridder, 46, her skipper and part owner. Though Ridder is a crackjack blue-water sailor, he never could get the better of *Eagle*'s Bill Cox. So he turned the start and the all-important windward legs over to his second in command, Bob Bavier, 46. "It takes a big man to remain in the background while another man steers his dream," said a crew member, but Ridder wanted the cup more than the dream.

Bavier's special excellence is getting the last fraction of a knot out of his sails and hull. Not a man for complex tactics, he left most of the maneuvering to Cox, instead concentrated on speed. With that strategy, he lost only once in seven races—and then in fluky breezes that wandered all round the compass. Five of the six wins were not even close. That still left *Eagle* with the better overall record for the trials (19-10 v. *Conn*-



CO-HELMSEN BAVIER & RIDDER

A master at the helm, a big man in command.

pers. "Ah, but wait for the heavy weather," smiled *American Eagle* fans.

One afternoon last week the wind kicked up to 15 knots—hardly a roaring nor'easter but plenty stiff for *Eagle* to show what she had. And that was not enough. *Constellation* boomed out ahead after the start, tucked *Eagle* neatly into her backwind, was 43 sec. ahead rounding the first mark, and wound up clobbering *Eagle* by 4 min. 29 sec. Less than two hours later, Commodore Henry Morgan, chairman of the New York Yacht Club Selection Committee, stepped aboard *Connie* at her moorings. "It is my very happy duty," he said, "to announce that *Constellation* has been selected to defend the America's Cup in September."

Sailor & Sportsman. It was a long sail for the newly built 12 meter. In the opening sets of trials, *Eagle* and her skipper William Cox seemed able to beat anything without wings. What made *Connie* the better boat eventually was a difficult—and genuinely sportsmanlike—move on the part of Eric

nies 18-11), but there could be no question as to which was now the faster, better-crewed boat.

"In Gorgeous Shape." *Constellation*'s next appointment is Sept. 15, in the best four out of seven races against Britain's *Sovereign*. The boat picked two days later to become the 19th challenger in the 113-year history of the America's Cup. She has done well, too—soundly thrashing rival *Kurrewa V* in six of the eight races in their final trials.

The plan for *Connie* will be the same: Bavier at the helm, Ridder probably spelling him on some off-the-wind legs. The boat itself is just about perfect. "We've got our sails in just gorgeous shape," says Bavier. Some have gone back to the sailmaker as many as ten times; they will all be stored away until the big day. "I think we have the best 12 meter that ever floated," adds the proud helmsman. "Well," don't be the first to lose to the British," laughed *Eagle* Skipper Cox, offering his congratulations. "My God," said Ridder, "what an appalling thought."

LIFE

SPECIAL ISSUE
Japan

SEPTEMBER 11 • 1964 • 25¢

Out today, a special issue on JAPAN

This week's special issue of LIFE captures all the contradictions of this ancient, yet remarkably modern nation.

You'll see a people who enjoy communal bathing yet value privacy, whose favorite sports include baseball and archery from horseback, who have no trouble professing two religions and value new ideas from the West as much as old ones from the East.

The issue includes exclusive articles by Ambassador Reischauer and Arthur Koestler—reports on Japan's emperor, her thriving industry, her lovely women and the staggering growth of her largest city.

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radios. The list of Bendix innovations, improvements and refinements is long—and growing.

Today as major suppliers of both original equipment and automotive replacement parts, Bendix continues to play a major role in the gigantic task of keeping America moving ahead.

And tomorrow? Tomorrow is now in the Bendix laboratories where new steering and throttle systems and new types of caliper disc brakes, plus dozens of other devices now in the experimental stage, promise to make your future motoring easier, safer and more economical than ever before.



race cars,



second cars,



cars driven by little old ladies.



And on cars nobody has driven yet.



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THE FUTURE

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Central to all St. Louis activity: Statler Hilton. Businessmen really go for this hotel. They know they can count on intelligent message handling. And get a wide range of services—even an interpreter if needed. Your studio-type accommodation can double as an office. The hotel's four restaurants are among the topmost in a city noted for fine food. You'll find the Cafe Rouge and the Terrace Dining Room superb spots for the social side of business. If short on time—order a famous specialty—like prime beef—sent right to your room.

Steele headquarters in Hartford: Statler Hilton. You'll feel plenty refreshed, work better, too, at the Statler Hilton. All rooms have panoramic windows. Most overlook Bushnell Park and the Capitol building. If you plan a meeting here, the P.R. staff will be glad to arrange for TV, press and radio coverage. Come by plane and a limousine will meet you. By train, you're only a block away. Among the niceties—when you need a suit pressed, leave it in the servidor and a valet will pick it up and deliver it without disturbing you.

At the terminus of N.Y. State Thruway: Statler Hilton, Buffalo, N.Y. On Niagara Square, civic center of the city. Within a three block radius, you'll find all principal office buildings, shops and amusements. All terminals are nearby. And city transportation stops at the door. If you happen to forget your razor, don't worry. There's an overnight kit in your room—complete with razor, comb, toiletries and sleeping garment. While here, don't miss a tour to nearby Niagara Falls. You can arrange for it right in the hotel. And if you're planning a meeting we've superb facilities for up to 1100 persons.

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U.S. BUSINESS

LABOR

Doubts Amid Plenty

U.S. labor has never had it so good—or been so troubled in the midst of plenty. As orators across the nation delivered their Labor Day speeches this week, a far more eloquent statement of labor's healthy condition could be found in the statistics. The average weekly manufacturing wage has risen to an all-time high of \$103. Despite a slight August rise in unemployment to 5.1% of the work force—mainly among young, unskilled, nonunion workers—employment has risen to 72.1 million, and some 275,000 factory jobs have been created in the past year. Strikes during the first six months of 1964 were at one of the lowest levels since World War II.

Submerged Problems. Despite all this, the American labor movement in 1964



CALIFORNIA DOCK WORKERS

is haunted by anxiety about the future and by a conviction that prosperity has only succeeded in submerging, not eliminating, its nagging problems. Organized labor considers automation a constant threat, particularly in such declining industries as coal and shipping. At the same time, there is the prospect of a vastly increasing influx of teen-agers, whose unemployment rate has reached 15%, into a job market that is already crowded. Age is also a problem in the unions, where labor leaders have grown old, tired and divided, generally failing to groom young men to take their places. Unimaginative union leadership has failed to organize the growing ranks of white-collar workers, and union membership—now on the rise after a long decline—stands at about 22.2% of the labor force v. 25.2% in 1953.

Amid these portents, the U.S. laboring man in his great variety—from the sandhog in the bowels of a city to the window washer high above, from the production line worker to the sedentary clerk—has taken a historic step. Now that he has more money than ever, he has turned to the next need: security. In current contract negotiations throughout the U.S., the stress is on job security, early retirement and increased pensions. A contract signed last

week between Armour and two meatpacking unions guarantees that workers displaced by machines will continue to earn their previous wages—even if their jobs are reduced to simple button pushing. A local union survey at Ford showed that among 15 critical issues workers ranked early retirement and better pensions first, higher wages 13th.

With Chagrin. In 1964, while grappling with its own problems, labor also sees its political influence waning, and is watching with some chagrin as a Democratic President woos businessmen as ardently as he seeks labor's support. On the other hand, few businessmen care to underestimate labor's still con-



NEW YORK CONSTRUCTION WORKER



MICHIGAN AUTO WORKER
Bigger pensions sooner.

siderable power—particularly the power to disrupt. This week Walter Reuther is scheduled to decide whether to take the United Auto Workers out on strike. On his decision depends whether the U.S. economy will be shaken by the effects of the year's first major strike.

AUTOS

The Thundering Herd

Ford's Mustang, introduced only last April, has become one of the hottest selling brand-new models in history. In August's second ten-day selling period, it ranked in third place among all auto sales for the first time—behind only the standard Chevrolet and Ford. And it is still galloping. Last week Ford announced that Mustang sales in August reached 35,299, the highest for any month. Sales so far: 132,905, which have provided the extra horsepower to boost Ford's share of the total auto market by one and a half points to 26.3%. For 1965, Ford plans to introduce a fastback version of the Mustang in addition to its present models.

ADVERTISING

Who's for Whom

As Madison Avenue sees it, the main campaign of Election Year 1964 will pit Doyle Dane Bernbach against Erwin Wasey, Ruhrauff & Ryan, Doyle Dane, the imaginative agency celebrated for its Volkswagen and El Al ads, has landed the prized account to merchandise Lyndon Johnson to the U.S. public: Erwin Wasey, whose accounts stretch from Gulf Oil to Olga Girdles, has edged out Leo Burnett, Inc. and several other eager contenders to win Barry Goldwater's business. Beyond those two, hundreds of agencies this year have gone into politics for pay—and just about every major candidate has en-



PENNSYLVANIA WELDER

gaged some advertising and public-relations men.

Money Is Bipartisan. In an age when TV advertising eats up one-third or more of campaign budgets, politicians feel a need for the professional touch in creating and placing ads. The agencies do everything from decorating platforms to turning out "victory kits" for local workers. Using their good contacts, they also dicker to get their clients' commercials wrapped around the most popular shows. Some agencies do chores that candidates themselves dare not do, such as soliciting editorial support at the very same time that they buy ad space from the publishers of hand-to-mouth ethnic papers, or paying local authorities not to tear down the candidate's posters. Political accounts pay handsomely in terms of the usual 15% commissions—and in useful contacts.

For all the rewards, the candidates are not always vote getters among the admen, who claim that politicians are often suspicious and unsophisticated in the arts of promotion, demand too much. Says Los Angeles' Sanford Weiner, who handles much of the local Republican advertising: "A political ac-

count takes three times the effort, three times the time, three times the wear and tear." Political accounts are rejected entirely by some agencies, notably the nation's biggest, J. Walter Thompson, which holds that they are short-term affairs, and might provoke criticism from the agency's commercial clients.

The chiefs of agencies that handle political accounts are often party faithful: Doyle Dane's William Bernbach is a devout Democrat, and Erwin Wasey's David B. Williams is a Republican regular. But many agencies are pragmatically bipartisan. Bobby Kennedy has placed the ad end of his New York campaign with Manhattan's Paper, Koenig, Lois because his advisers were impressed by its work for Republican Senator Jacob Javits in 1962.

Packaging Johnson, Kennedy's opponent, Senator Kenneth Keating, last week hired small Weiss & Geller to handle his ads. In Chicago, Needham, Louis & Brorby is carrying the banner of Republican Charles Percy against Governor Otto Kerner's agency, Kennedy & Heyne; in California, Pierre Salinger has engaged the Walter Lefkovich Organization against George Murphy's San Francisco Weiner. Other candidates dispense their business to home-state agencies, almost as a form of patronage, and many also take on public-relations agencies to prepare press kits, write speeches and help the campaign manager form the candidate's image.

On the national level, the Republican and Democratic committees claim that each will invest \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 in advertising this year, but admen estimate that the real figures will be much higher. Madison Avenue denizens report that Erwin Wasey will seek to give Goldwater an "institutional" image, using him in serious five-minute TV spots that will run around such shows as the *Lawrence Welk* hour, *Hollywood Palace* and *Today*, which will be shortened to make time for the ads. Barry will show his handsome face on screen more often than Lyndon, who will rely more on his voice as background to filmed situations. For Johnson, Doyle Dane is taking a "packaged-goods approach," with hard-selling, brief commercials. From an office sealed off from the rest of the staff, 40 Doyle Dane admen are preparing a series of mostly one-minute spots that begin this week. They will be placed on such shows as *Ben Casey*, *Wagon Train* and the *Addams Family*, a new horror comedy.

Bringing Home the Duck

Soaring sales and earnings usually inspire businessmen to spend more money promoting their products. Since business is at its best in many years, the spenders are breaking all records. Advertising expenditures in 1963 rose 6% to reach \$13.1 billion—the first jump beyond \$13 billion. *Advertising Age*, the journal of the ad world, announced last week that the 100 leading national ad-

vertisers alone spent a record \$3.17 billion on ads and sales promotion, up 10.5% from the previous year. Procter & Gamble, the nation's largest soapmaker, pulled ahead of General Motors to become the No. 1 U.S. advertiser. The top ten (in millions of dollars):

| | |
|------------------------|------|
| Procter & Gamble | 200 |
| General Motors | 160 |
| Ford Motor | 101 |
| General Foods | 101 |
| Sears, Roebuck | 87.5 |
| Lever Bros. | 82 |
| Bristol-Myers | 76 |
| Colgate-Palmolive | 74 |
| American Home Products | 70 |
| General Electric | 67 |

The biggest advertiser of them all uses ten different ad agencies, advertises 42 different products, spends 10.4% of its \$1.91 billion in sales on pushing its products (v. G.M.'s 1%). Procter & Gamble lays out a hefty \$20 million per year to promote Tide, and Tide has



NEW MOORE-McCORMACK FREIGHTERS
But the sharp and careful can ride high.

captured 17% of the lucrative heavy detergent market. P. & G.'s Crest (\$16 million for advertising) accounts for almost 33% of all toothpaste sales. Gleem for another 17%. Ivory Liquid (\$8,500,000) has cleaned up 18% of all liquid detergent sales. Joy and Thrill another 12% and 8% respectively. Duncan Hines cake mix has 27% of the ready-mix cake market. Introduced only last fall, Head & Shoulders already accounts for 23% of all shampoo sales, thanks to the \$12 million in advertising P. & G. shelled out to promote it.

P. & G. believes in pouring in ad money disproportionately to sales until a new product gets to the point, as a P. & G. executive puts it, where "it brings home the duck to dinner." The success of this formula makes P. & G. confident that the unfamiliar products it is test-marketing today—Velvet Skin soap, Top Job liquid cleanser and The Max blue detergent tablet—will also become household words tomorrow, thanks to the power of advertising.

SHIPPING

At Low Tide

The first fully automated ship ever built in the U.S. steams into Manhattan harbor on her maiden voyage this week. Launched by Mississippi's Ingalls Shipbuilding for the Moore-McCormack Lines, the \$10 million, 12,100-ton *Moremacargo* has an electronic system that enables one officer on the bridge to control the main engines and boilers, move the ship from a dead halt to top speed of 24 knots within five minutes.

Ingalls is building five more such ships, and New Orleans' Avondale Shipyards is working on twelve highly automated freighters for the Lykes Bros. line, the first of which was christened last week. An automated tanker, the *Texaco Rhode Island*, has just completed sea trials off Bethlehem Steel's Sparrows Point yards in Maryland. Several

other companies are also building push-button vessels. This full turn to automation represents a brave effort by the \$2 billion private U.S. shipbuilding industry to regain the seagoing supremacy that it has lost to foreign competitors.

Inflation from Wages. Once first, the U.S. has sunk to tenth place among world shipbuilders, barely ahead of Yugoslavia. Since the end of World War II's building boom, 20 U.S. shipyards have folded, leaving only 21 private yards and eleven Navy yards; the private operators have orders for fewer than 50 merchant ships a year. Meanwhile, world-leading Japan is working on orders for more than 200 merchant ships, and Britain, Sweden and Germany have more than 100 each. Not a single foreign-flag ship is being built in the U.S.; the U.S.'s 15 subsidized lines place their orders at home only because the Government obliges them to do so.

High cost is the principal cause of the U.S. troubles, and wages are a major factor. They average \$3.16 an hour

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and his wonderful
copying machine



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FIXING LINE FROM AERIAL BOOM.

in the U.S. v. about \$1 in Europe and 73¢ in Japan. Expenses have swollen so fast that a ship such as the *United States*, built in 1949 for \$70 million, would run to some \$130 million today. Some U.S. shipyards, including Maine's venerable Bath Iron Works, accept orders at a loss just to keep busy. One result: stocks of U.S. shipbuilders have dropped 40% since 1961.

Invasion from Space. Despite these gloomy figures, Edwin Hood, president of the Shipbuilders Council of America, finds "one development that makes me optimistic." The development: a surprising number of aerospace, electronic and other technically oriented companies are branching into shipbuilding, figuring that their scientific talent and sharp cost accounting can bail out the industry. Ingalls Shipbuilding got a technological fillip when it was acquired three years ago by Tex Thornton's Litton Industries. Aerojet-General recently bought Jacksonville's Gibbs Shipyards, and General Dynamics last January picked up Bethlehem Steel's huge yard at Quincy, Mass. Lockheed's highly efficient subsidiary in Seattle, Puget Sound Bridge & Dry Dock, has raised its payroll from 600 to 4,000 since 1960, expects that its sales will rise 75% this year, to \$76 million.

One proof that builders who are shrewd and careful can ride high in spite of low tides has been provided by the Avondale yards, owned by Manhattan Financier Charles Allen's Ogden Corp., a widely diversified industrial complex (scrap iron, mining equipment, etc.). Avondale has developed a unique mobile assembly line for ships, even builds them upside down so that a welder can work in "downhand" comfort instead of a back-aching "overhead" position. In bidding for orders, Avondale's treasurer, Mrs. Hettie Dawes Eaves, employs a computer that figures the costs of 4,000 operations, is far more efficient than the usual method of calculating only 30 different costs. Thanks to its imaginative methods on



DONALD COOK
An admirer in the White House.

the line and in the office, Avondale has won 15 of the 39 major ship contracts awarded in the U.S.'s current rebuilding program, has doubled its backlog to \$250 million.

POWER

Cooking with Electricity

In the electric utility business, which measures its costs in mills and its profits in millions, the American Electric Power Co. has become the biggest producer of all by serving small-town America. Stretching from southwestern Michigan through the rich Ohio Valley to depressed Appalachia, it serves nearly 2,400 towns, only four of which have a population as high as 100,000. A.E.P. has prospered mainly because it has invested wisely in new technology, and thus has been able to drop its rates to one-sixth below the national average for private utilities. This week, in a fallout-proof red brick building at Canton, Ohio, the company will begin operating a remarkable system that will open the way to still lower costs. Minute by minute, three computers will monitor both power production and power demand at 14 of A.E.P.'s 20 plants. When extra power is needed in an area, the computers will not only figure out which plants can supply it most cheaply, but will automatically order them to produce it and transfer it to homes and factories across the company network.

Thanks to bargain prices, the company's 1,500,000 residential customers use 25% more power than the national average. One-third of them have electric water heaters and two-thirds have electric stoves—nearly double the national average. Cheap power has also attracted industry. Last year more than 400 companies established or expanded plants along A.E.P.'s power lines. A.E.P. has increased its dividend every year since 1953 and has doubled its revenues to 1964's expected \$417 million.

Well Connected. Powering A.E.P.'s drive is President Donald Cook, 55, a financial expert who also has a lively



TOWING TRANSMISSION TOWER WITH COPTER

interest in sales, technology, law and government. He works at his job ten hours a day in his Manhattan office and another three hours at home, frequently touring his bailiwick: last week he was off on a Cook's tour of facilities in Indiana and Virginia. An ardent advocate of private power, he believes that cutting costs and passing the savings on to consumers is a form of public service. As it happens, he is also well connected in Washington.

Cook came to A.E.P. in 1953 from the Securities and Exchange Commission, where he had worked up from financial analyst to chairman under Harry Truman. Along the way, he earned two law degrees from George Washington University, became a C.P.A., and struck up a close friendship with a young Congressman, Lyndon Johnson. When Johnson became a Senator, he drafted Cook to become counsel to his famed Senate Preparedness subcommittee. Said Johnson then: "He's rough, but he's fair. I don't think there's an able man in Government." Don Cook is now one of the President's most-heeded business advisers and is talked of in Washington as a possible candidate for Secretary of the Treasury in a new Johnson Administration.

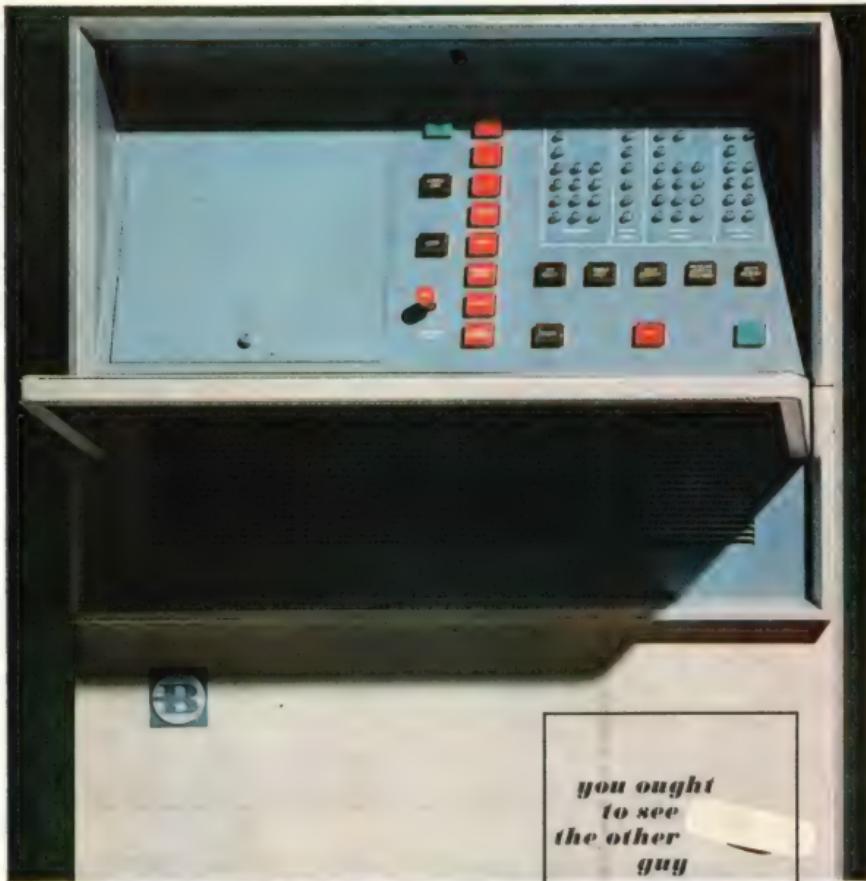
Cut & Spend. Cook confesses that the prospect of a Washington job holds "a fatal fascination." But whether or not he returns to Washington, he will continue to have some influence on the U.S. economy. Shortly after the tax cut, Cook told Johnson at the White House that over the next seven years A.E.P. will spend \$1 billion to build new plants, dams and lines, which will bring down electricity costs even further. Businessman Cook also argues vigorously for still another tax cut, and, like his mentor, is unworried about unbalanced budgets. "A.E.P. has grown from \$100,000 in assets to \$2 billion, and I can remember when we ever had a balanced budget," he says. "Every year we have had to borrow to grow."



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to see
the other
guy*

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WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

Calculated Risks

Western Europeans long ago settled the issue of whether to trade with Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. Last year their transactions through the Iron Curtain amounted to \$3 billion—and they are scrambling for more. The new argument, which divides governments and stirs the competitive instincts of businessmen, is what credits should be granted to cover all this trade. Pressure is mounting for Western European governments to trust Communist countries with easy, long-term credit instead of demanding, as in the past, repayment in five years or less. Despite U.S. and West German protests, Britain and Italy have already given in to long-term credits, and the French government last week appeared ready to back a seven-year loan to Russia. Of all the major European trading nations, West Germany alone is still holding out.

One reason that the West has held off this long is the Berne Union, a gentleman's agreement among trade insurers of 20 industrial nations not to extend export credit on terms longer than five years. Over the years, countless exceptions were made, but never to Communist countries. Then, in June, the British government agreed to guarantee a twelve-year credit of \$10 million to Czechoslovakia for a fertilizer plant—and that set the precedent. Since then, Britain has opened negotiations for a \$112 million, 15-year credit so that Russia can buy a prefabricated chemical plant. Italy granted a ten-year credit to the Czechs for a metal-galvanizing plant. Not to be outdone, a powerful consortium of French banks recently arranged to grant the Soviets \$380 million worth of seven-year credits, pending almost certain approval by the French government.

Considering the danger of a turn for the worse in East-West relations, such long-term credits are a definite gamble. Yet Western businessmen are eager to take the risk to get a firm toe hold in the potentially enormous market in Russia and its European satellites. So far, one of the main attractions has been Nikita Khrushchev's seven-year program to spend \$42 billion developing Russia's lagging chemical industry. Even the West German government is under considerable pressure from businessmen to yield to such commercial temptations. Says Berthold Beitz, Krupp's general manager: "We are excluding ourselves from this big market in the future unless we offer the same terms as our Western competitors do." And Russian trade commissars, knowing a good ploy when they see it, are hopping from capital to capital with a not-so-subtle threat: either extend long-term credit or no deal.

MONEY

What It Costs

Arabs in dusty white robes queued up outside a government bank from sunup to sundown in Cairo last week. In the back streets of Hong Kong, men ducked through the beaded curtains of dingy little stalls, later reappeared clutching envelopes. And in Rome, workers with small salaries and large families stood hopefully before the cashier windows of pawnshops, known popularly as the *monte di pietà*—mount of pity. All of them had one quest in common—money—and they were willing to pay a price to get it.

Just how much money should cost—the interest paid on loans—has been fiercely argued from Aristotle to Aquinas to Adam Smith. The cost varies by the time and the place: in 1964 money is generally becoming more expensive to obtain. Under pressures of inflation or economic expansion, central banks in Japan, Britain, Sweden, Belgium, France, The Netherlands and the U.S. increased their discount rates in the past year, thus encouraging a broad rise in interest rates.

Farther from Wall St. Where inflation has taken hold—as it has in many parts of the world—lenders charge higher and higher rates as protection against being repaid in drastically devalued currency. Credit is so scarce in Latin America that borrowers consider themselves lucky if they pay only 60%, and rates in Brazil go as high as 20% a month. In Argentina, when a government bank recently announced that it had secured an international loan to finance home building, money-seeking mobs rushed the bank, smashing windows and overturning desks. The Southeast Asian pays up to 20% for prime business loans, and Iranians pay anywhere from 8% to 15% in Teheran. Most well-connected Middle Eastern businessmen get their loans in Lebanon at 5% to 12%. As a rule, says U.S. Treasury Economist Henry Bittermann, "the cost of money is liable to increase with the distance one goes from Wall St."

The world's cheapest money can be found in Switzerland (4% to 5% a year on low-risk business loans) and the U.S. (5%); similar loans cost most Western European businessmen 7% to 9%. Though their interest rates are still well above those in most industrial nations, the cost of money has been declining in Taiwan, Mexico, Thailand and India, thanks to commercial development and increasing stability. Paradoxically, by trying to make money cheap enough to lure investors, some developing countries have set rates too low to attract working money from such safe havens as Zurich and New York. In the Soviet bloc, economic planners have a genuine



BANK LINE IN CAIRO



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It pays to be a Moslem.



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dislike of paying any interest at all on loans, but are forced to when they go shopping for credit in the West.

Religious Reasons. A number of developing countries have launched credit unions to encourage savings and special agricultural and development banks to provide low-cost loans. But they run into all manner of cultural hindrances. Turkey has resorted to a lottery with savings accounts numbers, but many peasants still bury their money rather than trust it to a bank. Egypt now gives farmers no-interest loans—but that is for religious as well as economic reasons. Though most major religions condemn usury, Moslem traditionalists believe that charging any interest is wrong. Regularly, the Pakistani National Assembly debates a proposal to ban all interest rates as in violation of Koranic law. So far, the commercial "nays" have won out.

The cost of money also depends on who the borrower is, how much he needs and why he needs it. By borrowing millions of dollars at a time, modern corporations can usually get lower interest rates. A Ruhr industrialist can often negotiate a 41% loan, but a Bavarian woodcarver might have trouble whittling down the rate even to 7 1/2%. A New Wave film producer in Paris must pay about 32% for a loan that an established French producer could get for only 14%.

Every country has its loan sharks—cursed, legislated against, but regularly patronized. Peasants in India prefer to get their money without delay from the village moneylender rather than go through the red tape of a low-cost government loan. The price is high: as much as 75%, including all sorts of hidden costs. And in New York City, shady money dealers have been known to charge as much as 25% a week, or, theoretically, 1,300% a year. That is something of a present-day record, but it comes nowhere near history's highest interest rate: the 10,000% charged in Berlin after World War I.

BRAZIL

A Man of Many Facets

Wherever they wander in Latin America, travelers can seldom escape the enticements of a short, slender Brazilian named Hans Stern, the continent's king of diamonds. At the most important South American airports, in the best hotels and on the broad boulevards of cities from Buenos Aires to Caracas, Stern's jewelry showrooms are in glittering evidence. His 136 boutiques span from the Sugar Loaf's peak to the depths of the Amazon Valley (at Manaus, Brazil), also float on 37 ships at sea, where Stern men are planted among the passengers to talk up lapidary lore. Stern has already opened a shop on Manhattan's Third Avenue, is the only Brazilian businessman represented at the New York Fair. Last week, ready to ex-

pand further, he flew across the Atlantic to negotiate for his first shops in London, Lisbon, Rome, Frankfurt and Tel Aviv.

Money-Back Guarantee. Brazil provides a rich base for an international jewel millionaire. Its gummy, subsoil yields more gems than any other nation except South Africa (including such stones as the 120-carat Southern Star diamond), and it is unrivaled for the infinite variety of colored semiprecious gems that are scattered from Rio Grande do Sul northward to the state of Piauí.

Stern, now 41, discovered this bright world when he traveled to Brazil's inland mining regions after fleeing the Nazis in his native Germany in 1939. He decided to exploit what he found. He opened a small shop in Rio, bought rough stones directly from friends at the mines and polished them himself. Developing this unique mine-to-show-



JEWELER STERN

A personality in every stone.

room integration as well as a flair for promotion, Stern gradually outshone better-established jewelers to become the world's largest dealer in semiprecious stones. Now he has exclusive work contracts with many mines, farms out work to 5,000 craftsmen and dominates 70% of Brazil's jewelry trade, which runs to uncounted millions of dollars a year.

Stern's aggressive marketing has often sent his competitors into a ruby rage, and his publicity barrage at first made many tourists suspect that they would have to pay Tiffany prices for discount-house merchandise. But he has steadily burnished his image by such devices as sponsoring art displays and jewelry-design contests, holding discreet weekly luncheons for leading politicians, and offering to refund to any discontented customer the full purchase price of any piece of jewelry within a year of the sale. Now half of



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none ask for a refund.

Bestsellers. Though Stern enjoys a
brisk business in diamond pieces, he
prefers to deal in semiprecious baubles.
Recently he paid \$75,000 for the
world's largest aquamarine, a 15-
pounder (35,000 carats) that will be
sliced into thousands of pieces. Stern
himself sometimes mans the cutting
wheel, exhorts his craftsmen to study

each stone "to uncover its individual
personality." His bestsellers are the
green, blue or pink tourmalines, golden
topazes, purple amethysts and bluish
aquamarines—some of which, in rare
shadings, are as expensive as emer-
alds. Whether costly or cheap, Stern
estimates that his stones are almost
inevitably good investments. In the past
five years, their average value has
increased 100%.

MILESTONES

Born. To Rod Taylor, 34, onetime
Australian artist turned Hollywood
heartthrob (*Sunday in New York*), and
Mary Hilem, 26, former Manhattan
model; their first child, a daughter; in
Hollywood.

Married. Gloria Richardson, 42, the
nation's No. 1 woman integrationist,
spearhead of the civil rights demonstra-
tions in Cambridge, Md.; and Frank
Dandridge, 32, Negro freelance photo-
grapher from Manhattan; she for the
second time; in Norwich, Conn.

Divorced. James Mason, 55, etched-
in-acid British cinematographer (*Lolita*); by
Pamela Mason, 46, radio and TV commen-
tator; on grounds of extreme mental
cruelty (she dropped the original
charge of "habitual adultery"); after 23
years of marriage, two children; in
Santa Monica, Calif. Settlement: ap-
proximately \$1,500,000. "A feasible,"
said James.

Died. Peter Lanyon, 46, British ab-
stract painter, who drew inspiration by
soaring over his native Cornwall in a
red glider, then came down to record
his sensations in whirling masses of rust
reds, lichen greens and salt whites that
vigorously joined the rugged earth be-
low and the dazzling sky above; of in-
juries sustained when his glider nose-
dived into a macadam airstrip in Somer-
set, England.

Died. Perpétuo de Freitas da Silva,
51, better known as Bulletproof Per-
petuo, Rio de Janeiro's greatest detective,
who for 30 charmed years out-
drew, outpunched and outtalked the
most fearsome *banditios* in Rio's slums;
of a bullet wound inflicted by a jealous
fellow officer who shot first, at point-
blank range; in a dingy Rio bar.

Died. Dr. Norman Welch, 62, presi-
dent of the American Medical Association
since June, who dutifully took up
the A.M.A.'s longstanding fight against
medicare, but lacked the fiery rhetoric
and unrelenting determination of former
President Dr. Edward Annis; of a
stroke; in Jackson, Wyo.

Died. Moe Gale, 65, co-founder and
longtime proprietor (1926-54) of Har-
lem's once famed, now torn-down Sa-

voi Ballroom, where happy feet first
stomped out the Lindy Hop, Big Apple
and Susie-Q, and such cats as Ella Fitzgerald,
Count Basie, and Chick Webb
first strutted their swinging stuff; after a long
illness; in Manhattan.

Died. Stewart Holbrook, 71, author
and historian, a salty New Englander
who in 20 fast-moving, informative volumes
on early America (*The Age of the
Moguls*, *The Yankee Exodus*) often
found the human side more interesting
than the heroic, serving up such tidbits as
Ethan Allen's incurable love of "stonewalls" (cider laced with rum) and the fact that Billy the Kid in real life
was a bucktoothed adenoid case; of a
stroke; in Portland, Ore.

Died. Robert Wilson, 71, former
board chairman of Standard Oil Co. of
Indiana, administrator, inventor, scholar,
and recently retired member of the
Atomic Energy Commission; of a
stroke; in Geneva (see SCIENCE).

Died. Sergeant Alvin York, 76, World War I Medal of Honor winner, one of the U.S. infantry's great heroes; after a long illness; in Nashville, Tenn. (see THE NATION).

Died. Dr. Carlton Joseph Huntley Hayes, 82, longtime Columbia University history professor (1907-50), wartime ambassador to Spain (1942-45) and lifelong enemy of nationalism, who
devoted the better part of 43 years of
teaching and 27 books (*Essays on Nationalism, Nationalism: A Religion*) to warning of the dangers of the all-powerful modern state, writing on the eve of
World War II that "nationality, the
national state and national patriotism are
the source of intolerance, militarism and war"; in Afton, N.Y.

Died. John Adams, 89, patriarch of
the Massachusetts Adamses, a descendant
of Presidents John and John Quincy and nephew of Historian Henry, himself a longtime president of the
Massachusetts Historical Society who in
1954 first opened for public view the
Adams family papers, a priceless collection
of handwritten books, diaries
and letters that offers a unique survey
of the nation's first century; of a stroke;
in Concord, Mass.

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Johnnie Walker Red —just smooth, very smooth

CINEMA

Smight Makes Right

I'd Rather Be Rich. There must be some mistake—this can't be a good movie. It was produced by Ross Hunter, a man who makes bad movies (*Magnificent Obsession, Imitation of Life*) on principle—the principle that most moviegoers are housewives and most housewives don't care if the story is dull so long as the furniture is interesting. What's more, the picture stars Sandra Dee, a young woman who looks like everything the sociologists say is wrong with American teen-agers and acts as though she can't wait to get the picture over with and count her salary.

Nevertheless, *Rich* is a good movie—essentially because Producer Hunter hired a talented TV director named Jack Smight, and Smight makes right.



DEE & GOULET IN "RICH"
A case of cured Dee tease.

He makes, in fact, a continually lively and sometimes raucously hilarious situation comedy in which two hearty old-timers (Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold) and two vigorous newcomers (Robert Goulet, Andy Williams) really bust up the producer's fancy furniture and even manage to make Sandra sometimes act like an actress instead of a sick kid with the *Dee* tease.

Sandra plays the granddaughter of a dying plutocrat (Chevalier) who insists on seeing her fiancé before he "joins the Big Board up yonder." Since her fiancé (Williams) is fogbound in Boston, Sandra seizes the first presentable passersby (Goulet) and tells her grandfather that this is the man she loves. Turns out he is, too, but it takes Sandra 95 minutes to find out she wasn't lying.

Chevalier is sly and charming as the invalid invalid. Gingold is pure gold as his nutty nurse, a suspicious spinster who sleeps with a large sheepdog in her bed and keeps giving her patient am-



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The flavor lasts.



The CBS Radio Network

LIFE INSURANCE STOCKS

Fact vs. Myth

In the world of stock market investing, 1964 might well be termed "The Year of Life Insurance Stocks."

The big rush to buy Life Insurance Stocks during the past many months apparently has been spurred by a heady combination of *fact* and *myth*.

The *fact* is that Life Insurance companies—for a variety of reasons, including the complex laws under which they operate—tend to substantially *understate* their true earning power. They put far more money into policy reserves to take care of future disbursements than will, in all likelihood, ever be needed. To illustrate, in 1963 the *real* (or adjusted) earnings of the leading Life Insurance Stocks—as calculated by Value Line—were 65% above *reported* earnings.

The *myth*, it seems to us, is that the Life Insurance Stocks possess a mysterious, boundless growth potential that makes them an investment bargain at *any* price. In our view, stock market investors are paying far too much attention to "face amount of Life Insurance in force," and its rate of growth, and far too little attention to policy reserves, and *their* rate of growth.

Value Line's comprehensive new Research Report on the Life Insurance Stocks gives a highly revealing—and *non-technical*—explanation of the various sources of Life Insurance revenues, and how these revenues are allocated. The Report presents full-page analyses of each of the leading Life Insurance Stocks, showing in each case the extent to which—in our estimation—earnings are *understated*. In addition, the Report sets forth specific projections of the *future* earnings growth of each of these stocks—in the 12 months immediately ahead and in the next 3 to 5 years.

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biguous invitations—"If you want a pill," she murmurs, "call me." Fast company, that, but Goulet somehow contrives to stay with the pace. And Williams, a young singer who looks like Bing Crosby and sounds like several other people, carries off the wackiest sequences in the picture.

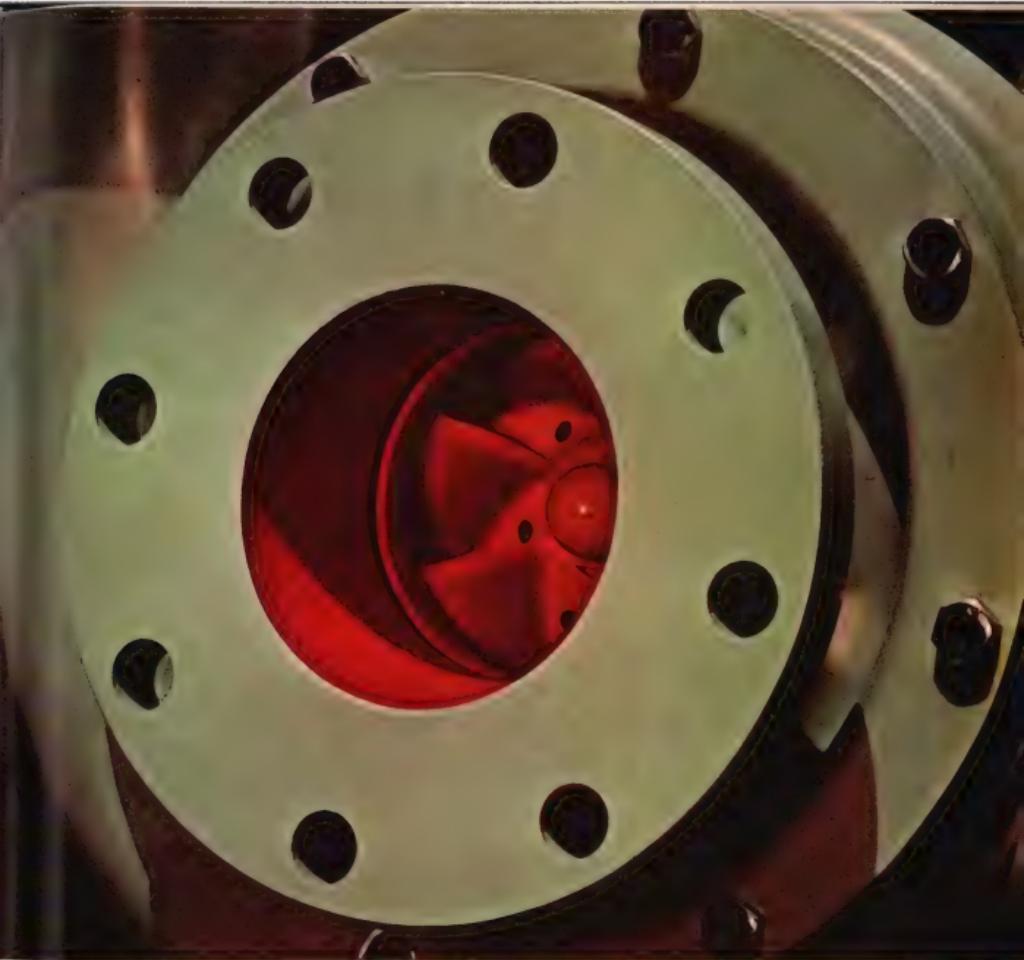
"What a nice cabin," Andy murmurs to Sandra as they arrive for an assignation. But wait. The place has been booby-trapped by a buddy of Goulet's. When Andy opens the front door, a full-grown black bear stalks out. When the lovers sit on the couch, springs boing in all directions. When they start upstairs, the stairs collapse. When Andy lights a fire, the house fills up with smoke. When he runs to the well for water, the cap collapses, and he lands in the drink. When he tries to barbecue a chicken, flame shoots out of the bird's behind and whoosh! it takes off like a rocket.

Hunting with a Hypodermic

Rhino! is a brilliantly scenic, instructive, timely and entertaining tale of African adventure. The hero (Robert Culp) is a zoologist who dedicates his skills to the preservation of African wildlife; the villain (Harry Guardino) is a poacher who devotes his energies to their annihilation. Told that the villain is an excellent guide, the hero in all innocence hires him to hunt down a pair of rare white rhinos and transport them to a game preserve where they may safely multiply. The villain, of course, secretly intends to make off with the hero's pharmacie rifle, a device that fires hypodermic darts, and bag the rhinos for a fence who has promised him \$20,000 for the pair.

This standard situation gets anything but standard treatment from Director Ivan Tors and his two scriptwriters (Art Arthur and Arthur Weiss). They have moderated melodrama to the requirements of realism, and they have punctuated their safari with some glorious fun. The episode in which the friendly enemies get loosed on native liquor and then go bungling through the hoondocks in search of a lone leopard ("You take uh one on uh left, pal, an' I'll take uh one on uh right") is one of the happiest hunting scenes ever written. Thanks mostly to the vivid work of the principal players, the central characters come off as wonderfully real and specific people, so much themselves that they couldn't possibly be anybody else.

Rhino!, however, is not fundamentally a picture about people. It is a picture about animals and the latest techniques of stalking and taking them. The processes and instruments—dart guns, synthesized animal odors, tiny transmitters attached to the quarry's body—are studied in detail. And the animals themselves are examined almost incessantly with wonder and with love. They are all there—hippos that seem to hang by their eyes from the water's surface, gazelles that dart above the grasslands like big, golden bees, leopards that grow



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SURPRISING



Reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch reveal the 22 surprises of Amsterdam. Four of them may change your mind about where to *start* your European vacation. Six suggest that Amsterdam is amazingly *lively* (note ecdysiast).



One of Amsterdam's 50 canals.

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2. Amsterdam has 636 bridges—more than any other city in the world. A word of caution: Hang onto your hat. Hundreds of them fly into Amsterdam's canals every year. A long pole is thoughtfully provided at every bridge.

3. Nightclubs offer everything from Dutch jazz to ecdysiasts. (Typical ecdysiast at right.) Amsterdam has two glittering nightclub districts. A round of jenever (gin) for two: about 60 cents.

4. You can see the most valuable painting ever put on canvas. It's Rembrandt's "The Night Watch" at Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum (say "Rikes-museum"). You can also see more than 500 Van Goghs at the Municipal Museum for 15 cents.

5. You can see where Amsterdam's women wept farewell to seafaring men. It is called the "Tower of Tears." Henry Hudson sailed from this ancient tower in 1609—and discovered the Hudson River.

6. You can buy a tax-free car and save enough to pay for your entire trip. Amsterdam has the only airport showroom for tax-free cars on the Continent. Buy



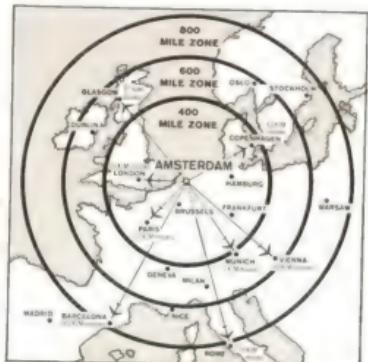
Ecdysiast
(quite a few in Amsterdam).

a Jaguar Mark X Sedan—and you'll save \$1189.

7. You can have a 30-dish dinner in Amsterdam for about \$3.50. It's a gourmet's delight called "Rijsttafel." Included: saté habi (pork on a skewer), roasted Katjang nuts and a spicy specialty called *Dagie smoor*.

8. You can see some of the world's most spectacular diamond displays. One cutter's showroom has a 400-carat U.N. emblem with 5,180 brilliants. You can even watch diamonds being cleaved, cut and polished. Free.

9. Amsterdam is your best Gateway to Europe. It's right in the middle of things (see map). London and Paris, for example, are only 60 KLM minutes away. In fact, you will find as many as 14 European capitals within an 800-mile range of Amsterdam.



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AMSTERDAM

10. You can visit an Amsterdam family in their own home on 24 hours' notice. It is absolutely free. You can even pick the type of family you want to meet.

Simply contact the Amsterdam Tourist Association, 5 Rokin, Amsterdam.

11. You can rent a bike for about 85 cents a day. Join Amsterdam's fantastic bicycle brigade. The city has the world's most astounding variety of cyclists. Lovers even hold hands on bicycles.

12. You can rent your own canal boat (with skipper) for about \$4.75 a day—and tour Holland by water. This is the per-person cost for a party of six. How many of your friends have seen Holland that way?



Bargains at Amsterdam Airport.

13. You can save up to \$7 a bottle on 150 brands of liquor at Amsterdam Airport's tax-free shopping center. You can also save as much as \$194 on cameras, \$166 on tape recorders, \$142 on watches.

14. You can picnic by a canal and watch a ship sail past above you. You'll find the Dutch are inordinately proud of their country. They should be. They made it themselves.

15. You can visit the Royal Palace—once the "eighth wonder of the world." It is a palace without a front door. Reason: to keep out 17th century marauders.

16. Amsterdam is the most perfectly preserved large city on the Continent. Not one brick or stone can be removed without permission of city officials.

17. Amsterdam has more barrel organs and carillons than any other city. You may even hear a street band with a tuba player (right). Amsterdam is a city of music.

18. You can visit 12 medieval castles within an hour's drive. Most of them have colorful claims to fame. At Muiden, for example, a French count was murdered—seven centuries ago.

19. You can see the world's skinniest house—and thinnest restaurant—in Amsterdam. The house is about six inches

narrower than a Volkswagen. The restaurant is *The Green Lantern*. It's three stories high, but only six feet wide (see picture). You can buy a drink there called "Sated Love" (the Dutch have some rather emotional names for their drinks. After a few sips of "Sated Love" you may get a little emotional yourself).

20. You can visit the Anne Frank house. Her room is just as she left it. The building at 263 Prinsengracht (Prince's Canal) is open to visitors every day.

21. In Amsterdam, almost everyone speaks English. Amsterdamers are the best linguists in the world. Another good reason for starting in Amsterdam.

22. Amsterdam is the thriftest place in Europe to rent a car. Compare Hertz and Avis rental rates in Amsterdam with rates in many other European capitals. They are about *half* the Paris prices.

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Skinniest restaurant (see #19).

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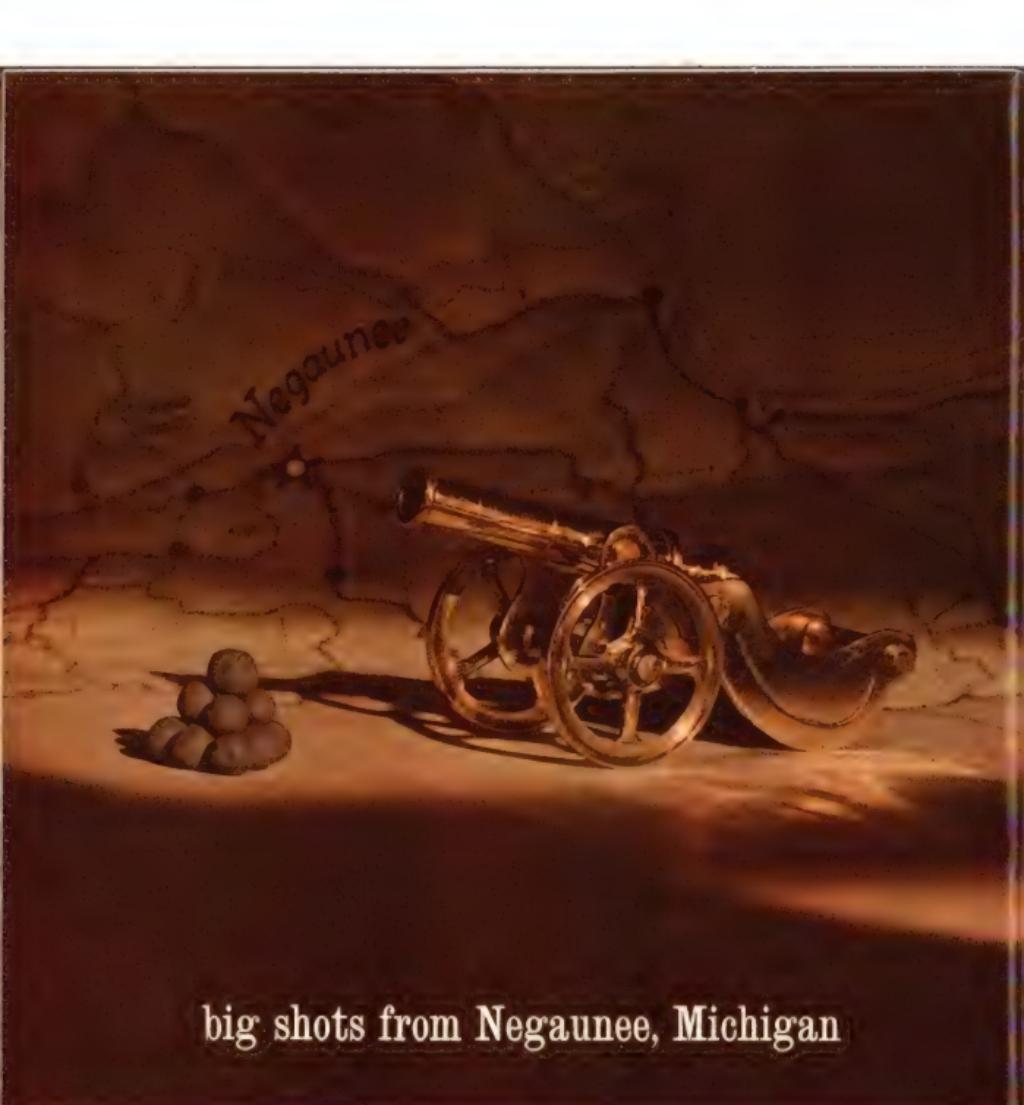
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on trees like spotted, alarming fruit—and they are there in hundreds. But perhaps the most remarkable animal of all is an old male lion who, after a visit from the zoologist, rises with indomitable dignity and turns his back to the curious camera. Startling indeed to see the King of Beasts with a neat little Band-Aid on his backside.

Brown Orpheus

Dragon Sky. Lady Luck, like most females, needs to feel needed. When Marcel Camus, a middle-aged Frenchman whose first movie had flopped, laid his last sou and two years of his life on the line for a far-out film about the slums of Rio de Janeiro, the lady smiled on every scene he shot—*Black Orpheus* is a cinemusical masterpiece. But when he lazily decided to remake the same movie in the slums and ruins of Cambodia, the lady gave him a sharp slap



EL & HEM IN "SKY"
A sense of *déjà vu*.

in the face—*Dragon Sky* is just an interesting failure.

At first it's hard to see why. The story, in which two star-crossed lovers relive an old Cambodian legend, is almost the same as the story of *Orpheus*. The lovers themselves (Sam El and Marie Hem) are even more beautiful than the lovers in the earlier film—they look like oriental deities sculptured in living flesh. The color is rich and sensuous, and the camera catches dim disturbing glimpses of Angkor Wat, the great stone temple that lies sleeping in the jungles of Cambodia like a monstrous unimaginable spider.

Nevertheless, as the story unfolds the beauty becomes a bit boring, the sense of *déjà vu* insists, the characters swell into symbols, the symbols dissolve into words and the words fall on the ear with a soft, fruity thud. "I have waited so long." "I have searched so long." "One cannot choose in life, my son."

One can choose to see only the first half of this film.

MOVES



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED...each week the facts add up to success

BOOKS

Circle of Hell

THE ITALIAN GIRL by Iris Murdoch. 213 pages. Viking. \$4.50.

A reader is never safe with Iris Murdoch. What she best enjoys doing—and does better than any writer now working—is setting traps for her readers, baited with wit and camouflaged with urbane prose that all but conceals the bite of a gleefully seductive mind.

Her eighth novel opens on a scene of quiet domestic sorrow. Edmund Narraway, an early-middle-aged bachelorette, has returned to the drab coal-mining town in northern England where he grew up, to attend the funeral of his widowed mother. Waiting for him are his brother, Otto, a sculptor, his sister-in-law, Isabel, and his teen-age niece, Flora, whose "face had that pure, transparent look which we suddenly notice in the faces of young girls when they are no longer children." Suddenly, at the crematory, Edmund sees the polite fabric of their shared grief ripped apart by Brother Otto: "I thought for a moment that he was ill or overcome by

In the garden after lunch, Flora confides to Edmund's shocked ears that she is pregnant and asks him to find her an abortionist. He decides to stay and help her—and soon learns that there is enough unfettered emotion in the house to satisfy even bored sister-in-law Isabel. The inhabitants mix, mate and mismatch in a series of seaborous sexual exercises as complicated as a gavotte. Otto confesses that he has been sleeping with the sister of his young assistant, a Russian Jew named David Levkin. ("Otto is a wet-lipped man, I am a dry-lipped man," says Edmund primly.) And Levkin, it turns out, has deliberately made Flora pregnant in order to arouse the jealousy of Isabel, who is his mistress and insanely in love with him.

Comfort & Commitment. As blow after blow falls, Edmund begins to doubt his sanity and to lose his control. Scarcely realizing his intention, he makes a clumsy pass at Flora and is discovered by Levkin, who jeers: "You are a buffoon just like your brother but you don't even know it! He, at least, knows that he is a perfectly ludicrous animal!" In desperation, Edmund turns for comfort to his old nurse, the Italian girl of the title, "I haven't touched a woman in years!" he shouts. "No girls at all?" she asks. "And no boys either?"

Finally, even Edmund grasps the simple truth that he is sick with jealousy: "Yet surely I did not want to be inside such a circle of hell." Ironist Murdoch finally releases her chastened innocent—but not before she is sure that he has been "broken and made simple," as the other characters have been, "by the real nature of the world." A commitment to life of any kind, her sly moral seems to say, is better than a refusal to live at all.

Fast Company

THE LOST CITY by John Gunther. 594 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

For a brash young Chicago Daily News correspondent named John Gunther, Vienna in the early '30s was about the most exciting assignment on earth. The city was charmed and doomed, as elegant, perverse and scandal loving as an aging archduchess. Though tiny post-Versailles Austria (pop. 6,760,000) teetered perennially on the edge of bankruptcy, the ancient Hapsburg capital was still the political and financial nerve center of the Balkans. As Europe slid into the chaos of depression and approaching war, the Viennese reveled in the musicmaking of Richard Strauss, Lotte Lehman and Bruno Walter: they entrusted their psyches to Sigmund Freud and his rivals, and indefatigably dissected Stefan Zweig's novels or Joseph Schumpeter's economics in the city's celebrated cafés, fueling the endless talkfest with the best beer and coffee in the world.



IRIS MURDOCH
Release for a chaste innocent.

tears; but then I saw that he was laughing. He choked. Then, abandoning all attempt at concealment, he went off into a fit of Gargantuan mirth. He laughed. He roared. The chapel echoed with it. Our communion was at an end."

Sexual Gavotte. The shocked Edmund returns home with the family, and Otto retreats in a drunken stupor to his studio. Isabel pleads with Edmund to stay with them ("You are the only person who can heal us"). But Edmund, already suspecting that "there was no dignity, no simplicity in their lives," decides to leave by the afternoon train. "Perhaps you're right," says Isabel. "It's just that I'm caged, bored. I want emotion and pistol shots."



VIENNA'S ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL
Nostalgia for an aging archduchess.

Golden Age. For Gunther, who arrived there in 1930, it also meant some pretty fast journalistic company. Such famed Vienna hands and visiting correspondents as Vincent Sheean, William L. Shirer, the New York Evening Post's roving Dorothy Thompson and its resident Balkanologist M. W. ("Mike") Fodor, I.N.S.'s H. R. Knickerbocker, the Chicago Daily News's Negley Farson—and many other now-legendary figures—were Gunther's cablehead competitors and constant café companions. Together, they zestfully created the profession and the mystique of the U.S. foreign correspondent, and built the by-lined reputations that made that era a golden age of American reporting from abroad. Now, three decades and two dozen books later, Gunther returns to those glamorous years in nostalgic fiction. It is an Inside job.

The hero of the novel answers to the name of Mason Jarrett, but he strongly resembles guntherized Gunther. A rumpled bear of a man, working for a Chicago paper, he covers all southeastern Europe from Istanbul to Prague. Jarrett also has Gunther's herculean capacity for hard work, his shrewd journalistic intuition, the same flair for intimate background stories about nations and their leaders; and he is in on every major event from Austria's abortive 1931 attempt to form a customs union with Germany to its four-day civil war in February 1934, when the fascist Heimwehr militia crushed the socialists. Despite Gunther's insistence that all his characters are imaginary, readers are sure to be chewing for some time over the strong resemblances between Mason Jarrett's colleagues and Gunther's own. What is clearly not at all fictional is the authentic flavor and loving detail of the city, the times, and the correspondent's life.

Shoved Cream. If Gunther had left it at that, his book would be a fascinating fictionalized reminiscence. Unfor-



"No company, however big, is safe in this era of radical change." This book can help you evaluate your company's margin of safety.

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"Corporations in Crisis," by prize-winning FORTUNE editor Richard Austin Smith, is the first real study of Big Trouble as a business phenomenon. It illustrates perfectly the kind of forthright reporting FORTUNE is known for. As noted business historian Peter Drucker says, "It is first-rate journalism: fast-moving yet precise, lively but balanced, highly critical yet aware of the difficulties of the executive's job and sympathetic toward those managers who failed."

Take advantage of FORTUNE's special introductory rate of 18 months for only \$11.75, and you will receive "Corporations in Crisis" at no extra cost. This 200-page book reports the calamitous problems—and their eventual solutions—brought about by overdiversification at Olin, by management irresponsibility at RKO, by decentralization at General Dynamics, by family feuding at Ingalls, price-fixing at GE, faulty timing at U.S. Steel, by intense competition between Boeing and General Dynamics/Grumman. These factual reports "catch top managements at their most critical hour, the time when they make decisions that mean life or death to their enterprises," says The Wall Street Journal.

In this day of swift and radical change, no businessman—or his company—is exempt from the sudden turn of fortune's wheel.

Just as change—or the misunderstanding of it—plays the star role in the book we offer

you, so too, is change the impetus behind each article in FORTUNE. From just the past six issues, here are a few of the stories you would have found:

New York: A City Destroying Itself □ **The Boundless Age of the Computer** □ **The Young Executives** □ **Sears Makes It Look Easy** □ **The Lone Wolf Guardian of Federal Morality** □ **Who Owns What's in Your Head?** □ **General Foods Is Five Billion Particulars** □ **Wall Street's Main Event: SEC vs. the Specialists** □ **Care and Feeding of the Profitable Product** □ **Businessman in a Political Jungle** □ **Textron: How to Manage a Conglomerate** □ **Boston: What Can a Slick City Do?** □ **The "Assault" on Fortress I.B.M.** □ **The Changing U.S. Electorate** □ **The Private Turbulence of Eastern Air Lines** □

FORTUNE's main business and yours are the same: to understand the magnitude and direction of the vast information explosion. For no product, no corporation, no management technique, no marketing plan, no personal or corporate investing strategy can exist without continuing assessment of the forces of change. FORTUNE's editors, writers, reporters and researchers watch, pursue and anticipate new and future developments

in these areas—and in the other main areas of management: finance, public affairs, economic forecasting, international business, defense, technology.

Shortly, for example, FORTUNE will delve into the many worlds of Jock Whitney, whose vast financial resources have affected businesses from frozen orange juice and Hollywood to horseracing and the New York Herald Tribune. □ FORTUNE will also tap Schlitz to see how this major brewer plans to recapture first place in the beer business—perhaps by "Procter & Gamblizing" the company. □ Later this year FORTUNE will examine the impact of automation on employment, with special new research that throws additional light on the controversial matter.

In addition, FORTUNE's regular departments each month include: Personal Investing □ New Products and Processes □ Business Roundup □ Businessmen in the News □ Business Around the Globe.

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tunately, he succumbs to the Viennese weakness for whipped cream, mountains of it, wherever possible. After a convivial kiss on page 20—"Bending over and with his hand cupped like a trowel he lifted her chin"—Jarrett's hand more often resembles a shovel. His amatory adventures are mawkish, his professional exploits downright unbelievable: before the book's end he has even manned a machine gun to help fight off the *Heimwehr*.

Journalist Gunther, who wrote two best-forgotten novels when he was Mason Jarrett's age, has yearned for years to bring off a fictional *tour de force*. This is not it, though it is sometimes absorbing when it approaches the factual memoir of vintage Vienna that he might have written instead—and still should. As Gunther himself put it some years ago, "How can you write about boy meets girl when you had Hitler and Mussolini next door?"

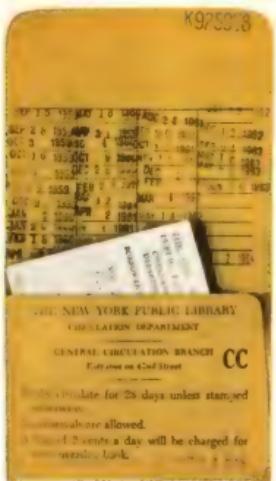
Right Foot Forward

A START IN FREEDOM by Sir Hugh Foot. 256 pages. Harper & Row. \$4.95

"I am one of the last of an almost extinct species," admits Author Foot, "a British Colonial Governor." Few members of the species have worked harder toward self-extinction than Sir Hugh, who spent 30 years in the colonial service and was Britain's last Governor General in Cyprus before independence. In this sprightly autobiography, which combines exploits worthy of James Bond with a scholar's critical look at current history, Foot draws some important lessons from Britain's race to haul down the flag.

Raised on Burke. Ex-Governor Foot, who is now an adviser to the U.N., believes that the rising tide of animosity of the world's poor nations for the rich will eventually displace the cold war as the greatest threat to peace. Britain, too, once rowed on this flood tide, he says, "but we rowed with it, not against it. The most important thing is to take and hold the initiative. The people must be given a lead, a hope, an assurance that orderly and constructive effort will be worthwhile."

Even among the many superbly qualified colonial administrators that Britain produced, Hugh Foot is a standout. He is a "slightly out of step" member of England's most brilliant nonconformist family. His late father, Isaac, a deeply cultivated man who raised his family on Edmund Burke and amused himself by reading the Bible in Greek, was a Liberal Party member of Ramsay MacDonald's 1931 coalition Cabinet. His brother Dwight was a Liberal M.P., and another brother, Michael, is the *enfant terrible* of Labor's left wing. "We liked to work to the rule, 'Let not the left Foot know what the right Foot doeth,'" cracks Hugh. Yet the family always preserved a merry unity through a running game of intellectual one-upmanship. One famous party came in 1958, when



Mississippi, 10 of 12 of The Miss Mississippi Delta, 81, 82

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|-----|-----|------|----------------------|-------------|-----------------------------|------------------|------------------|
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| 2 | | | | | | | |

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The Dragon or the Bear?



As Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung hurl thunderbolts of dogma and heresy at each other, they give new life to a quarrel that began more than 2,000 years ago.

The Great Chinese Wall was built to keep the Soviets' ancestors out, and even today, Russian mothers keep their children in line with tales of wicked Chinese conquerors.

The first seeds of Chinese Marxian dissidence were sown in Stalin's time, when the Russian leader, now revered only in Mao's hegemony, mistook the importance of the Chinese Communists and bungled their wartime relations with Chiang's forces.

Many students of communism date the beginning of the present serious conflict to 1957. Mao concluded that the then new Soviet missiles made communist forces overwhelmingly superior to U.S. forces. He called the United

States a "paper tiger." Khrushchev replied that it was a "paper tiger with thermonuclear teeth." The quarrel was and is one over strategy: whether victory depends on economic and social means or on revolution and military might.

An article in Vol. 34, No. 6 of *LIFE International*—"A Rift Older than Marx"—gave readers a remarkably concise, superbly clear understanding of the historic and ideological background of the China-Russia fraces.

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Sir Hugh was trying desperately to halt the internece war between Greek and Turkish Cypriots. Suddenly, he received a cryptic cable from his father: SEE SECOND CORINTHANS FOUR VERSES EIGHT AND NINE.⁶ Delighted, Sir Hugh cabled back: SEE ROMANS FIVE VERSES THREE AND FOUR.⁷

Leave Him There. To most of Britain's postwar colonial administrators, the liquidation of empire seemed a natural and even inspiring process. Foot explains: "Take a young man with only a few years' experience in the territory to which he has been sent. Put him in charge of a District. Leave him there for say five years. He becomes wholly devoted to the people of his District. And he spends much of his effort fighting higher authority to get for his



FOOT BETWEEN CYPRUS OPPONENTS^{6,7}
Anyone who understood was misinformed.

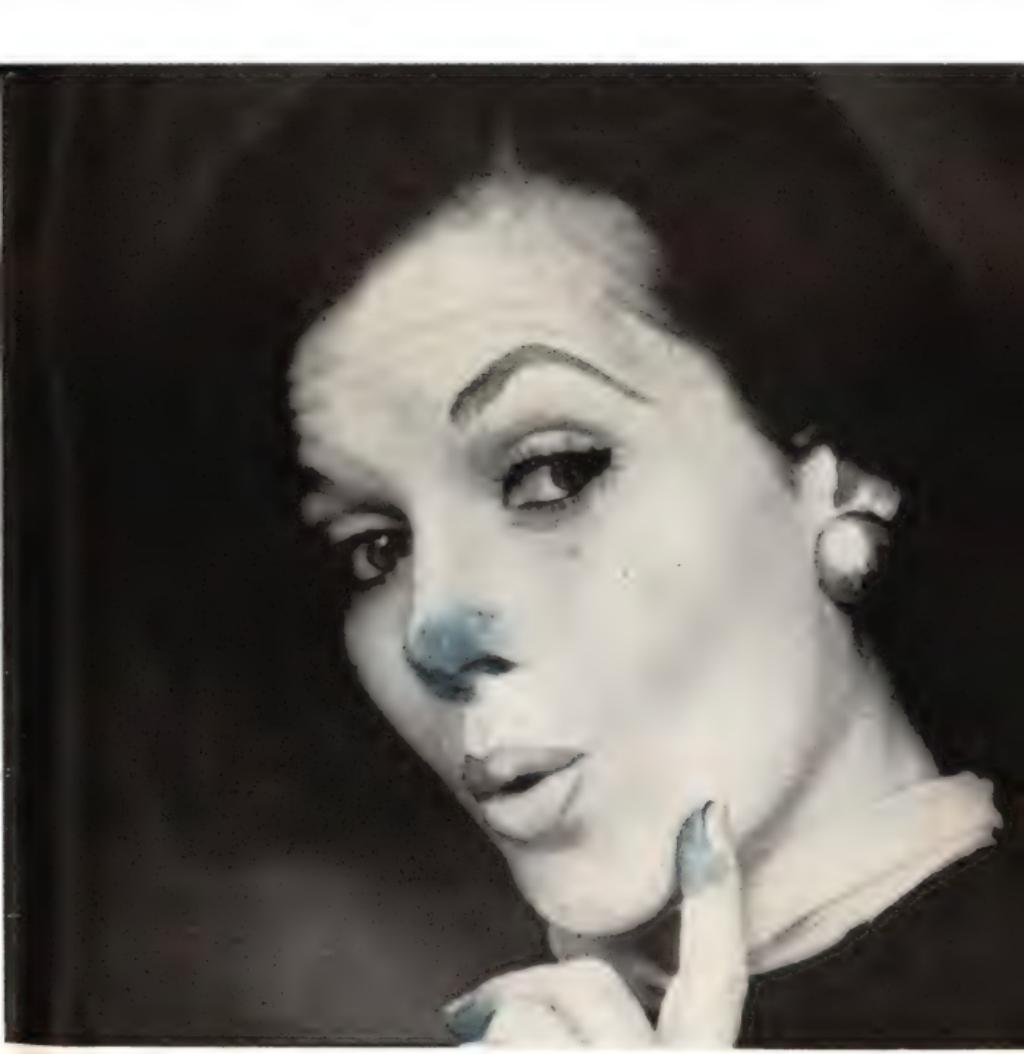
people what he thinks they need and deserve."

Foot got his first taste of this process as a junior administrator in the seething British mandate of Palestine in 1929. "From the Arabs I learnt that a governor should be a servant and not a master," he says. "I was never in any doubt that they regarded me as an inferior." In 1937, when the Arabs rebelled against Jewish immigration and British rule, Foot "often idly wished to be on their side of the barricades instead of on the side of authority." Once, acting on an informer's tip, he pursued a rebel terrorist chief to a high mountain village, flushed him out of a corn bin, escorted him off to prison—and then

⁶ "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed but not in despair; persecuted but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed."

⁷ "And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope."

^{6,7} Greek Cypriot Leader: Archbishop Makarios and Turkish Cypriot Leader Dr. Fazil Küçük.



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SUPERMARKET WSAZ-TV 3

characteristically appealed to the High Commissioner to spare his life. The Arabs were duly appreciative: Foot's name soon appeared at the top of the rebel assassination list.

Fulfillment, Foot survived to chart (on camel back) the Wadi Araba Desert between the Red Sea and the Dead Sea, was blown out of a staff car on his way to demand the surrender of a Vichy French garrison in Syria, got stabbed in the back by an anti-British terrorist in Nigeria. He helped Nigerian politicians draft their constitution, and headed Jamaica's march to stability and independence. As for his last and most frustrating assignment, he says wryly that "anyone who understood Cyprus had been misinformed." Whatever the fate of that unhappy nation, Sir Hugh looks back proudly on his career as empire liquidator. "It was a time of fulfillment," he says. "All the countries in which I served are now governing themselves."

The Original Irish Mafia

LAMENT FOR THE MOLLY MAGUIRES by Arthur H. Lewis 308 pages, Harcourt, Brace & World \$5.75.

A century ago, terror stalked the coal fields of eastern Pennsylvania. Men were gunned down on the open road and even in their own parlors. Informers had their ears cut off and their tongues torn out by the roots. Dynamite destroyed mine tipplers and derailed freight trains. In one coal-mining country alone, there were 142 unsolved murders in 13 years.

This savage undeclared war was fought for nearly three decades, between unequal antagonists. On one side were a few thousand Irish immigrants who lived in shantytowns beside the collieries and worked in the mines for wages as low as 50¢ a day. On the other were the absentee mine owners in Manhattan and London, who fought the battle through their mine superintendents—usually of English or Welsh origin—and their own private army, the Coal and Iron Police.

The fighting arm of the immigrant Irish miners was known as the Molly Maguires, after a legendary heroine of Irish insurrections against the British during Ireland's great famine. In the U.S., the Mollies concealed themselves within the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a legitimate benevolent association of Irish-Americans. They were led by Jack Kehoe, a tall, tough ex-miner turned saloonkeeper; each branch of the society was headed by a "bodymaster," who could produce a dozen gunmen when needed.

Agent Provocateur. The man who broke the Molly Maguires was Franklin Benjamin Gowen, president of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Co., whose ancestors had come from Ireland's Protestant north; and he used another Irishman to penetrate the Mollies. His choice for the job was James McParlan, a gifted, gabby little Pinker-

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PINKERTON AGENT McPARLAN

The wounds are still raw.

ton detective who was as ready with his fists as with his wits.

Violence in the coal fields was actually diminishing at the time when Pinkerton Agent McParlan, posing as a murderer on the run from Buffalo police, wormed his way into the high councils of the Molly Maguires. It was later charged that McParlan acted as an *agent provocateur* and deliberately whipped up bloodshed. The attacks also changed character: from reprisals against brutal or dishonest mine bosses, the Mollies turned to capricious, Mafia-like assaults on anyone who offended one of their band.

Docile Wave. When McParlan threw off his disguise in 1876, after three years as a Molly Maguire, he had enough evidence to send 20 men to the gallows. By this time, the Mollies were in a bad way, denounced by their Roman Catholic priests, shunned by decent citizens, swamped in a new wave of supposedly more docile immigrants from eastern Europe. The trials were swift and of doubtful legality. No Roman Catholic was allowed on a jury, and the prosecution was headed by Mine Owner Franklin Gowen himself. Several of the condemned men were almost certainly innocent; one was hanged while the courier bearing a reprieve from the Governor hammered on the prison door.

For Author Arthur Lewis, a onetime newsman who wrote a lively 1963 biography of Millionairess Hetty Green, *The Day They Shook the Plum Tree*, the story of the Molly Maguires was clearly a labor of love. Lewis comes from Manayunk City in the heart of the coal fields, where the old wounds are still raw. He notes approvingly that all condemned Molly Maguires died gamely and with style. Two carried red roses to the scaffold. Another joked cheerfully as his hair was cut just before his execution: "Make it good, Al," he told the barber, "or you're liable to lose a customer."

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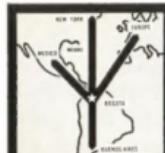


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